ONE YEAR IN SWEDEN;

INCLUDING

A VISIT TO THE ISLE OF GÖTLAND.

By HORACE MARRYAT,

AUTHOR OF 'JUTLAND AND THE DANISH ISLES.'

Old Country Church and Belfry

IN TWO VOLUMES.—Vol. I.

MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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GÖTALAND.[*]

SCANIA.[†]

CHAPTER I.

Departure from Copenhagen — The Öresund — Malmöhus-län — Story of Gefion — Skåne, Sweden's great granary — Gille of St. Knud — The "milled" maiden — The six toads and the skeletons — Ordinances of Sigbrit — The mummy hand — Old Malmöhus — Bothwell's chamber — His life in Malmö.

Flytte Dag, April 17th, 1860.—The sun shines bright on the St. Anna Plads, but the wind blows cold; smoke rises in volumes from the chimney of the 'Ophelia;' the third bell rings; we bid a hasty adieu to the kind friends who accompany us, and in a few seconds are steaming on our way to Sweden. Sad are our hearts at quitting Denmark, where we have passed two happy years; but we have before us a budding spring, a northern summer, a prospect of some eight months' freedom from domestic worries, with full and entire liberty to wander through the finest scenery of the Swedish provinces; and, after all, there is nothing in this world like variety.

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[*] Sweden is divided into Göta Rike and Svea Rike, i.e. the Kingdoms of Göta and Svea.

[†] No two books, whether of travel, history, or geography, call this province alike. Authors of early date invariably write Schönen, after the German, while those of a later period term it, after the French, Scania. In a recent work on geography Schönen again finds favour. The shortest way of cutting the Gordian knot is to call it by the proper Swedish name of Skåne, already ventilated in the translation of [illegible]ell's 'History of Sweden.'

To a wanderer o'er the face of the globe this life is but as a kaleidoscope—a perpetual change of scene and people; though sometimes an old acquaintance familiar to the eye—a pearl or a peacock's feather—turns up afresh in the newly-arranged pattern.

The handkerchiefs have waved their last; the spires of Copenhagen appear but faintly in the horizon; when, observing the brow of youth still o'erclouded by the memory of those we had so lately left behind, to change the current of its thoughts, as we glide o'er the glassy waters of the Öresund I relate the story of "Gefion"—how, long long ago, there appeared at the castle-gate of King Gylfe, who then ruled over Sweden, a golden-haired damsel, who sang before the king. So charmed was he by her strains, he granted to her in recompense as much land as four oxen could plough during the night. Then the damsel Gefion took four oxen, her own sons by a giant (for she was of the race of the gods), and worked hard until morn; so deeply did they plough the furrows, that the waters of the sea rushed in—from that day forth separating Sweden from the newly-made island of Zealand.*

To verify the legend we unfold the map, see how neatly the promontories and bays fit into each other, and feel convinced of the truth of the story.

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* Gefion did well for herself, and afterwards married King [illegible]d, son of Odin. See 'Two Years in Jutland and the Danish Island[illegible]l. ii. p. 391.

MALMÖ.

Soon church-towers arise in the distance, shipping, and a harbour; to the right stands a grim old castle, with staircase-gable and high-pitched roof, encircled by moat and bastion—once the prison of Scotland's proudest earl, the bad and reckless Bothwell. We quietly glide on, and are landed on the jetty of Malmö.

Passing along the pier's side, we leave the railway station to the left, cross the drawbridge which spans the city moat (her ramparts destroyed and planted long since); then winding along a narrow street—an omnium gatherum of old timber houses — gain the square deserted Place, on which stands the Gustaf Adolf, a hostel lately opened, in all the freshness of new paint and furniture.

There is nothing attractive in this square, surrounded by its row of as yet scarce budding limes. Even on a market-day it is far too wide for the peasant tribe, their carts, and merchandise. The abundant harvests of Skåne, Sweden's great granary (Malmöhus-län * and Christianstads-län combined), would scarce suffice to fill the vacuum, at fair-time alone fully peopled by the wooden barracks of itinerant vendors, then again till next year—nought but emptiness.

From the window at which I now write may be seen in one corner, rising above the lime-twigs, an ancient staircase gable † of old brickwork, enriched with Gothic niche and quatrefoil ornament, with mutilated statue, [illegible] heraldic shield slung "en pignon," after the man[illegible]f the day—once a religious house: behind bristles

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Län, i.e. government. Skåne is divided into two läns, as above.

Date in Gothic letters, A.D. 1404.

a forest of masts; beyond, the blue waters of the Öresund.

The remaining houses are of all dates and styles: that of Governor Tröill is Renaissance and architectural; the Rådhus a horror of that unhappy period when buildings were supposed to consist of four walls, an aperture to go in by called a door, and sundry slits, conventionally styled windows; then, amongst humble-minded tenements of ancient "cage-work," very much out of the perpendicular, rise lofty edifices of innumerable stories, late importations from the Paris faubourg, visé and approuvé at Hamburg on their voyage northwards. Such is our hotel, with steepest of staircases within, all window, arch, and ornament without.

With an air of pride and dignity does my ancient gabled devotee (a gray sister or black friar once), in her whitewash and brickdust paint, look down on these modern atrocities. She has known the day when Skåne was Denmark's own; has mourned its cession to the Swedish Crown; has witnessed the long and fearful siege, when Malmö to the very last resisted the usurper Frederik, and later the third Christian. In the opposite house lived Corfitz Ulfeld in his days of splendour—now 'tis a burgher school. So she turns up her nose at the nineteenth century, and wonders "what the world will end by coming to."

It will be a work of time before I can look on Malmö as a Swedish possession; her name and history are so mixed up with the records of the sister kingdom[illegible]er Frederiks and her Christians; and here, in the Rå[illegible], you will find them all, from Waldemar and his dau[illegible]r Margaret downwards (somewhat apocryphal) ti[illegible]e reach the second Frederik of straightlaced mem[illegible];

Christian IV., his brother Ulrik, and their wives; lastly, Frederik III. and his vindictive queen Sophia Amalia. Then Skåne passed away, and loyalty went out of fashion; for few more portraits appear save those of Charles XII. and Gustaf III. in the splendid ball-room of Saint Knud's Gille—"Knud the Holy" of Odense.*

There was nothing holy about these guilds, so popular in the north of Europe from the earliest ages, and of which upwards of one hundred existed in Sweden alone.† If their rites commenced by the singing of psalms and a grace, they ended in much riotous conviviality. Here are preserved the splendid drinking-cups of the order: one of silver gilt, bearing the shield and cipher of Frederik II., is an exquisite specimen of the goldsmith's art. In those wine-bibbing days each newly-elected candidate was compelled to empty the cup at a draught, previous to his admission as a member of the fraternity.

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* The most ancient Gille of St. Knud was founded about the year 1100. The branch Gille of Malmö dates from 1360; the regulations of the brotherhood appear to have been framed with the stern contempt for murder so general in those uproarious ages. A brother who should aid in the murder of a fellow-member was fined 18 lbs. of honey, which said honey was used towards the fabrication of hydromel. Should a brother murder a person not a member, the brethren were bound by law to aid him in his flight, provide him with a horse, and accompany him to the nearest forest. If summoned before the bishop or king, twelve of his fellows were bound to accompany him armed, and never quit him by day or night until he was safe out of the clutches of the law. Greatly the clergy abominated these "Brödraskabs." "Monemus vos, domine rex,"—don't encourage them—they are sinks of inebriety, perjury, &c. &c., writes an angry archbishop of Lund; but sovereigns liked the fun of them, and all, as well as the queen and princesses, became members of the fraternities. Frederik II. greatly patronised the Gille of St. Knud, and granted the members sundry tuns of Rostock beer per annum, duty free. In this, the 19th century, the Gilles dance, and occasionally drink—nothing more.

† Among the numerous guilds of the city of Lund was one termed the "Kalende gille," consisting of priests and monks, who assembled once a month to compose the ecclesiastical almanacs for the ensuing year. The gille still exists in the persons of the three clergymen of the city who are partly paid by farms the property of the fraternity.

At five o'clock of a winter's eve the bell of St. Knud rang, and the brethren proceeded to the hall to talk over and elect the members (anybody but a baker was eligible). Suspended by a chain from the ceiling hangs a silver dove, the badge of the guild, a miniature copy of which, with a knot of ribbon, is borne on the breasts of the brethren.

Fast embedded in the rugged pavement of this deserted Place lies a huge millstone, and there it has lain for centuries. Observe that aged peasant, with his short-cut jacket and rows of silver buttons: he leads a little girl—his grandchild—by the hand, and, standing on the well-worn flag, relates to her the tradition, as he himself received it from his forefathers:—

"How in days of yore on this very spot stood a mill in which dwelt a fair and lowly maiden, beloved by a Swedish king. In vain he proffered her his love, in vain 'the silver buckles and silken serk' coveted by each damsel of her day: she rejected his offers with disdain, and scorned to sell her honour, even to her sovereign. But kings were all powerful: in his rage and indignation at her slight he caused her to suffer a cruel death—crushed by that very millstone on which the aged peasant now scrapes his feet, pointing out to his child the scarlet stains of the maiden's life-blood still visible on the hardened granite.

"From that day the mill became deserted, and fell into decay; and when, in the thirteenth century, a town gradually rose on the site of the accursed building, it was called Malen Mö, or the 'Ground Maiden,' and has borne that name for ever after. So says tradition, not history."*

As you stroll through the streets of Malmö there is little to attract the eye. Between the double windows the sills are still carpeted with flakes of snow-white cotton, a protection against draughts, and this cotton is daintily dotted over with flowers, shells, or seaweed.

There are two churches in the city, both fine examples of northern brickwork; the tapering spire of St. Peter's † was blown down in a former century, and replaced by a black slate nightcap too frightful to gaze at. The church is at present in process of restoration; and though to those well versed in epitaphia and carvings there is nothing of peculiar interest, the most blasé of ecclesiologists will be struck with admiration at the exquisite proportions of its transepts and choir, élancé and airy as a dream.‡ You'll wonder at the size of the poor-box, an iron-bound oak chest with four holes, each one allotted in earlier days to almsgivers of different ranks. Beneath lies a gravestone, worn with age, upon which two skeletons may still be traced, with excrescences projecting from their ribs. In Roman Catholic times there dwelt in Malmö two maiden ladies, high-born and miserly, who left directions in their will to place the wealth they had amassed in their coffins. The heirs objected, but the Church overruled. After a lapse of years, a later generation, hearing that the ladies walked, to appease the ghosts caused the coffins to be opened. On the lids being raised no gold was found; but on the breast of each skeleton sat three huge toads, who spat forth venom at the intruders, and forthwith died. The heirs, feeling they had done a bad deed, were now vastly penitent. To pacify the spirits of their relatives, they erected to their memory this stone, with two skeletons carved thereon, and the six toads upon their breasts, of which you may still distinguish the traces beneath the colossal poor-box.

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* This grinding between two millstones was not a customary punishment—the "Spiketunna" was far more in vogue. In the ballad of "Lille Karin," a king causes a maiden, for the same offence, to be plunged into a barrel set with penknives and spikes; he then rolls her over with his own royal hands until she is dead.

† The church of St. Peter was built 1319; the spire fell down 1442. "Quæ pessime fuit constructa, propter negligentiam et inertiam muratorum, sicut patet omni homini intuenti," writes an angry chronicler.

In the German church is a full-length portrait of Luther with a swan by his side, and the following vicious hexameter:—

"Pestis eram vivens, moriens ero mors tua, papa."

‡ In this church the meeting took place between Frederik I. of Denmark and Gustaf Wasa, May 1st, A.D. 1524: they adjourned to the Rådhus, and settled together the affairs of Skåne.

When you stand on the rampart heights, and scan with your eye the outline of its ancient fortifications, you imagine the city to have collapsed, as man himself becomes shrunken from old age, so wide is the extent of waste ground. There is however vitality in Malmö still; on every side new buildings are rising, walks are planted, and squares laid out in gardens; the population has increased from 12,000 to 18,000; and forming a suitable outlet to Sweden's great granary, folks prophesy how, in some years' time, she will become a maritime port of vast importance, the merchant capital of the ancient province of Skåne.

In the fifteenth century was Malmö first surrounded by walls; then also she adopted as her arms a griffin's head crowned, with red ears and neck, on a field argent. From that time she became vastly aristocratic, and the chroniclers boast the number of noble gårds which stood within her fortifications. Her burgomasters, who were allowed by law to wear "gold and gilt," set their faces against all free trade, and stood out manfully for the now exploded theory of "protection." No stranger was allowed to enter a shop save during fair-time; the citizens of Lund were forbidden to trade in their harbour; the natives were prohibited from visiting the fairs of the neighbourhood; while the right of "wrecking" (a custom long since suppressed by Skanör and Falsterbo) was restored to them.

The consequence of these ordinances may be easily imagined. In 1617, remarks a writer of the day, "groups of trees were growing in places where merchants' houses once stood; 150 houses were unoccupied, and people were so poor they could pay neither their rents nor taxes—the commerce of Malmö had been stifled by 'protection.'"

Sigbrit, in her day, took Malmö in hand, established there a company of brewers, and very good beer they made, so much so that Frederik I. constantly writes to the burgomaster begging "a few tuns for his own especial drinking," which however he never thought of paying for. Sigbrit overhauled the Latin school, bundled off the poor scholars, and, maybe, the rich ones would have been only too happy to accompany them in their exodus; for so great was the severity of the monkish teachers, "many boys are said to have died from ill-treatment, and those who did attend sat like frightened hares, neither understanding, nor answering from fear, the questions put to them." On a complaint being made of this undue severity, the monks replied, "they had bought their own learning at a similar price, and would sell it at no other." Some of the rules of the school, whether dictated by Sigbrit or not, are remarkable for their refinement: "Every boy was ordered to blow his nose on a pocket-handkerchief, and the pupils expressly forbidden to sneeze in people's faces when they walked in the streets."

Sigbrit was no greater favourite in Skåne than in Denmark. She is thus described in the 'Rhyming Chronicle:'—

"Usurious in Holland, she cheated in Norway;
Nuts and apples she brought to the market.
In Bergen she kept a kro-house
Where seamen got drunk:
And when she came to Copenhagen
It was ill-luck to the country."

Many of Christian II.'s letters are addressed to his mint-master at Malmö; some of them contain allusions to the clipping of the coinage (moneta Malmoyensis). In 1591 Malmö had the honour of contributing 3000 thalers towards the marriage present of Anne, queen of James VI.*

In the Rådhus are preserved the archives of the city, dating from the year 1300—autographs of the Frederiks and Christians, Niels Kaas, and other worthies; old books on burgher law, unlike our English codes, plain and comprehensible. In one corner lies a sort of Jonathan Wild's museum—knives, hatchets, and hammers,

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* Malmö was the first city of Denmark in which the Roman-Catholic service was abolished, and replaced, A.D. 1529, by the liturgy in the vulgar tongue. Malmö afforded a refuge to many English Protestants who fled from the faggots of Smithfield in the reign of Mary Tudor. There exists a curious book by one of the exiles, entitled, 'The richt vay to the kingdome of Hevine, by John Gau: printed i Malmu be me, Thone Hochstraten, the 16th day of Octo. 1555.'

MALMÖHUS.

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murderous weapons, to each of which hangs a tale. When about to leave, the guardian pulled forth, as a "bonne bouche," a mummy hand, that of a girl, the prettiest, the most exquisitely formed ever yet seen in flesh and blood, chopped off by a ruthless axe in days when, for crimes committed, women lost their hands (perhaps deservedly) and underwent other barbarous mutilations.

Well, this little hand (Jouvin's sixes would have scarce done it justice) was chopped off according to "law" and "right;" but the executioner had not the heart to throw it away, so he nailed it up to dry, as a gamekeeper does a magpie against a barn-door; or, maybe, he embalmed it, and here it is after a lapse of centuries.

MALMÖHUS.

A ten minutes' walk through an avenue of trees, where the city walls once stood, brings you to old Malmöhus, surrounded on three sides by verdant ramparts, flanked by two half-raised stunted round towers, once powder magazines.

Aloft waves the Swedish banner, a yellow cross on a purple ground, with a sort of "Union Jack" in the corner, bearings of the sister kingdom, Norway. Three rusty cannon, on dilapidated carriages, plainly announce the spirit of the age. Malmöhus, like the rest of the world, has become utilitarian, and for ever done with glory.

Within the castle walls lie, in durance vile, nine hundred prisoners, rascals of all sorts, transported from the north of Sweden. Here they forge (iron), here they spin, carpenter, and employ their time, till their days of seclusion come to an end, and they are again restored to liberty.

This castle, in which Denmark's second Frederik, when crown prince, resided as Governor of Skåne, is not whitewashed, but degraded. From the further end of the moat it would still paint well, with its gatehouse and its gables. On a bright and sunny day, when the heavens are clear, Copenhagen, Saltholm, and the island of Hven appear but at a stone's throw from the heights above. There is little to interest the traveller now beyond its bygone history.

We had brought letters to M. Tröill, the Governor of Malmöhus-län, and were, in his absence, received by the countess, his wife, with all the kindness of a Swede and the grace of a Frenchwoman. It is only in Sweden and England that women after marriage retain the rank to which they are born. The daughter of a Swedish count on marrying a simple gentleman still bears her title of countess prefixed to the family name of her husband.

When we dined at Government House, the day after our arrival, my first inquiry was for the prison of Bothwell. Everybody knew he had been confined in Malmöhus, but concerning the whereabouts of his apartment no one could tell me anything, so the following morning, accompanied by a Swedish officer, the Count de Barck, who kindly proffered his services, we set off on a voyage of discovery.

An ancient plan of Malmöhus is preserved in the archives of the Rådhus, by referring to which we discovered the "corps de logis" to be the original palace of King Frederik's time; the remaining buildings were added by Christian IV., as is testified by his cipher, entwined with that of his queen, Anna Catherine, Ck 1608, a piece of politeness he was seldom guilty of.

But before searching out his prison we must first turn to the story of Bothwell himself, according to the records (some sixty-eight in number) which still exist in the Royal Archives of Copenhagen.

In the autumn of the year 1567 Bothwell arrived at Copenhagen, where we find him about the latter end of December a prisoner in the king's palace. Frederik was at that time absent from the capital, hunting at Frederiksborg, from whence he issued the following order to Biörn Kaas, the Seneschal of Malmö:*—

"Frederik, &c.

"Be it known to you that we have ordered our well-beloved Peter Oxe, our man, councillor, and marshal of the kingdom of Denmark, to send the Scottish earl, who resides in the castle of Copenhagen, over to our castle of Malmö, where he is to remain for some time. We request of you, therefore, to have prepared that same vaulted room in the castle where the Marshal Eyler Hardenberg† had his apartment, and to cover over with mason-work the private place in the same chamber; and where the iron bars of the windows may not be sufficiently strong and well guarded, that you will have them repaired; and when he arrives, that you will put him into the said chamber, give him beds and good entertainment, as Peter Oxe will further direct and advise you; and that you will, above all things, keep a strong guard and hold in good security the said earl, as you may best devise, that he may not escape. Such is our will.

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* Biörn Kaas succeeded Eyler Hardenberg as Länsman of Malmöhus in 1565 till 1579, when he was appointed to Lundagård-län. In 1575 he was received a member of St. Knud's Gille. "On Easter-day, 26th March, 1581, died Biörn Kaas of Starup-gård."

† Eyler Hardenberg was first Länsman of Dalby Kloster, and "in 1554 young Prince Frederik was allowed to take possession of Malmöhus-län and castle; Eyler Hardenberg was appointed by him as Governor, &c."—*Hvitfeldt's Chronicle.*

"Written at Frederiksborg, 28 December, 1567."

Armed with these credentials we entered the square court of the castle, and, having received permission to visit the interior, inquired whether there still existed any "vaulted rooms" in the building of King Frederik's time. In reply we were informed that there were two large vaulted chambers on the ground floor, to one of which was attached a small square cabinet scooped out in the thickness of the castle wall towards the moat side. An exterior flight of steps led us to the entry of the chamber in which there is every reason to suppose that Bothwell passed some five years—maybe the most tranquil of his unquiet life.

It is a lofty, oblong, vaulted room, some thirty feet in length, lighted by strongly-barred windows looking on the court. On opening the door of the square closet the floor was still covered over with mason-work of a blackish stone, well worn and polished by the friction of ages,—that long narrow pavement so generally used in buildings of the sixteenth century.

We quitted the castle perfectly satisfied that we had found the "vaulted chamber" we had come in search of—the state-room of early days, in which the husband of Scotland's queen, Frederik's own kinswoman, was ordered to receive "good treatment." On the head of Bothwell, as on that of Mary, rested a fearful accusation—that of murder—an accusation which Frederik was reluctant to credit, as he writes word in his letter to the infant James, then eighteen months old, in answer to an epistle penned by the hand of Murray. The Danish sovereign refused to receive Bothwell into his presence; but though he ordered him to be kept a prisoner, he wished him to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries due to his rank and position, everything save liberty, "until his case could have better consideration."

Of the doings of Bothwell during his residence at Malmöhus we know but little. Two days after his arrival (30th December, 1567) Peter Oxe writes from Copenhagen to the king to say that the Scottish earl desires to obtain a loan of 200 specie (40*l.*), and to ask whether or not he shall advance it on the king's account; and later, in a MS. register of expenses in the Royal Archives, is preserved a statement, dated 2 March, A.D. 1569, which runs as follows:—

"Likewise delivered to Biörn Kaas, our man, councillor, and seneschal, at our castle of Malmö, according to order from our high steward aforesaid, English velvet and silk for 75 sp. 6 sk. (15*l.*), of which we have made a present to the Scottish earl, who is imprisoned there."

It was during his imprisonment in Malmöhus that Bothwell composed that narrative of the leading events which terminated in his flight from Scotland in 1567, as well as of his subsequent adventures, known by the title of 'Les Affaires du Comte de Boduel,' forwarded by him to the Danish sovereign.*

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* The MS. entitled 'Les Affaires du Comte de Boduel,' now in the library of Stockholm, is a copy of the original, in the handwriting of Dantzay, followed up by his own correspondence with the French king.

Bothwell concludes his narrative in the following words:—"Cet

Lucky had it been for Frederik had Bothwell ne'er set foot on Danish ground, for never was potentate more tormented. First came monthly demands, vehement, and later even violent, from the Earl of Murray, for the handing over of the earl's person to his custody for capital punishment, with even hints of a little previous wholesome torture, such as boot, maiden, or something worse. Our Virgin Queen, too, dictated four letters on the subject to the Danish king, written in a pretty Italian hand, supposed to be that of Ascham, to not one of which did Frederik (wise man) deign a reply, at which neglect Elizabeth expressed herself much wounded, though in one of them, by way of a sop, she adds with her own royal pen, "Vestra bona soror et consanguinea." But she got no Bothwell all the same. Then Catherine de Medicis was sure to write, at least once a month, to her envoy, "Charles de Dantzay," to insist that Bothwell should NOT be given over to the Scotch. As to Frederik himself, worried out of his senses, he was not at all inclined to deliver up his prisoner, and that for certain reasons of his own; for Bothwell, in a letter dated 13th January (1568), had offered, if the king would procure "la deliverance de Madame Marie la Royne sa princesse," to cede to him the Orkney and Shetland isles, a regretted appanage, long since severed from the Danish crown.*

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ecrit . . . . je prye estre delivré à sa Majesté, à fin qu'elle congnoisse l'intention et finale volonté de la Royne Madame Marie qui estoit telle: 1ment que je deborois demander à la Majesté de Dannemarch comme allié et confederé de ladite Royne, ayde, faveur et adsistance, tant de gens de guerre que de navires, pour la delivrer de la captivité ou elle est."

* "Pour les frais qui y pourroyent estre faicts, que je fisse offre à ladite Majesté de vendre les Isles d'Orquenay et de Schetland, libres

As matters stood, therefore, it was perhaps as well to bear the worry, and see what might turn up later. So he unburdens his mind by writing to the German princes, his relations, explaining to them what he has done, why he has so acted, and asking their advice, albeit, at the same time, determined to follow his own inclination, whatever their answer might be. In the mean time Bothwell goes on drinking, carousing, and receiving the visits of his Scotch friends, snapping his fingers at Queen Elizabeth and the Scottish peers, until the 16th of June (1573), when he is suddenly removed to the castle of Draxholm, in the island of Zealand.

On the 28th of June following, Dantzay writes to his master, the King of France:—

"Le Roy de Danemarck avoit iusques à pñt assez bien entretenu le Conte de Baudouel, mais depuis peu de jours il l'a faut mettre en une fort maulvaise et estroite prison."

In addition to the testimony of Dantzay, the following entry has been lately discovered in a MS. of Karen Brahe, preserved in the library of Odense:—

"Anno 1573, den 16 Junii, bleff den Schottske Greffne indsatt paa Dragsholm:" i.e. "In the year 1573, on the 16th of June, was the Scottish earl placed at Draxholm."

Scarce had the prisoner been removed when on the 26th day of the same month arrives a letter from the new Regent Morton, demanding the deliverance of "Damnatæ memoriæ parricidam nostram," as he terms

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et quittes, sans aucun empeschement, à la Couronne de Dannemarch et de Norwegue, comme ils avoyent cy-devant quelque tems esté.

"Presenté à Helsingbourg au S. Peter Oxe et S. Jehan Fris Chancelier, le 16 Janvier, 1568."

Bothwell, which, considering he had been himself a party to the murder of Darnley, is strong language: and with this epistle terminates the correspondence; for on the 24th November following, Dantzay, after first announcing "Au Roy — S^r Peter Oxe mourut le 24 jour d'Octobre," continues, "le Comte de Baudouel, Ecossais, est aussi décedé;" and this report of the earl's death was believed by Mary herself, and generally credited throughout the whole of Europe, at the very time he was languishing in a damp unwholesome prison of the castle of Draxholm.

It may be inferred that Frederik had been persuaded by his new minister, Walkendorf, a man not over-scrupulous as to truth, to announce the death of his illustrious prisoner as the best answer to all the reiterated demands for his person, and thus putting an end to the vexed affair for ever.

From this date we hear no more of the earl until the record of his death, on the 14th April, 1578, and his subsequent interment in the church of Faarveile, where we visited his coffin in the month of June last summer.

And now comes the tug of war. What was the cause of this sudden change in the treatment of the Scottish earl, so "well entertained by the King of Denmark for the space of five years"? The Protestants, and those who are hostile to Queen Mary's cause, will tell you that from the year 1572, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the feelings of the Lutheran ruler of the realm underwent a change towards his Roman Catholic kinswoman, and that Bothwell to him was nought save the husband of Mary.

The Roman Catholics, on their side, assert, and that strenuously, the story of his confession to be true, in which he, "malade à l'extremité au château de Malmay," declared "la Royne innocente de la ditte mort,—lui seul, ses parens, et quelque noblesse autours d'icelle."

The confession of Bothwell, printed by Drummond of Hawthornden, 1625, has disappeared, as well as the other copies known to have existed formerly. The Danish archives lend no aid to the solution of the mystery. Frederik may have forwarded the original to Queen Elizabeth, the paper she "kept quiet," but up to the present time the proofs are wanting, and all is doubt and obscurity.

How Malcolm Laing can assert "These names are apparently fictitious," is surprising. In olden times Malmö, before orthography was settled, was written Malmöye, Malmöge, as well as Malmay, all these terminations being different dialects of the word Ø or ey, island; Malm, sand (Mœso-Gothic)—ay, island, being the real signification of the name. The Skåne nobles were men of note and position, possessors of the lands and castles alluded to, länsmen and governors of fortresses and districts: the spelling of their names in Queen Mary's letter differs from that of the document preserved in the Scotch College at Paris; but this is not to be wondered at. I myself, in the 19th century, after two years' familiarity with the Danish language, should be sadly at a loss to write them down correctly from dictation.

Though old Otto Brahe,* father of the illustrious Tycho, was at that time gathered to his ancestors, yet the province of Skåne was peopled by his descendants.

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* Otto Brahe, of Knutsdorp, Governor of Helsingborg Castle from 1566 to 1568, died 1571.

But, argue as you may—well or ill—until the missing document be forthcoming all will be vexation of spirit; so let the matter rest, and each man hold to his own opinion.

There is nothing more to relate, so let us bid adieu to the vaulted chamber in the degraded fortress of old Malmöhus,* once a prison far too good and spacious for the most restless adventurer of his age, the husband of Queen Mary—"James Erle Boithuille." †

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* In the year 1660 Corfitz and Eleanor Ulfeld escaped from the Castle of Malmöhus, where they were confined by the King of Sweden, he disguised as a priest, she as a peasant-woman, with a basket on her arm containing two hens and some eggs. They crossed to Copenhagen, but were there betrayed, again arrested, and sent to Hammershuus in the island of Bornholm, as already told in 'Jutland.'

† For an account of Bothwell's death and burial see 'Jutland,' vol. i., chap. xxvii.

CHAPTER II.

Skanör and Falsterbo — Jättekasts, or the missiles of the giants — Destruction of the cities by sand — Prince Magnus's hög — Skeff the Englishman — Linnæus at Falsterbo — Castle of Torup — Ghost of the lady Gjörwell — The condemned lake.

SKANÖR AND FALSTERBO.

SKANÖR and Falsterbo—two long-since forgotten cities. Who has e'er heard of their whereabouts? They are, however, marked on the map, should your eye chance to light upon them.

We set off from Malmö early one morning by the high road, which runs along the coast. Skåne is what the French term a "beau pays"—that is, flat and fertile. There are few "herregårdår" in the neighbourhood of Malmö; the land is in the hands of the peasantry, a well-to-do and thriving population. On every side, as far as the eye can reach, may be seen picturesque old churches, well-built farmhouses embosomed in trees, and neat but more humble tenements displaying much taste in red paint. The soil, when fresh sown and harrowed, rich and dark as that of a market-garden, seems to my horticultural eyes far too good to grow corn in;—fine teams of oxen and horses, white and sleek enough to rejoice the heart of Wouvermanns; sows and their piglings, not of the greyhound breed, but of that peculiar wild-boarish race seen in old Bible pictures of the herd of swine rushing down into the sea of Gennesareth; turkeys, geese, and ducks, with their newly-hatched broods, help to form a dramatis personæ worthy of North Holland. The gardens and orchards, thickly planted with fruit-trees, are protected by a hornbeam hedge on the north side alone. Leaving this fertile garden, we cross a wild sandy moor, where the lapwing alone builds its nest, for the sheep are too wise to browse where they would get nothing.

Each peasant-woman wears a gag across her mouth, a protection against the flying sand (such as Queen Dorothea wore in her portrait, now reduced to ashes, in the ever to be regretted Palace of Frederiksborg). The roads in Skåne are proverbially bad; the ground is soft, and stones are scarce, save the boulders which lie scattered o'er the face of the land; whence they came geologists know not, but tradition will answer the question—she terms them "Jättekasts," or missiles of the giants; for when churches were first erected, the giant race, sadly tormented by the ringing of the bells, pelted the church-steeples with huge stones, but never hit the mark; the prints of their fingers may still be seen indented on the granite.* In early Christian centuries the peasants, urged by the priesthood, constructed roads and built bridges at their own expense, thereby "working out their own salvation;" and old Runic stones still exist in the land, on which you may read, as a record of filial piety, "He made a bridge for his father's soul, himself yet living." *

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* At Enköping—on the stone are shown five finger-marks.

In the distance appear two clumps of trees, from each of which rises a church, while timber-built houses peep out from among the branches. "Skanör!" exclaims our driver, pointing to the right; and then "Falsterbo." Passing through a wicket-gate, we drive down a broad street, sanded over like the bottom of a birdcage, where among the trees stand houses trim and fresh painted as those inhabited by seafaring folk always are; then reach a square where lies a huge anchor with massive chains, and the natives, more clever than the Hebrews of old, are baking their own bricks in the sun without straw. We alight at the gate of the churchyard, and are there received by the Kyrka-herde (Church Shepherd), as the parish priest is here termed in Sweden, and by a sea-captain who had been informed of our projected visit.

Many centuries before the foundation of Malmö, some Germans, attracted by the advantages of this open coast, settled here in two villages, which gradually increased and flourished, transacting much business with the Dutch as well as the merchants of the Hanseatic league, who established factories on the spot. In process of time the annual fairs of Skanör and Falsterbo became the most extensive marts, not only in Sweden, but of the whole of Scandinavia. Important privileges were granted to them by the Lubeckers, who

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* Ex. grat.—in Södertelje parish, Söderman-land (Sudermania):—"Hurfast made this road and built this bridge in memory of his father Gama, that God may have mercy on his soul." Again, in Täby, "Jarlabanke raised these stones to his own memory when still alive, and built this bridge to save his soul." With many others.

possessed here a "Stenhus," and a separate market-place with cross and boundary, on which they had the right to sell linen by the "eller," as well as other articles by retail. When the University of Copenhagen was founded, the revenue granted for its support was derived from a charge on the herring-fishery of these sister cities.

But if Skanör and Falsterbo thus increased in wealth, their prosperity must be attributed to the admirable ordinances of their burghers, advocates for "free trade," such as some imagine is to be met with now only in the 19th century.

The kings caused castles to be built, and the townsmen were called upon to pay the expenses; still the sovereigns did not interfere with their privileges, and, with the exception of the "pearl fisheries," * and the right of "drawing stones," there is no mention made of any royalties. The first interruption to their long course of prosperity was caused by the sudden departure of the herring tribe from these coasts. According to an old writer:—

"The fish were so numerous and strong that one could hardly row oneself along because of the multitude, which might be caught by the hand; but sin and

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* These pearl fisheries were a royal monopoly. "The 11th April, 1748, there were given to the queen (Louisa of England) the pearl fisheries in Norway, which produced many fine pearls of great value." Linnæus in his journal writes, that, being acquainted with the art of making pearls, he imparted the whole process to Bagge, a merchant of Göteborg, from whom he received the sum of 520*l.* sterling. Probably he alluded to the art known to the Chinese. The secret having come by descent into the possession of Mr. Dickson the great merchant of Göteborg, he lately caused a pamphlet to be published on the subject.

ingratitude increased so much amongst men, that at last Almighty God, in our fathers' time, removed his liberal supply to the northern side as a punishment."

After a season the fish returned to their old haunts, and Skanör and Falsterbo held up their heads again, till in the year 1631 a tremendous tempest, accompanied by a whirlwind of "flying sand," burst over the doomed cities, overwhelming their churches and dwelling-houses, blocking up their harbours, converting into an arid desert the fertile lands by which they were surrounded, and ruining their prosperity for ever. Henceforth they are mentioned in the annals of Skåne as "Twå små stader."

The church of Skanör* is a picturesque old building, worthy of the ancient prosperity of the now deserted city; it consists of a nave, one transept, with a choir, the work of a Lubec architect, to which you mount by a flight of six steps; to the left stands a large octagonal font of early date, sculptured with the effigies of twenty crowned kings, among whom may be recognised by his hatchet St. Olof of Norway, patron of the sacred edifice. In one corner lay a heap of richly carved floriated medallions—quarterings of the Danish shield, lions and hearts of Slesvig—now out of fashion in these parts.

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* The churches of Skåne, like those of Denmark, are well-proportioned, and fitted up with the usual carved altarpiece, pulpit, and font of the Renaissance period. A change, of a somewhat heathen character, has come over the spirit of the "repoussé" plates, Adam and Eve being here discarded for a mermaid, with trident and looking-glass in hand, and ichthuary continuation. In Jutland the tombstones are disposed of for secular purposes: here, in Skåne, they are used two or three times over, causing much perplexity to those unacquainted with the fashions of the past. I myself was somewhat taken aback at a fresh blackened stone, bearing date 1848, with inscription to the memory of a village schoolmaster, in which the man was represented in a ruff and farthingale of the 17th century.

The pedants of the 17th century style Malmö "Ancona," and Helsingborg the "Hellespont;" thereby adding to the puzzlement.

We crossed over to the mound where the castle once stood, still surrounded by its double moat, a paradise of ducklings. Then as we surveyed through our glasses Stevns Klint and the church of Høierup, plainly visible in the distance, the heart of the Kyrka-herde warmed and opened to us. He related how in very early times (for Skanör is mentioned by the Sagas to have been "a mighty town," which sent malt, wine, and honey to Norway as early as the year 879*) there dwelt in this old castle a viking, Harald or Hako, who, when the walls of his stronghold were forced by a hostile army, fled for sanctuary to the church hard by, but was slain at the very door (a notch in the stone marks the place), and afterwards buried beneath the north porch, where he still rests in peace. How, the day before that fearful "sand-flight," a little vessel had taken on board a cargo of corn and herrings for North Germany, the last that ever quitted the doomed harbour.

Next he pointed out on the coast-side a small solitary hög,† loftier far before the sand-storm, under which lies interred Prince Magnus,‡ murderer of St.

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* Torfæus' History of Norway.

† "Hög," the Swedish term for mound; ättehög, ättekulle—sepulchral barrow.

‡ The tradition of Prince Magnus's Hög is probably incorrect: he may have been buried there, but a monument was erected to his memory in the monastery of Wreta, in East Götland, with the following inscription:—"Here lies buried Magnus, son of the Danish king Niels, and Queen Margaret, King Inge's daughter, chosen king by the Götlanders.

Knud of Ringsted, killed in that jolly old ecclesiastical battle of Fotevig,* in which fifty priests as well as five bishops were numbered among the slain, all owing, say the chroniclers, to the impiety of the prince, who would fight on a Sunday.

The worthy pastor conducted us to his "Prestgård," before which stands a splendid lime-tree, numbering near 400 years, and there served up to us one of those admirably dressed repasts which appear to be ever kept in readiness wherewith to greet the stranger in the houses of Scandinavia. Whilst our horses rest we drive over to visit the sister town of Falsterbo, scarcely half an English mile distant, across the road on which the false Olaf was burnt to cinders that morning before Michaelmas, by order of Queen Margaret.†

If Skanör has suffered from the sandy whirlwind, Falsterbo has been victimised more deeply still; her church imbedded in a dell, while hillocks of white shining sand almost o'ertop its roof. It is only within the last two years that the drift has entirely ceased. The church of Falsterbo is, according to local tradition, by far the most ancient in Skåne,—built, said the woman who brought the keys, long before "the world was drowned;" and here it was that after the Flood Noah and his family returned thanks for their preservation, bringing to be baptised in this ancient font (sculptured over with most antediluvian monsters) Skeff the Englishman, their fourth son, born in the Ark. The peasant of Skåne still holds to this legend, and

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He fell in the battle against his uncle Ragwald, whom the Swedes had named their king."

* A.D. 1134.

† See 'Jutland,' vol. i. p. 100.

no church is considered so holy as that of this sand-buried village. Should a cow be sick, a horse fall lame, or a sow be unfortunate in her offspring, he will come a distance of seven Swedish miles to cast his offering into the iron coffer which stands in the centre of the nave, and the maidens on the eve of St. John flock thither from all parts for "good luck's sake."

Linnæus visited Falsterbo in 1749 on the eve of St. John. "The church door," he writes, "stood open from early dawn till sunset; people came thither from great distances, and formerly much folk from Denmark, laying their money upon the chest; some came laden with small boxes of coin, sent by those too sick to come, and in good faith offered them. This was going on before, during, and after the service, without any procession or superstitious ceremony before the images. The church obtained nearly 300 thalers, silver mynt, which are devoted to repairs, otherwise it might fall into decay. The poor people, in times of need, sickness, necessity, or anxiety about relatives out at sea, do this as an 'officium pietatis.'" That same evening Linnæus returned to Skanör, and thus describes the midsummer's festival:—"The youth, both male and female, assembled in the square; the lads bore staves and the girls flowers; they bound together the staves in the form of a high mast, with a crosspiece, and in a few minutes the whole pole was dressed with garlands and flowers which hung down from the projecting points. The Maypole thus prepared was one of the most beautiful, and was hoisted mid joyous acclamations. The young people danced around it the whole night, notwithstanding that it rained."*

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* In England's wicked days—before school teas came into fashion—when May-day was still kept, the prettiest village-girl was chosen as

On the inner shutters of the folding altarpiece are two ancient full-length paintings of Anscarius—first as a barefooted monk, with very large feet and a small lamb; then as Bishop of Bremen, in full ecclesiastical fig. Anscarius, according to an old tradition, when robbed by a pirate band, put into Falsterbo to refit, and was well received by the people.

Doubling the intended fee to the woman with the keys, in honour of Skeff the Englishman, we crossed a sandy heath to the mound where once stood the palace of Falsterbo, in which the youthful Olaf breathed his last, and then flitted to Sorø, dropping his entrails by the way, as a compliment to the cathedral church of Lund. Before us, in the distance, lay the island of Møen, and nearer the Klappen, where sea-birds build their nests, sometimes a single island, at others divided into three, according to the caprice of wind and water. An English brig, the 'Judith,' lies a wreck embedded in the sand. Talk of the dangers of a rocky coast! commend me to a sandy one.

The population of Skanör amounts to 800, that of Falsterbo to somewhat more than 300. Of the male inhabitants of the two villages all are sailors (sixty sea-captains among the number) save four—the parish priest, the blacksmith, tailor, and carpenter. No crime has been committed, or brought before the courts, for upwards of thirty years. Epidemics of all kinds are

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Queen of the May: the same custom prevails in the North. On the one hill outside Malmö it was the custom for the Gille of St. Knud to choose a May Count among the brethren. He was not selected for his beauty, but his substance, since he had to provide his fellows with sundry tuns of Rostock ale—Mai-grfve-öl.

unknown; no death has occurred in either parish for the space of eighteen months, which may be attributed either to the salubrity of the air, or the absence of druggist and doctor. Two days previous to our visit a grand coursing match had taken place on the adjoining heath, from which the hares driven in by the beaters had no way of escape; the sport was excellent; among the slain were numbered three snow-white foxes, a rarity in these parts, as they seldom come down so far south, save in the severest of winters.

TORUP.

May 2nd.—The spring has been advancing with rapid strides; a night's rain, combined with warm sunshine, has already induced a horse-chesnut in the Place below to unfold its leaves in honour of May-day. We could not quit Malmö without visiting Torup, said everybody; so last evening Countess Tröill kindly called for us, and we started along the highway as fast as four horses could carry us. An hour's drive brought us to a secluded punchbowl, where an aged baron, of years quite fabulous and spirit young, has his nest, the ancient castle of Torup, a gabled mansion, with towers both round and octagonal, surrounded by a narrow moat. Torup was built in the fifteenth century by the lady Gjörwell, a spinster of refinement. The old building stood on the hill-side, close by the farmyard; till, sadly tormented by lowing cattle and squeaking pigs, she removed from their neighbourhood. This castle is noted in history as the first ever "built with money," for the lady Gjörwell paid the workmen shining silver, in addition to food, the sole payment given in those days by the lords of the soil. A just and righteous lady, she amassed much gold, and took good care to hide it, as folks were then wont to do. In her last sickness death came so quickly she could only gasp the word "cellar," and no one has yet known her hiding-place.

The lady Gjörwell mourns her secret hoard turned to no good account, and oft on a winter's night is met in the dark stone passages. She beckons with imploring gestures—"Come, come, and I will show the place;" but no one dares to follow her, for Swedish serving-men and maids love not ghosts. As for the aged baron, he has more gold than he knows what to do with, and no one to inherit it hereafter.*

We strolled through the undulating forest, now in the first burst of early spring; a village child might have wreathed her May-day garland from the flowers of the blue hepatica,† anemones both yellow and white, sweet violets, and wood-sorrel,‡ looked on by peasant mothers as a sure quietus to squalling babes, to whom they give the stalk to suck—hence its vulgar name, "Allelujah!" § Deep in the wood was a space cleared among the trees, with seats, tables, and rustic orchestra—the village ball-room—where on Sundays and holidays the peasant youths of both sexes dance through the summer's eve—

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* The portrait of the lady Gjörwell hangs in the cathedral of Lund—an awful-looking old lady.

† Blå-sippa—Gul-sippa—Hvit-sippa. Eat the first hvitsippa your eye falls on in the spring, and then you will be free from ague the whole year.

‡ Oxalis acetosella.

§ This name of "Allelujah" was common throughout England and most parts of Europe. Gerard surmises, "because the plant flowered when the Allelujah was sung in the churches." The Swedish reasoning is more to the point.

> "Med lappede hoser og prickede sko,"[*]

as the old song goes, for the peasantry of this fair domain do not appear flourishing.

Marsk Stig held Torup in his day—the silver star of the Hvides still adorns the walls; next great Queen Margaret. A closet hung with gilt stamped leather is still pointed out as the room where Christian IV. slept in the days of Corfitz and Eleanor Ulfeld.

On looking from the heights above at the old castle, with its narrow moat and green velvet sward, there seemed to us something unnatural in the sudden fall of the ground. "Had not a lake once encircled the castle," we inquired, "and been since filled up?"[†] "You are right," replied our fair conductress; "and thereby hangs a sad tale." So we sat down on a wooden bench, and whilst some of the party luxuriated among the violets, both purple and white, growing on the bank side, I listened to the story.

Near one hundred years ago, when Torup belonged to the Stjernblads, the owner gave a grand dinner to the family of Count Trolle of Klågerup. The banquet was over. The ladies in their hoops and powder, the men in their brilliant uniforms and embroidered clothes, walked in the garden, waiting for the ball to commence. The sun was about to set, when Frederik Trolle, a budding cornet of dragoons, invited his aunt

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[*] "With darns in their stockings and holes in their shoes."

[†] This lake was dug by soldiers of Christian IV., sent from Malmö at the request of Christina Munk, who spent some time at Torup, when in the possession of Sigward Grubbe, Länsman of Malmöhus.

Mademoiselle Harmens, with his sisters Brita and Augusta, to go with him on the water. The younger dedeclined—"she was afraid—the punt was old and dirty —she should spoil her dress;" but Frederik laughed at her fears; catching her in his arms, he bore her struggling to the boat, and pushed off from land.

Scarcely had they reached the middle of the lake when the bark began to sink. The ladies clung to Frederik for protection; but before help could be procured they all sank in the sight of their mother, Countess Trolle, who, seated at a window, was witness of the catastrophe.

The lake became hateful to the lord of Torup, and, when the harvest was in, labourers worked without ceasing until the waters were drawn off, and before many springs had passed away its site became—what it now is—a pasture meadow. By the moat's side a square flat stone marks the date,* and the names of the youthful victims. The swan had built her nest hard by, and was sitting on her eggs; the male bird sailed up, hissing and flapping his wings, irate, to warn us off as trespassers. So, as the evening was closing in, we returned to the carriage, and again made for Malmö.

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* 27 May, 1775.

CHAPTER III.

'Lying Chronicle' — The London of the Goths — Students' Carnival — The Viking Åke — St. Walborg's fires — Three English Bishops of Lund — Splendour and downfall of the church — Holger Rosenkrantz and the beaten bishop — Foundation of the university.

LUND.

> "Den tid Christus lod sig föde
> Stod Lund og Skanör i fagerste gröde."

"At the time Christ let himself be born, stood Lund and Skanör in fairest growth." So sings the 'Rhyming Chronicle,' of which you may believe as much as you please.*

We steamed down from Malmö to Lund † on St. Walborg's-day ‡ to witness the annual Carnival of the

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* When Charles Gustaf had taken Skåne from Denmark, he sent his faithful attendant Christer Bonde through the province to give him an account of the state of the country and the towns. Christer Bonde speaks of the country between Malmö and Lund as of a new Land of Promise. "The whole is but one fruitful garden—there is not one inch of soil where you may not reap many times what you sowed; and the people have the saying, 'When Christ on earth was born, Lund and Skanör were already flourishing.'"

† Lunden, the grove; Londinum Gothorum, as it was anciently termed, a very necessary precaution, lest it might be confused with its English sister. At this period it numbered 200,000 inhabitants.

‡ The 1st of May. The lighting of the Walborg fire is still common in most parts of Sweden. After dusk the young people go to

Students. The year 1860 has thus far been eventful in the annals of history, and even Sweden, remote as she lies from the scene of uproar and revolt, has come in for her share of Papal indignation. When, in February last, the Marquis Migliorati, Sardinian envoy, first landed at Helsingborg, the inhabitants welcomed him with a public ovation, and were forthwith, as a punishment, included in the bull of excommunication issued by the Church of Rome. So the students, in their love of mischief, fixed upon this papal ban as the subject of their "masque;" and Pio Nono, borne in his chair, accompanied by Antonelli, with monks—black, white, and gray—performed the ceremony in great state;

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the mountain-top, pile up a stack of brushwood (the higher the better), and, when it is in a full blaze, dance round in a ring, singing the May carol of the country.

The old people sit at home, watching which way the wind blows the fires—whether the number be odd or even—and drawing most gloomy presages, with which they "enliven" the spirits of the young ones for the succeeding year.

Another ring-dance is said to be very pretty (?). Each girl is lifted up by two youths, sedan-chair fashion, placing her arms round the boys' necks; then all join in a circle, dancing and singing round the fire, the boys clapping, and raising the young ladies according to the measure of the music. But, adds my authority, this dance is now seldom seen, for the girls refuse to take part in it; the boys are too rough.

Olaus Magnus mentions another custom of his day:—Two bands of youths on horseback get up a mock fight: the leader of one band, representing Winter, with long white beard and clad in furs, bears in his hand a branch of dead wood. Summer, on the other side, is adorned with a crown of newly opened leaves, and garlands hang around him: he and his band bear in their hands branches of the birch. Winter and his followers pelt the opposite party with snowballs. Then comes the struggle, which is decided according to the state of the season, whether it be early or late.

On Walborg's night the master of the house tends his cattle himself, on the look-out for the witches who come and milk the cows in secret on their way to Blåkulla, their favourite resort.

the cortège followed up by Napoleon, the empress and her ladies of honour, in an open barouche and four, Victor Emmanuel, and King Bomba.

Well! it is a queer change to see his Holiness burlesqued in the city of Lund, and her Lutheran bishop looking on at the window, shaking his sides with laughter.

An Icelandic Saga of the tenth century first tells how "the Viking Åke, having ravaged Courland, was taken prisoner, and released by Eigil and his brother Thorolf. When homeward bound, they inquired of Åke where they could pick up a little booty. Åke replied, how there lay near the Öresund a great market-town called Lunden. So the vikings landed there from their 'long ships,' and, attacking the city, which was bravely defended by the inhabitants from their walls of 'trä' (wood), laid it waste, and retired laden with spoil."*

But Lund soon rose from her ashes, for even in heathen times she was a holy city; and on her three adjacent hills, hidden among dark, mysterious groves, rose the temples of the pagan deities Odin, Thor, and Frigga—much frequented by the pious until the reign of our own great Canute, when two English monks (Bernard and Gerbrand†) preached the Christian faith in Skåne, and dared, with a courage worthy of inspired apostles, to overthrow the idols of the pagans, and build here a church of "trä." Later, on these three hills were established annual fairs,—held in the spring and autumn,—which were removed, in the seventeenth century, to a site within the city, but are even now spoken of among the peasantry as the "three hills' market." At this early period Lund had much commerce with England. She was then connected with the seaport village of Lomma by a partly natural canal supplied from the Höje-Aå.

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* Eigil's 'Saga' (Viking and Skald), A.D. 940.

† First Bishop of Roeskilde.

According to ancient custom each craft possessed its own peculiar street, and one still remains in Lund, called Kattesundet (from the old word kati, a boat), where the watermen dwelt who plied down the canal to Lomma.

Some years since, when repairs were made in the Shoemakers' street, a cartload of leather shoes, hard as stones, of very ancient form, were disinterred from the earth, were they had lain buried for centuries.

Three Englishmen in succession, Henry,* Egino, and Richwald, were appointed to the newly-erected bishopric of Lund; the mint too, when first established, was conducted by an Anglo-Saxon mint-master.† The earliest architects of her stone cathedral, which replaced the church of wood, came also from our native land. No sooner was Lund named metropolitan of the northern Church, than her wealth increased; her thirty canons enjoyed considerable incomes; sixty altars blazed with tapers noon and night; she possessed upwards of one thousand estates;—no one could give her enough. Within the narrow precincts of the city walls stood twenty-two parish churches, as well as seven convents. Her princely archbishops, most turbulent of prelates, hard towards the peasantry, insolent to their sovereigns, dwelt within Lundagård, at that time a strong fortress. So great, says the chronicler, was the state in which they rode forth through the country, that young and old came out to gaze; the artisan left his workshop, and the housewife her boiling pot. It is even now a saying among the people when the meat is burnt, "Surely the bishop must have passed this way!" When not at variance with the king they had plenty of work in quelling insurrections among the peasantry, in one of which, during the days of Duke Gert of Holstein, three hundred knights were slain in the church alone. No archbishop was ever equal in grandeur to Absalon. Other prelates were less prosperous, and we constantly meet with them in history as imprisoned in Søborg, riding on donkeys with their faces turned to the tail—bearing foxes' brushes in their mitres—occasionally burnt in the market-place at Copenhagen. Few loved the Church better (scandal says too much) than the great Queen Margaret. She devoted herself to the service of St. Lawrence, and would ever remain his "lowest handmaiden:" so, when her son died, the priests took good care she should be "hyllad" on St. Lyber's Hill, where the sovereigns were elected for Skåne, as "almighty mistress and master over all Denmark."

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* In early Christian times it was the policy of our English prelates to maintain a crop of seedling missionaries, ever ready, at a moment's warning, to start forth to heathen lands, and there to fill such high positions as they could scarcely hope to attain to in their native country. Bishop Henry was no credit to the English hierarchy. He had been chaplain to three successive kings of Denmark. Having collected great riches, he lived in luxury and idleness, and ended by drinking himself to death. Egino, his successor, was a zealous and pious man, who converted, by his preaching, the heathen of Blekinge and Bornholm. Wherever he went he fearlessly overthrew the idols, destroying the great temple of Skara, and even forming a plan for burning that of Upsala.

† The earliest Swedish coin extant, that of Olof Skötkonung, date 993, is by a well-known English mint-master named Snellenk, who also worked in Denmark, and is supposed to have come over from thence to Sweden.

But with the Reformation ended the heyday of Church in Lund: her convents destroyed, her lands confiscated, she became the most desolate of cities. Her archbishop now bore the title of superintendent, and commanded neither the respect of the nobility, nor of the people, who, like our own Queen Bess, looked sadly askance at the wives and daughters of churchmen. It is told how Holger Rosenkrantz in a passion knocked down Dr. Mads the superintendent, boxed his ears till his nose bled, then flogged him with a whip, as a pedagogue would a schoolboy. The outraged churchman, taking boat, presented himself, bloody and unwashed, before his sovereign. Christian IV. ordered the offender to be summoned before the High Court, who condemned him to pay a fine of 300 specie. On hearing the sentence, Rosenkrantz bawled out, "Three hundred specie! Why, I'd pay six hundred any day, only to flog the rascal again." When this was related to the king, he remarked, "Had I only as many relations in the court as Holger, Dr. Mads would have got a very different sentence."

So Lund went down and down—lower and lower—and would perhaps have disappeared altogether from the face of the earth, had it not been for its University, founded in 1658 at the suggestion of the superintendent, afterwards Bishop Winstrup. Skåne had been lately ceded to the Swedish crown, but her youth were Danes at heart, and accustomed to pursue their studies at Copenhagen, which did not suit the new order of things. This idea of a provincial university so delighted Charles XI., that he caused Winstrup to be forthwith ennobled, and presented him with a massive gold chain, from which hung his own portrait set in brilliants. Ideas were better paid in the seventeenth century than they are now-a-days.

The commissioners reported Lund as a "tumbledown old place, with two burgomasters, an apotek, and a neighbourhood infested by robbers;" in short, they pooh-poohed the suggestion, which was, however, carried out, and the university founded. In 1683 the students petitioned the king, complaining "they were crammed five and six in one room, without stoves, windows, or tables, for which accommodation they paid a high price, and, when they asked for repairs, were promised them for 'next summer.' But how," inquired they of his Majesty, "are we to get through the winter?" Lundagård, the palace erected by Frederik II. (the residence of the archbishops had long since disappeared), was given, together with eighty-five farms, for the support of the university. Of the latter, however, it was soon despoiled in war-time, and the first 500 specie sent to purchase books for the library were coolly pocketed by the professors. Notwithstanding all this, the university has flourished, and it now numbers from four to five hundred students.

Lund is the type of a worn-out ecclesiastical city; her cathedral and college-buildings stand like giants among the humble dwarf-like tenements; orchards and old convent gardens of richest soil intersect and surround the town. The site of her walls* has been planted with trees, and public promenades fresh laid out, with serpentine walks fit alone for eels to wriggle on—

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* In Roman Catholic times the city was entirely surrounded by fish-ponds, so great was the demand for the finny tribe by the clergy and monks during the season of Lent.

but this folks say is the true English style. Her students wander about with pipes, wearing in their caps a yellow rosette: of an evening when the weather is fine they sing in chorus under the trees; and sometimes a band of four come incog. to the Rådhuset, where we are lodged, and sing old Swedish melodies in the hall of St. Knud for our amusement. Four finer voices I have seldom heard: one, a tenor, such as one sometimes finds in the cathedral choir, but far too charming to last.

Independent of her various museums, all good in their kind, Lund possesses two objects of high interest—her cathedral church of St. Lawrence, and the library of the university.

CHAPTER IV.

Lund — Cathedral of St. Lawrence — Legend of Finn the Giant — The crypt — Marriage of Queen Philippa — Shift of St. Margaret — The library — Letters of James I. — Love-letters of Sophia Dorothea and Königsmark — Skull of Descartes — Charles XII. and his horse Brandklipparen.

LUND.—THE CATHEDRAL.

WHEN you first gaze on the ancient church of St. Lawrence—its rounded apse, with fine exterior arcade, and corona typical of the crown of thorns, the richly-carved ornaments of its doorways—gems of the round-arch period—and then turn to the flying buttresses and square towers—"richly repaired in brick"—you exclaim, "Was anything ever more hopeless! Will no one part of the building ever be completed?" And you are right. A curse hangs over the cathedral church of Lund, according to old prophecy and legend.

On the Hill of the Saints* by Lund lived in olden time a giant whose dwelling-place was under ground. Now St. Lawrence he came from Saxony, and preached the word of God—every hill was his pulpit, for as yet there was no church in the land. Then said the giant to him in mockery, "Your God surely deserves a

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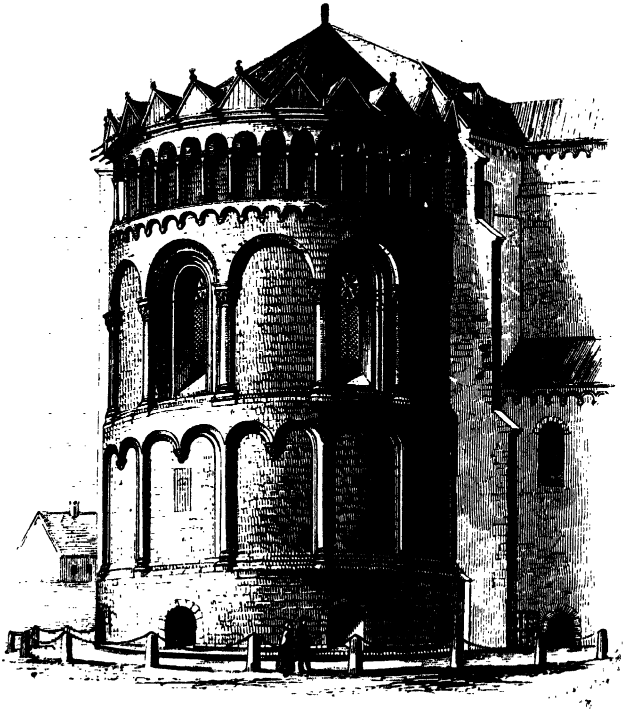
* Hill of the Saints—Helgonabacken—now covered with wood, is situated behind the bishop's palace, at the extremity of the town.



APSE OF LUND CATHEDRAL.

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temple, if all you say of Him be true. Come! I myself will build you a church; but when it is finished, you must tell me my name. If not, oh light of the faith, I demand as a forfeit the two torches which shine in the canopy of heaven." "Mad pagan that you are!" replied the saint; "the sun and the moon will remain for ever in the sky, where God has placed them, to light the wise as well as the foolish, the good as well as the bad."

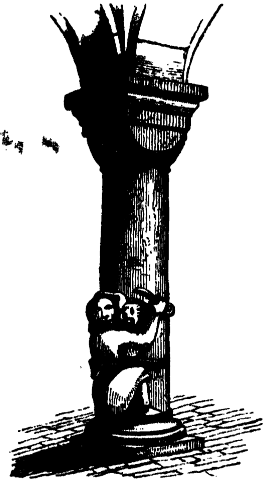
"Well answered," laughed the giant. "I demand, then, what you can give me—your eyes." "Provided the church be finished, you are welcome to take my eyes; for the greatness of God—the faith of Christ—can be preached by a blind man as well as by one that sees."

A site was chosen. The giant, bearing on his shoulders a mountain of stone, crushes it beneath his feet. First he builds the crypt, after the model of his own dwelling, with arches like those of heaven. "Be strong, be high, O walls," cries he; "the monk knows not my name; my daughter will play with his eyes before the moon is at her full."

The walls rise as by magic; a row of columns support the church. Already the giant sits on the roof; he laughs while he sings, "I have worked hard—there is little now left to do; before the sun sets, the monk must give me either my name or—his eyes."

On the Hill of the Saints stood St. Lawrence; he gazed sadly on the sun, and exclaimed, "Oh, Lord Father! Thou gavest me my eyes: take them; I sacrifice them with joy."

Then at that moment there arose a voice, which came not from the heaven, nor the clouds, but from beneath the earth, as a noise of thunder which disquiets the very depths of ocean, singing, "Sleep sweetly, little Solve, my son; father Finn sits on the wall top; he builds the church. Slumber gently, little Gerda, my fair daughter; thy father Finn returns at sunset with his promised present."



Mrs. Finn and child.

St. Lawrence, running joyfully to the church, cries out, "Finn, Finn (for I know thy name), come down; one stone alone is wanting to the tower—that I can lay myself, for God has preserved my eyes." When Finn heard the words of the saint he answered, "So sure as I am called Finn of the giant race, never shall that last stone be placed; thy church shall remain, without and within, for ever unfinished." Then in his fury he rushed to the crypt below, and, seizing hold of a column, with tremendous force endeavoured to pull down the building; his wife too, bearing little Gerda in her arms, rushed to his aid. They tugged, they pulled, but One was more powerful than they. Gradually their strength failed: Finn, his wife, and child, all turned into stone, and there you may see them to this day, embracing the hard column, to which they are for ever united.

Six centuries have elapsed. The work has been going on; work is going on still: something is always wanting. The prophecy of Finn the giant has been fulfilled. The cathedral church of St. Lawrence has never yet been—nor will it ever be—completed.

Towards the latter end of the eleventh century* the English bishop Egino founded this cathedral, employing the Anglo-Saxon architect Donatus, who built it after the model of Dinton church, in Buckinghamshire.†

The church is built in the form of a Latin cross, with aisle and rounded apse; a flight of seventeen steps leads to the transept; by two more you gain the choir; and then, by an ascent of three, you reach the high altar. The proportions of the building are grand. In the transepts are four altar recesses, high arched, supported by lofty columns, resting on figures symbolical of the evangelists. In two of these recesses stand seven-branched brazen candelabras of the thirteenth century, surmounted by crowns and resting on the uncouth monsters of the Apocalypse; while on a third appears the image of St. Lawrence, gridiron in hand.

In early times the cathedral of Lund had the privilege of sanctuary: a round stone inserted in the pavement of the choir marks the spot from which no man, however great his crime, could be removed by force.

Every carving of the round-arch period, "Rundbågsstil," as it is here termed, has been tenderly cared for by the director of the works, Professor Brunius; but the restoration has been carried out without plan, and the whole is as unfinished as the giant Finn himself could have wished. Great credit is due to the learned professor for his love of this early period; but here all praise ends, and much blame ensues; so engrossed has he been by the style of its early founders, he has literally caused the cathedral to be swept of all objects of later date,—altars, carvings, and epitaphia,—entirely destroying the character of the building, now bare and naked as a parish barn. The choir of St. Lawrence was, previous to 1833, divided from the nave—cathedral fashion—by a fine old organ, and screen of white alabaster and black marble (1572), bearing the busts of Frederik II. of Denmark and his queen Sophia: this Brunius caused to be recklessly torn down and hewn to pieces, and the richly carved stalls of the thirteenth century have also been removed by his orders. Few monuments of ancient date remain, for the church of Lund, though much esteemed for its sanctity, was never chosen by kings as a place of sepulture,—barring always the little compliment, before alluded to, on the part of King Olaf.—The bodies interred therein found but a short repose; so great was the demand for room, they had scarce time to decay before turned out to make way for others. At the entrance of the nave, sculptured at the foot of a column, is a curious carving of an ass fallen under the weight of his burden, with this inscription: "A donkey is he who takes upon himself more than he can bear,"—a compliment to a former unsuccessful architect by his successor, Adam van Dure.

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* A.D. 1072.

† See note at end of Chapter.

But the glory of the cathedral is her crypt, built in the form of a Greek cross, and admirably restored by Brunius, who here worked con amore. To the left, on descending, is a large square well,* enriched with carv-

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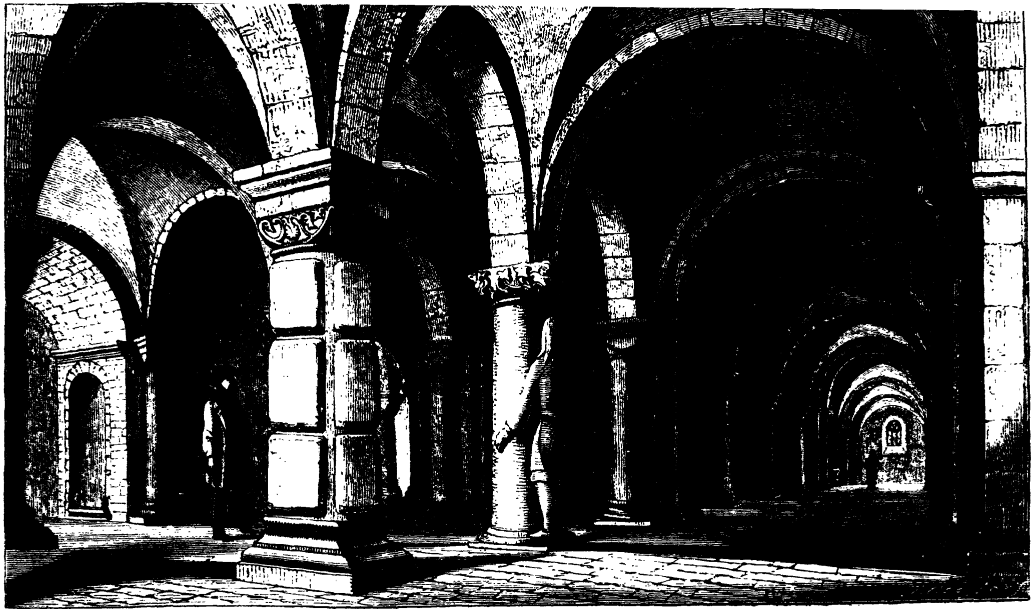
* The presence of wells in the cathedral crypts of both Dalby and



CRYPT OF LUND CATHEDRAL, WITH GIANT FINN.

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ing (1418), and containing the purest water of the city. Before you stands the giant Finn, fast petrified to a column, and further off his wife with little Gerda in her arms, tugging away at the pillar with all a woman's energy. Many of the columns are richly carved with the ornaments of the round-arched period, especially six which surround the splendid sepulchral monument, near the apse end, of Archbishop Birger,* who, with two other prelates, lies buried in the crypt. In a corner is placed the Trollkonehålet, or witches' hole, in which those accused of sorcery were confined while awaiting sentence; and, if we may judge by three thick folio volumes preserved in the archives, entitled 'Trolle Rättegång,' the chamber in its day has been fully occupied. This crypt was constructed by Archbishop Asker (1123), the first Dane who held the see, a great friend of our own Anselm of Canterbury, with whom, say the chroniclers, he was in constant correspondence, and whom he consulted on all matters regarding the government of his diocese, as well as on architecture and other ecclesiastical matters. Among the royal marriages which, as well as coronations, took place in this church, was that of Philippa of England, Countess of Essex and Hertford, with Erik the Pomeranian (1406), in the presence of Queen Margaret and the courts of the United Kingdoms.

It is thus described in the 'Rhyming Chronicle:'—

Lund may be accounted for by the fact that the earlier Christian churches were mostly founded on the site of pagan temples. The people were much attached to their sacred springs, so the proselyting bishops wisely adopted them under the new system.

* Archbishop Birger caused the works of Saxo Grammaticus to be first published in 1519.

"When they came to the Danish strand, with honour did they the maiden land. King Erik received her joyfully, as did also Margaret the queen. She made preparations that the king's wedding should now take place. She prepared most sumptuously. In Lund did the court abide. She summoned prelates, knights, and squires all. The nobles at once obey her call; to Lund they came the very same day, as they had been hight: they came there with much state and might, dressing themselves as best they could, and very merry to all intents. Many noble dames, comely and fair, and a host of high-born maidens were there. Pipers and sackbuts, and all sorts of games, rang through the halls right merrily. The Danish courtiers, dissolute, comported themselves like very brutes. Many a fine warrior there shone bright with brocade and gold embroidery. The knights did ride a tournament. All men had great sport and mirth. And while that court did in Lund remain, the nobles forgot all sorrow and pain."

After the death of Queen Philippa, Erik directed certain psalms to be sung in her honour, in the church of St. Lawrence, both by day and night, which "greatly enraged the priests, as he never offered to pay them." Vast were the treasures once possessed by this cathedral.* The archbishop who accompanied Christian II. in his exile carried off, among other matters, the silver head with golden hair and amethyst eyes, presented by Queen Margaret, containing the skull of St. Lawrence king of Britain! (?) And then came further spoliation. The shift of St. Margaret (Absalon's old cousin) is still preserved in the historic museum,—very consoling it proved to ladies on certain occasions, fully equal to chloroform. Christian I. married a widow, childless, and not very young. So, when her time drew nigh, he penned with his own royal hand a most humble letter* to the cathedral chapter, begging the loan of the saintly vestment. The church graciously granted his request. Queen Dorothea tied it round her waist, and Prince John made his appearance "quite comfortable." So great was its renown, the garment was called in, as aid, even so late as the eighteenth century.

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* Even after the Reformation the berths in Lund cathedral were so inviting that in 1660 Count Stenbock, Viceroy of Skåne, did not disdain to appoint himself "Dom-Provost;" and Baron Bonde, Treasurer of the kingdom, in the same year filled the office of Chaunter. The present bishop enjoys an income of 2000*l.* a-year English.

Adjoining the railway-station stands a parish church, the only one remaining of those which once adorned the city, a picturesque little building in the Lubec style, but of no individual interest, save for the tradition of its blood-stained walls. In former days foul murder of womankind was here committed: whether the victims were immured alive within the niches of the masonry, or their bleeding corpses cast headlong in, it is now impossible to say; but still from time immemorial large patches of clotted blood ooze out from the northern wall. It has been plastered over, it has been painted; let men do what they will, the blood never dries:

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* We give the letter, literally translated:—"We have heard you have got, and show in your church, a shift which, worn in childbed, much aids: then we beg you for your linen to lend it us, and let it be sent to us; so we will therefore be good to you, and promise you shall have the first fruits of our affection, as good as ever it was.

"In Christo valete."

Dated Helsingborg, 1360.

there it still trickles down as though fresh springing from an ugly wound.

Crossing the quincunx of trees, under which the students sit at tables, and quaff a golden beverage like hydromel, but only vulgar punch, you arrive before the round tower of Lundagård, within whose walls the fourth Christian espoused "wid wenstra handen"[*] his frail Christina Munk.

After the misadventure which attended the first grant from the Crown[†] the government thought it more prudent to forward the books "in natura," and before long the library received further and valuable additions from various private sources.

Every Swede is born a soldier; you see it from their youth upwards; martial exercises come natural to them; they are drilled, as a matter of course, in every little parish school; at this very moment the students are in full commotion, undergoing the annual three weeks of military training, the whole town bristling with swords and bayonets. Still, from the earliest times, this martial ardour has never interfered with the culture of the mental powers: a soldier could be a man of education, and a bookworm could, in case of necessity, wield the sword with credit. The generals of the Thirty Years' War showed in their selections, or rather plunderings, a good taste and judgment worthy of a bibliopole of the nineteenth century. While Tilly destroyed the library of Heidelberg, handing it over as litter for his horses, Generals De la Gardie and Banér sent to Sweden all that was most precious in the way of books and manuscripts. Eighty volumes, spoils of the Jesuits' college of Olmutz, form the cream of the university library of Lund, which numbers 75,000 tomes. In the lower story hang the portraits of the chancellors of the university, commencing with the well-known Otto Stenbock, and Charles XI. by Ehrenstrahl.* The objects of greatest importance are the autograph letters contained in the De la Gardie archives, among which is a series (1594-5) concerning the Bothwell rebellion from James and his queen (dated Halayrud 'hous), her secretary Fowler, and the two Melvilles, addressed to Christian Barnekow, Governor of Malmö. But more interesting far are 300 letters of Sophia Dorothea, queen of George I., and her lover Count Königsmark.† They are in French, but without date. Sophia, by birth half a Frenchwoman,‡ writes in good language, and in a flowing hand; Königsmark's handwriting is large, bold, and legible, only he spells queerly. But, oh dear! what a deal of trash lovers do commit to paper, and how they do torment each other with their mutual jealousy! Some of the earlier series were written previous to the hastily decided marriage* of the princess; for Königsmark expresses his "agony and rage" at her nuptials, and abuses the d'Olbreuse duchess, her poor mother, who had no more to do with the matter than you have. Then later, when absent, he writes, "Vous avez dansé au bal de ——;" and in his jealousy bursts forth in a poetic vein of bad spelling:—

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[*] 23 August, 1615.

[†] See page 40.

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* David Klöcker, born 1629, in the city of Hamburg, took service in Sweden at the age of seventeen. He was sent to Italy at the expense of Queen Maria Eleanora, widow of Gustaf Adolf, where he studied under Pietro di Cortona; and was later ennobled under the name of Ehrenstrahl.

† Regarding these letters, Count Tessin writes:—"After the death of Countess Amalia Königsmark there was found in Öfveds Kloster, among other papers, a very thick and interesting packet of original letters, by Philip Königsmark and 'a certain person,' which fully explains many hitherto obscure anecdotes. The letters are now in the possession of the Countess Ramel (Amelia Lewenhaupt)."

The correspondence of Sophia Dorothea and Philip Königsmark came into the De la Gardie family by the marriage of Philip's second sister to Count Lewenhaupt. Philip was younger brother to Marshal Königsmark, of the Thirty Years' War, as well as of the celebrated Aurora.

‡ The mother of Sophia Dorothea, daughter of the French Protestant Marquis d'Olbreuse, was looked upon as a sad blotch on the Hanoverian escutcheon. Old Queen Charlotte, putting her hand on her heart, frequently twitted George III. with the words, "Il n'y a pas d'Olbreuse ici;"—the Mecklenburg quarters were all right.

"Dans mon malheur que faut-il que j'espai-re?
  J'aime un ingrat qui trahis mes amours;
Et je sens, malgré toutes mes collai-res,
  Que, tout injuste qu'elle est, je l'aimerai toujours."

Queen Sophia terms him "Mon cher enfant," as a woman of five-and-thirty would some boy she's grown spoony on. "Ma passion," she writes, "ne peut finir qu'avec ma vie; je ne perdrai aucune occasion de vous bien persuader de ma passion et du sincère attachement que j'ai pour vous." When Königsmark joins the army come her agonies and fears for his safety on the eve of battle—she has not his portrait. Then suspicions are aroused—ciphers used. But she will sacrifice all, bear everything, for his sake. "Les malheurs du monde ne me détourneront jamais, liée par des liens trop forts et trop charmants pour pouvoir les rompre; et tous mes moments seront employés à vous aimer, et à vous donner mille marques de mon amour, malgré tout ce qui voudra s'y opposer." Königsmark, in one of his epistles, terms her "Aimable Leonesse." Next come more ciphers, fear of discovery, many allusions to the confidante; and again Sophia writes, in a moment of madness—"Je me moque de toute la terre, pour que nous nous aimions tous les deux." Königsmark is directed to visit her, passing through the apartment of the confidante. Quick follows her last letter—"Je veux à toute force avoir des nouvelles de ——." But she never had, for Königsmark was already consigned to a secret tomb—his skeleton to be discovered only after the lapse of a century; while Sophia herself, as Countess of Ahlen, pined, half-mad, for long weary years, a prisoner in the secluded palace of Zell.

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* The Electress Sophia settled the marriage of the princess with her son without even consulting the duchess-mother. She arrived early one morning at Zell before the duke was out of bed, marched into his room, and concluded the affair forthwith.

After reading these letters* no one can doubt the guilt of this unhappy queen; but if her crime was great her punishment was greater still—and

> "Qui sine peccato sit, primus in illam lapidem mittat."

One wet afternoon I sat in the library, poring over this heap of letters, fresh and legible as the very day on which they were indited, till the evening closed in, when the librarian, entering, begged to know if I intended to pass the night there, as in that case he must lock me in till morning.

On the ground-floor below is arranged the historic museum, good of its kind, as indeed are all the collections of Lund, but containing much the same articles as one sees elsewhere—northern antiquities, Rune calendars, relics of popish times, carvings by General Stenbock executed during his long incarceration, a portrait of Queen Margaret copied from an old fresco many centuries since: and there, in a corner on the ground, lie the mutilated busts of Frederik II. and good Queen Sophia, smashed by the Vandalism of Professor Brunius. They showed me, too, the skull of Cartesius, scarcely to be recognised as Descartes under his Latin name. Queen Christina sent for him to join her court* at Stockholm. Descartes was an aged man, and the queen made him rise at five on a winter's morning to give her lessons: the savant soon caught cold and died; when his bones were sent to France, the officer ordered to embark the body stole the skull as a relic. At the offender's death it was seized by the creditors —the only treasure found among his property.† The museum of natural history, placed in a new building opposite the students' "Föreningen," contains a collection of birds said to be one of the finest in Europe— rare snow-white squirrels from Lapland and foxes in their winter garb.

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* These letters are supposed to have been written in the years 1687–8.

One morning I was startled by the appearance of twelve men stationed at the entrance of the round tower, arrayed in blue jackets with hats like the buffetiers of our Tudor sovereigns, bearing hallebards in their hands; then out came two officials carrying silver maces, each surmounted by a star, followed up by the Lutheran bishop in full pontificals, as fine as a pope, side by side with a personage clad in purple velvet and gold, and coiffed by a toque and feather. It was like a dream of two centuries past. A professor had been just elected, and all the world had been spouting in chaste Latinity.

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* Christina, with all her philosophy, was a lover of gossip. "Mandez-moi," she writes to Comtesse de Breguy, "les entretiens du cercle et les badineries du petit coucher." Poets, painters, savants, could not laud her sufficiently—till her death deprived them of their pensions. Then it was the old story:—

"Cy gît, oui gît, par la mort bleu,
Le cardinal de Richelieu;
Et, ce qui cause mon ennui,
Ma pension avec lui."—*Benserede.*

† Linnæus pursued his early studies in the university of Lund. In the historic collection is preserved a china cup and saucer, once his property, on which are painted the trailing branches of the Linnæa borealis.

Charles XII. passed three years at Lund on his return from Turkey, occupying the house of the cathedral school, an old convent, with a productive garden, rich in walnut, filbert, and other fruit trees, provided with a stew fish-pond, and all that monks once loved. He presented to the museum one of the twenty gold pieces coined from the gold made by his alchymist, Patkul, 1706, with the inscription "Arte chemica."

The king took great interest in the university, and constantly attended the lectures of the professors, walking in without any notice, followed to the door by his charger—Brandklipparen.* This charger, quite an historic personage, was given to his father, Charles XI., when unhorsed at the battle of Lund, by a corporal Häkan Stråhle, who was struck dead immediately afterwards. Twice was Brandklipparen taken prisoner—once at Bender by the Turks,—again before Stralsund by the Brandenburghers—and each time was he redeemed from captivity. He was of an iron-gray colour, and is said by Fryxell, the historian, to have been forty-five years of age at the time of his death. Anatomists are anxious to discover his burial-place,—to disinter and stick him up in the museum: may they never ascertain where he lies!

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* Fire-nag, so named by the citizens of Stockholm, because when a fire took place the king was sure to arrive the first, mounted on this gray charger, always kept saddled for the purpose. He died at Lund in 1718.

NOTE TO DINTON CHURCH, PAGE 45.

Since the author's return to England, he ran down to visit the church of Dinton, near Aylesbury, which, although rebuilt at a later date, still retains one round-arched doorway of great beauty, similar in style to those of Lund cathedral, in which are introduced the chevron, billet, cable, and heart mouldings. On a carved frieze beneath the tympanum, the dragon of Paganism, about to swallow up the world (under the figure of an apple), is stopped by a death-like harpy bearing the cross—an allegory often found on Runic stones of the first Christian period. On the tympanum appear two apocalyptic monsters with trinitarian (trefoiled) tails,—endeavouring to bite an apple from a tree,—of the same breed as those found so liberally scattered through the cathedral of Lund.

CHAPTER V.

Skarhult — Image of the Trinity — Psalm of Gustaf Adolf — Phantom huntsmen — The ghost and the lady châtelaine — Dalby Kloster — The river sprite and the bishop — Tomb of Harald Hein.

SKARHULT.

WE drove to Skarhult, an ancient mansion, with high-pitched roof, quaint chimney, and lofty tower. Above the archway of the great court lies encrusted a sculptured stone bearing the arms of Rosensparre and Rosenkrantz, date 1562, surmounted by an image of the Trinity—the Father Eternal bearing our Saviour dead upon His knees, the Dove upon His shoulder. Such representations of the Trinity, rare even in churches after the Reformation, may constantly be found sculptured above the old castle gateways of Skåne, for it was the custom of the country to dedicate buildings to their honour.* Entering the house by the "scarlet tower," you mount an open staircase, winding en limas, dangerous to folks not steady on their legs. Ideas of the mysterious evaporate as you sit among the ivy-trained windows, rare exotics, and pictures of the old

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* One day walking down the streets of Carlstad, I saw, in a clock-maker's shop, a gilded wooden clock-frame, the exact copy of the stone carving above the portal of Skarhult, the figure of our Saviour replaced by the dial of the clock. It had been carved by a peasant in his leisure hours; neither he nor the clockmaker had any idea of its signification.

Dutch school—Ruysdaels, Hobbimas, family portraits by Angelica Kauffmann, who always painted like a woman—when not a flatterer she enervated her subjects—and Breda,* Swede by birth, a clever artist, pupil of our own Sir Joshua.

Be not deceived, however, by this outward show, by the charms of the lady châtelaine and her youthful family. Skarhult is the haunt of all that is diabolical: Trolles hold their sabbats under the Jättekasts in the forest, Trolles of a peculiar race, with heads big as a barrel.

A peasant still lives who, enticed one night to their dwelling, nearly came to grief. An old woman in a fur cloak offered him food, but, not liking the look of the viands, he repeated aloud that beautiful hymn composed by Gustaf Adolf, some say on the very eve of the battle of Lutzen: †—

"Be not afraid, thou little troop."

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* Carl Frederic von Breda, born of a family of Dutch painters (Lucas the elder died 1752, Lucas the younger 1799; Adrien Breda served under Peter I., ennobled 1759), was one of the best painters Sweden ever produced. He died in 1818, broken-hearted, having fallen into disgrace with Carl Johan. His great picture of Carl taking the oath as crown prince remained on his hands.

† The psalm alluded to, No. 378, composed by Gustavus Adolphus commences thus:—

"Be not afraid, thou little troop, though the clamour and the cry of the enemy is heard on every side, and soundeth high: they will glory in thy fall; but let not thy courage fail, their joy will not be long. Remember that thy cause is the cause of the Lord: go where'er you are called, be led by His hand alone; you 've nothing now to fear. It shall yet be heard of God's Gideon, who will strongly fight for His people at the word of the Lord. In the name of Jesus our hope is sure, but the force and cunning of the unbeliever and the unrighteous will not destroy us. They will be but as a scorn and a mockery. With us is the Lord; with Him are we, and victory is ours."

The Psalms of David are not introduced in the Swedish Liturgy; the collection in use is by a variety of authors, and most beautiful, without

Then a strong smell of sulphur arose, the flesh hissed, the man took to his heels, never looking behind him.

Two phantom huntsmen ride through the forest by night followed by their dogs—Hey, Lustig, and Koras—making the woods ring with the empty crack of their ghostly rifles. A gardener and forester were they of the castle, who, in the last century, sold themselves to the powers of darkness. But all this takes place out of doors, and interferes with nobody.

Two centuries since there dwelt in this grim old castle a governor of the province who hid his gold, gained, folks say, by unrighteous means, and died without revealing his hiding-place.—Now, those well versed in the "dark side of nature" know that all such are doomed to wander, restless, until their treasure is found and turned to good account; in the mean time the Devil takes charge of it.—There still lives in the village an old man whose grandfather aided a spendthrift ensign of dragoons in a midnight search after this hidden treasure. They wandered through the dark subterranean passages of the castle until they arrived at a stream of running water. On this, for want of a better boat, they embarked in a dough trough, floating on till they reached an iron gate, behind which they saw, by the help of an unearthly light, a huge iron-banded chest, whereon sat a black hen and a deadly serpent spitting fire. This was too much for the nerves even

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any distinction of creed. On the list figure—St. Robert, son of Hugh Capet, Hans Sachs, Martin Luther, Pope Calixtus III. (Borgia), the brothers Olaus and Petrus Magnus, John Frederic of Saxony, St. Ambrose, William of Saxe Weimar, Bernard of Clairvaux, Gustaf Adolf, Niels Brahe (son of Ebba), a peasant girl (Psalm No. 488), and two by Erik XIV., one commonly called his Svan Sången (Swan Song).

of a ruined ensign; so they hastily returned to tell the tale. That night was heard the clanging of the iron gateway, the exulting cackle of the hen, and the venomous spitting of the serpent, hissing like steam let loose, through the corridors of the castle.

Not three years since four searchers came from Denmark, demanding permission of the castle's lord to seek the treasure. Last year again, another Dane arrived, plan in hand, for Skarhult was built when Skåne was Denmark's own, and legends of this hidden wealth have been handed down among the old people of the mother country. He and his labourers dug—worked for days—but found nothing; to them the secret had never been revealed by the unquiet spirit doomed to wander. Yet, oft in a winter's night, as the lady châtelaine lies in her bed, the door of her chamber opens, as by a draught of wind; the little lapdog howls piteously, crouches, and trembles; and a soft voice, as though of one in pain, calls her by name, "Ingeborg—In-ge-borg." One night, not long ago, the voice whispered in her ear, "Raise the third stone in the great court below, by the western tower's side; dig—and you will find an iron cross;—dig again deeper still, you will find a second;—harder and deeper still, a stone with a ring,—under which, enclosed in a coffer, lies concealed the treasure." Next morn, at dawn of day, the lady châtelaine told her dream. The lord of the castle laughed, so did the rest of the company, all save one—a German artist. Stealthily he quitted the house, caused the stone to be removed, and returned after a morning's work, bearing in his hand the two promised iron crosses, which now hang above the toilette of the lady. But the lord of the castle still jeered (for his wife was right, and he didn't like it); he caused the stone to be replaced, and no more researches were prosecuted. That night louder than ever clanged the iron door; the serpent hissed with as yet unheard-of fury; the black hen clapped her wings and, cackling, laid a golden egg to be added to the secret treasure; and before midnight a soft plaintive voice in tones of sad reproach whispered by the couch of the baroness,—"In-ge-borg!—In-ge-borg!"

DALBY KLOSTER.

After a rainy morning the sun shone bright, so we drove as far as Dalby.

Dalby Kloster was once a place of renown, the seat of a bishopric founded by English Egino, who, when elected bishop of Lund, united the two sees. He built the church of Holy-Rood, with a crypt similar to that of St. Lawrence.

The whole village turned out to greet our arrival. We were conducted to the kloster by a dozen peasants, including the man with the keys, his grandfather, and a mad kammerjunker: each one had his own story to tell, excepting the madman, and he only made faces. The building, which has been sadly mauled, was, according to the 'Rhyming Chronicle,' pillaged by Carl Knutson—

> "By Dalby Kloster near,
> Courtiers and nobles were there:
> That night the king in Dalby lay;"

and, if I mistake not, "he burnt it down the very next day," but the book is not at hand—maybe the rhyme misleads me. A few bits of the "rund-båg" still remain, arches and font, with some fine old carvings, Danish lions "impued" among the rest with their heels in the air. In despair at the superabundance of guides, I handed myself over to an aged peasant, with silvery locks, a very short jacket (not becoming to a fully developed figure), and his coarse linen shirt fastened together at the throat by one large silver filigree button. Every man has his weakness in this world, that of the Skånian peasant evinces itself in an undue partiality for "buttons." So, carrying me off, he explained everything after his own fashion, even to a sculptured mermaid represented on horseback, clad in a short smock, a bishop's mitre on her head, ringing violently two church-bells. His reasonings were obscure; but while the man with the keys prosed, and the mad kammerjunker made faces at woman-folk, the old man went on to tell me the "because and the reason why" amphibious beasts like mermaids are admitted on church ornaments and platters in Skåne alone.

In the early days of the Christian faith a prelate of Lund, crossing a bridge on horseback, heard a sound of most exquisite harping; he stayed his course, with his train of attendant monks, and, turning round, they beheld a young man of angelic beauty, with golden hair and heaven-blue eyes, naked to the waist, floating on the surface of the water. Gaily he passed his fingers over the silver-stringed lyre. The bishop, perceiving that it was the river-sprite (Necken), cried to him in his zeal, "Why strike you your harp so joyfully? As soon may this dried staff, which I hold in my hand, become green and blossom, as your soul be saved." Then the unhappy harper cast away his lyre, and sat upon the wavelets, weeping bitterly. The proud churchman turned aside, and again went on his journey.

When lo! before he had proceeded far, his old walking staff put forth green sprouts and leaves from the bark, and burst forth into flower, fresh and roseate as the apple-blossom. Then the prelate knew how this was a sign from Heaven to preach the blessed doctrine of salvation in a more kindly spirit. Hastening back to the wailing river-sprite, he showed him the blossoming staff, and said, "Look now, my staff has become green and blossoming as a sprig in a flower-garden; thus shall hope blossom in the hearts of all creatures; 'for the Redeemer liveth.'" Then the sprite took up his golden lyre again, and, during the long cold night, joyous tones resounded along the shores of the river.

"So you see, sir," added the old man, "mermaids and sprites are not looked upon as 'unholy' in Skåne." *

He then hurried me off to the churchyard, to see the spot where Harald Hein † lay, a rounded stone sculptured with a simple cross, the oldest monument in the province. "A good and pious king," he remarked, "far better than Knud the Holy, about whom people make such a fuss, and the elder brother too." The rustic was proud of his king, buried in his own parish, and rightly preferred him to all others.

But the kammerjunker had made faces to some purpose—he had gained an idea; bounding from a grave-top, he shakes his stick at an urchin loitering by, whispers something in his ear, then roaring out, "Spring, spring!" off the child goes, and disappears.

I was lingering in the little crypt below, a gem of its

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* This legend, and many daily related by the peasants, are published in Afzelius and other Swedish collections.

† Harald Hein, eldest son of Svend Estridson, obiit 1080.

day, with small stone well, and columns, some plain, some sculptured, others again clustered, and resting on the backs of fabulous monsters undescribed by Cuvier, when suddenly from the loft above burst forth the solemn strains of the organ—a relic of the kloster's better days—touched by a skilful hand. The performer went on for an hour or more, passing from one chant to another—old, forgotten church music, such as one hears played by the monks in some convent choir of Italy. Looking up from the crypt below, there stood the kammerjunker calm and subdued; the nerves of the madman, like those of Saul, were solaced by the charms of music. And there I sat dreaming on by the side of that stone fountain, peopling the old crypt of Dalby with figures of days gone by—monks telling their beads at the altar's foot—pious pilgrims quaffing the healing water of the well; and was just in the act of bricking up a nun with a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water—and that to my intense satisfaction, for I felt she deserved it—when the organ ceased, and I found myself once more restored to dull reality.

CHAPTER VI.

Löberöd — Macadam in Sweden — Snapphanarna the guerillas of Skåne — Origin of the De la Gardies — Love tale of Ebba Brahe and the great Gustavus — Magnus, the gunstling of Queen Christina — Charles XII.'s rocking-horse — Genealogy of Erik XIV.

LÖBERÖD.

WE had an invitation to Löberöd, the residence of Count de la Gardie, but really despaired of ever getting there, for every citizen of Lund is a small farmer on his own account—a two days' rain had set all agriculture in commotion, every horse was engaged. After two days' search a carriage was procured, and we started on our expedition.

When the late king Oscar announced to M. Troïll his nomination as governor of Malmöhus-län, he made use of the following words: "Je vous envoie, monsieur, à la plus belle perle de ma couronne." The king was right. It was when travelling through Skåne, towards the close of the last century, that Macadam first conceived his new ideas of road-making. One hundred and fifty years since a governor of the province constructed from Malmö to Ystad so excellent a chaussée, that it lasted for fifty years without once requiring repair. The road was formed of the small stones such as you see scattered about over the fields. Macadam, on his return to England, published a pamphlet on the subject, and afterwards invented the stone-crushing process, which in

Sweden was unnecessary. Before arriving at Löberöd we quitted the carriage to visit a ravine, with purling stream and hanging woods; an accidental crack in the plateau, once a stronghold of the Snapphanarna,* who dwelt here, says tradition, in a cave under ground. Snapphanarna is a name almost forgotten save by the peasantry of Skåne, who still hand down, from father to son, romantic stories of their daring.

It was during the 17th century, when Charles XI. first assumed the reins in Skåne, and war broke out again with Denmark, that the peasants, to whom the memory of Danish rule was grateful, formed themselves into guerilla bands under this name of Snapphanarna, to aid in shaking off the Swedish yoke. Hiding in caves and forests—admirable marksmen—they picked off the Swedish soldiers with skill worthy of Tyrolean sharpshooters, and laid waste the country in all directions; indeed, they found the occupation so pleasant and exciting, they continued their depredations long after the war was over. No force could put them down; they flitted about as phantoms, appearing to bear charmed lives. Like the brigands of Calabria, they carried off not only ladies, but pastors in the very performance of their duties, compelling the parishioners to pay their ransoms. But they have had their day, and are now well-nigh forgotten.

Löberöd stands on a plain, richly wooded; through the park runs a winding lake, dug by Baron Ramel in the last century. Possessed of vast estates in Skåne

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* Snapphanar, derived from the German word Schnappen (to snatch away), and origin of the French word Chenopin. They first made their appearance in Skåne about 1644.

(Löberöd among the number), the baron summoned his peasants together on a given day, pickaxe and shovel in hand: the fiat went forth, and before the following night the lake was completed. We are now in a horse-breeding country; each noble possesses his own "haras;" and in the stables of Löberöd are brood-mares, colts, fillies, and yearlings; many well-bred, by English sires, showing far more blood than is usually met with in the north of Europe.

The house boasts of no architectural pretensions; but the library, archives, and objects of historic interest, are inferior to none in Sweden. The name of De la Gardie is known to all who have studied the history of the great Gustavus.

Pontus de la Gardie, a cadet de famille (Gascon or Provençal, judging from his portrait—swarthy complexion, and pointed face—vrai type du Midi), was originally intended for the priesthood. Quitting his convent, he joined the forces sent by Henry II. of France to quell the riots in Scotland during the regency of Queen Margaret. Having entered the service of Frederik of Denmark, he was taken prisoner (1565) by the Swedes, and finally served under Erik XIV. He espoused the natural daughter of John III., Sophia Gyllenhjelm—no beauty; but she was a king's daughter—the connection was good; and from that moment the family, taking deep root, forms part and parcel of Swedish history.*

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* Gyllenhjelm (golden helmet) was the name assumed by the bâtards du sang of the Wasa dynasty. There exists a letter from King John (date 1577) in which he grants to his illegitimate children a patent of arms—"parlantes"—after the manner of the day; for John was of an heraldic turn, and looked to such matters. John had three

Dantzay writes word to his master Charles IX.,—"Le Sieur de la Gardie doit épouser la fille naturelle du Roi de Suède, et me promets afin qu'il emploie en tout ce qu'il connait pour l'avenir de votre service." Pontus was drowned in the Narva, and lies buried in Revel.* With Jacob, his son, commences the romance of the De la Gardie history.

In the court of Christina the elder, queen of Charles IX., was brought up the youthful daughter of Count Brahe. She pursued her studies together with Prince Gustaf Adolf, and a mutual attachment sprung up between them. King Charles, in alarm, despatched the prince, then fourteen years of age, to Öland, to war against the Danes. Gustaf went his way, vowing fidelity to fair Ebba. On his return, after the death of his father, the maid of honour had disappeared from

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children by Karin Hansdotter—Julius, Sophia, and Lucretia. Julius died without issue; Lucretia expired in 1585, very suddenly, so much so that King John writes to his son-in-law De la Gardie, "to beg him to justify his suspicions that Mother Kirstin, of Oseborg, took away the life of our dear departed daughter Lucretia by sorcery. We wish you to forward your reasons for such an assertion, that we may send for her up from Småland to stand her trial for the crime." Mother Kirsten seems, however, to have escaped the stake, for on Lucretia's epitaph it is stated,—"She was betrothed to a virtuous youth: but sickness came too hasty and soon, according to God's holy will, who was pleased, in his grace, to call her away." All which sounds very satisfactory.

Karin Hansdotter was very properly married off to Duke John's småswen (jockey), Cläs Anderson, beheaded in 1563 for talking treason against King Erik, saying how the king was not fit to wear the crown, and that he would be the man to pull it off, and place it on Duke John's head.

Countess Brita Stenbock, Karin's daughter by the second marriage, declares, "My mother was reduced, during my father's incarceration, to such misery when I was born, as to be compelled to swaddle me up in the nurse's apron, tied round with a bit of list." When Cläs's head was well off, Karin got a new husband, and matters righted themselves.

* 1585.

court, removed by the care of the now widowed queen. The lovers contrived, as lovers always do, to correspond. They again exchanged their vows, and once more Gustaf departed.

It is told how Ebba, in the fulness of her young love, cut with the diamond of her "alliance" ring the following lines on a pane of glass of the castle window:—

> "I am content with my lot,
> And thank God for his grace."

When Queen Christina perceived what Ebba had done, she quietly wrote, underneath, two doggrel lines which, freely translated, may read as—

> "I wish you may get it." *

Queen Christina now determined to marry Ebba to Jacob de la Gardie, who had lately returned from Poland; and in spite of the entreaties of Ebba, who cast herself at her feet, the queen ordered the marriage to take place in the Great Church of Stockholm. It was midnight; the church blazed with a thousand lights; Christina, accompanied by all the court, attended the ceremony. Scarce was the nuptial benediction given—De la Gardie and Ebba are man and wife—when, booted and spurred, in rushed Gustavus. "You come too late!" exclaimed the queen; "Ebba is married." The king broke out in imprecations against

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* "Det ena du vill—det andra du skall
Det plär så mest gå i sådana fall."

Both of these poetical effusions were signed, and remained till the destruction of the palace of Stockholm by fire, in 1697.

The story of Ebba Brahe forms the subject of one of Gustaf III.'s dramas.

the bridegroom, who knelt before him, imploring his pardon—"he dared not disobey the queen." Gustaf would have dissolved the marriage, but his mother begged him not to set his subjects an example of divorce. He yielded, yet to his dying day, though married to another, the memory of this early love cast a gloom over his whole existence. Such is the story of Ebba Brahe and the great Gustavus.

A portrait of Ebba Brahe, as an aged woman, is not attractive; but another more youthful, copied from that preserved at Sko, is very lovely. She is there dressed as a beauty of King Charles's days, only a whit more decent. A cap of gold network, once her property, together with a luxuriant tress of her sunny hair, are preserved among the family relics. Magnus, son of Ebba Brahe, espoused the princess Maria Euphrosyne,* sister of King Carl Gustaf. With his fair face and long flaxen hair bleached by two generations of Swedish mothers, he bears little resemblance to his grandfather Pontus. He is painted leading his princess to the altar on her marriage-day. We were shown the gloves worn by his royal bride preserved among the relics,—long linen gloves, very ill made, and fearfully darned about the thumbs and fingers.

Magnus was the handsomest cavalier at the court of Christina, daughter of Gustaf Adolf, and was called the queen's "gunstling" (favourite). In 1643 he was sent abroad to complete his education. Count Jacob writes to his son "to get wigs for himself and his servant that they may not be recognised, and pass themselves off as Danes when travelling. They are to go through Roussillon on their way to Italy, and there rout out the family genealogy. And if Hybert the painter's 'old woman' is dead, he must come at once to Sweden. He can fix his own price, and send directly the portraits, already purchased, of Svante Banér, Horn, the young king, and the Polish maiden with the long black beard." In 1645 Magnus was sent ambassador to France, a mission which cost the country 100,000 dollars. Madame de Motteville, in her memoirs, writes—"He is well made, has a noble bearing and the air of a favourite, but is formed rather to please than to govern." *

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* Princess Maria Euphrosyne wrote her own memoirs, commencing with the death of her mother, from the plague, at Westerås, from which time she dwelt at the court of "Drottning Kierstin." Among the list of her marriage-presents she mentions a necklace of Scotch pearls, the gift of her mother-in-law Ebba Brahe, talks an immense deal of her fine furniture and things, and naturally grumbles a great deal at the "Reduction."

Count Tessin declares that Christina intended to marry De la Gardie herself, and afterwards to announce the event at a great court assembly; but the story getting wind, the nobles arrived armed with daggers, determined to kill the favourite should the queen persist in her intention.

When the heyday of Magnus's favour was at an end, instead of contenting himself with the honour already lavished on him, he reproached the queen, saying, "he knew somebody had abused him to her Majesty."

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* Many of the portraits of the De la Gardie family are engraved. There is one of Pontus (date 1655), signed J. J., and one of Jacob, after David Klöcker (Ehrenstrahl), engraved by De Brugge. A portrait of Magnus, when young, with long fair hair, by Meissens; another by Beck, engraved by Falk, 1649, in armour, with scarf and long hair. Also by A. v. Hulle, and again, after D. Klöcker, 1669, engraved by Van Schuppen. The portrait of the Countess de la Gardie, by Lundberg, is engraved by Martin.

"Who?" asked Christina. Magnus, when pressed, named Count Thott, who had succeeded him in the queen's favour. Christina, with all her faults, was open and honest. Sending for Count Thott, she confronted them together. The count denied the charge, demanding De la Gardie's authority. Magnus after some hesitation named a colonel, but, being unable to prove the accusation, was ordered to retire from court, and when, later, he demanded permission to return, Christina replied by a letter which caused De la Gardie more mortification than his exile.

But Christina abdicated. Carl Gustaf became king, and all was for a season well again.

There are many pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools—Jordaens, Camphuysen,* and others; family portraits by Angelica Kauffmann; and pastels of exquisite beauty by an artist named Lundberg.† The rocking-horse of Charles XII. stands in the gallery; and tabourets wrought in flowers by the fair fingers of Aurora Königsmark seem fresh as yesterday. Against a portal hung the celebrated genealogy painted by Erik XIV.—with the arms and alliances of his ancestry—proving him to be no mean artist. There was the cup of ivory, richly sculptured and mounted, presented to De la Gardie by the town of Prague, with cabinets, and trophies of that eventful period—historic miniatures, far too numerous to mention.

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* "We had," writes Count Tessin, "a painter of animals in Sweden, by name Camphuysen. Many of his pictures are signed 'C. pinxit Ildmia.' The backgrounds are Swedish in their character, and correct representations of the country. The animals are in good taste, and natural. In the foreground is generally placed the stump of a beech-tree, exquisitely painted. Two of his works are to be found at Drottingholm—a large dog, the size of life, and a party of sportsmen playing at cards." In the Lives of 'Les Peintres Flamans,' Dangentrille, p. 369, writes, "Dirk Theodor Raphael Camphuysen, pupil of Theodor Gowertz, born in Gorkum 1586, died a fugitive and a wanderer, probably a victim of religious persecution. Camphuysen was had over to paint Carl Gustaf's dogs."

† G. Lundberg, pupil of D. Kraft, studied at Paris under Rosalba Carrera. He first introduced pastel into Sweden, meeting, as he deserved, with great success. It was considered "grand genre" to be painted by him. In order to strengthen his sight, Lundberg placed himself every morning before the looking-glass, and there stared at his own phiz for an hour without winking. He painted at 76 years of age without spectacles; ob. 1786.

Jonas Forslund, his pupil, ob. 1809, was far inferior to this charming master.

The album of Henrik Ramel,* tutor to Denmark's fourth Christian, in which King James I. inscribed his favourite adage—

"Est nobilis ira leonis,"—

as well as the autographs of his spouse Queen Anne and all the Danish royalties—was not forthcoming; it has disappeared, and nobody knows where to look for it.

After gazing upon the treasures contained in the cabinets, brought out, one by one, by the amiable countess, to each of which was attached a history, we took our leave, regaining Lund before nightfall.

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* See 'Jutland,' vol. i. p. 307.

CHAPTER VII.

Christianstad — Black stork, the bishop — Helge-Sjön — Baroness de Staël — Legend of the horn and pipe of Trolle-Ljungby — The fat abbot — Charles XI. in the chimney — Widtsköfle — Henrik Brahe and the enchanted wheel — Barnekow's Moss — Soldiers at evensong — Riotous navvies.

CHRISTIANSTAD.

THE railway carried us from Lund to Sösdala, by the Ring-Sjön lake; on we flitted through forests of feathery birch, their young leaves dancing in the wind; the ground bristled with prickly juniper, while boulders lay tossed about here, there, and everywhere.*

The bogs shine bright with the golden petals of the marsh marigold; † patches of white anemones, wood sorrel, and dog violet, cluster around each old tree-stump; while on high, safe out of wet's way, lie on every sunny bank long strips of white linen set out to bleach, fresh from the peasant's loom. On we flit, and arrive at Sösdala.

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* In the forest round Sösdala the black stork builds her nest, and hatches every year a brood of young ones, though what becomes of them none can tell: there is one nest, has always been one, but the number never increases.

"In days of yore, when time was young,
And birds conversed as well as sung,"

the black stork, say the peasants, officiated as bishop; hence its solitary habits, for of course a bishop can't be expected to associate with his white brethren, the common working clergy. On the arrival of a common stork this last spring, a peasant observed something protruding from under its wing; he caught it, and found an arrowhead and part of the shaft embedded in the flesh. The arrow, on being extracted, was found to resemble those used by the natives of North Africa.

† Caltha palustris. When this flower unfolds its leaves, the cuckoo arrives and the roach spawn.

Nothing could be prettier than our road, so wooded, so diversified; few villages, if any, but detached houses and gardens. We drive over hill and dale, by fields now under the plough, well strewn with boulders; then, when the eye is satiated with white and yellow, the road-side bright with the fluffy blue anemone,* we pass a swampy ground, one wide-extending sea of lilac primula.† Then came the first krog, where we stop to rest our horses.

The floor of the house is strewn with young shoots of juniper; a fine carved oak cabinet forms the meuble d'honneur—its panels the four Evangelists. The road is excellent and lately made; there is no excuse for bad roads in this stone-scattered district of Sweden,—the rocks lie close at hand, of all shapes and sizes; a wall may be built across the swamps and valleys with little trouble or expense; the very construction of the causeway clears the barren waste and prepares it for cultivation. The sun shines hot, the dust rises, till we cross the bridge over the Helge Sjön, and drive into Christianstad.

Two hundred and fifty years ago Christian IV., requiring a garrison near the Swedish frontiers, built this city. When Skåne was ceded to the Swedish crown, the fortress was no longer wanted. It has lately been pulled down, and the site laid out in gardens not yet completed. A regiment is still quartered at Christianstad.

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* Anemone pulsatilla—Pasque-flower—so called because used for the staining of Easter eggs.

† Primula farinosa.

The church is the most perfect specimen of the Renaissance now extant in the north of Europe, untouched, all save its spire—of course blown down. The organ, fittings, and pulpit are of rich workmanship, the vaulted roof supported by ten lofty granite columns. The cipher and arms of Christian appear sculptured on all sides —you will find them again upon the Rådhus, with the motto, "Pax vobis," a strange one for him; and if you walk out by night you may see 𝕮 still upon the watchmen's buttons.

On the whole, Christianstad, with its half-destroyed ramparts, its gardens, and its Tivoli, is a pleasant place enough. Before three months have rolled by, the town will present a very different appearance. English engineers and English gold are at work, pumping out the waters of the pale blue lake, which some say cause miasma, rendering the town unhealthy;—others look to the thirty thousand acres to be reclaimed. When the lake is drained, a canal, one hundred feet in width, will connect the city with the small seaport of Åhus, large ships will then come up to Christianstad, and a branch railroad be opened to the Malmö line. The citizens already look on themselves as prosperous.

The Helge Sjön, like many other northern lakes, was gradually drying up from the rise and decomposition of the weeds, which in summer-time wave like a cornfield above the surface. The engineers have come to upwards of sixty feet of mud, boulders innumerable to be blasted, a layer of clay of the most exquisite turquoise blue, which, when analyzed, proved to be something or other of iron, acting on, I am sure I forget what.

We were to have visited Araslöf, the seat of Count

Hamilton, but he was absent. Here dwelt in the last century the granddaughter of Eleanor Ulfeld,* a maiden beautiful as she was rich, whose hand was sought by the noblest of the land. Baron Staël von Holstein, Field-Marshal, governor of Malmö, and a great deal more, proved the successful suitor. While a prisoner in Russia, he had espoused Countess Ingeborg Horn, but was now a widower. The marriage was fixed, the guests assembled, when, to the general consternation, arrived the first wife, whose bones were supposed to be quietly resting in a Russian grave. Countess Ingeborg felt for her youthful rival. "We will never part," said she; "and when I die,—and a sad invalid I am,—you shall be my successor." So they made a happy family. There was only one fault to be found with good Countess Ingeborg. She remained an angel upon earth, instead of departing to be—as Sophia and the baron devoutly prayed—an angel in heaven.—Ever a-dying, on she lived through forty long years; and when the marriage did at length take place, the bridegroom had attained his eightieth,—the bride her sixtieth year. No one forbad the banns;† the ceremony was performed with the greatest pomp, and the new-made husband danced the "Brud polka" whirling his newly-made spouse into the nuptial chamber with a display of agility which astonished the assembled guests. The following day the bridal pair made their entry, midst the sounds of martial music, into Malmö, where, says the chronicler, "they lived most happily for many years."

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* Her three daughters espoused nobles of this province—Bonde, Skytte, and Ridderschantz; this last alone left any offspring. Christina Bonde bequeathed to her niece Sophia Elisabeth the manor of Araslöf.

† The ceremony of "publishing the banns" is still in many parts of Sweden called "falling from the pulpit," and it was the custom on this occasion to present the bridegroom with a crutch and a stick. Charles XI. writes to Field-Marshal Ascheberg, "Your son fell from the pulpit last Sunday. I think Count Gustaf will right himself without either draught or bolus, for the Frue Beata Torstensson is the best plaster he can obtain"—a vulgar joke of Charles XI.

TROLLE-LJUNGBY.

We hired a carriage and drove to Trolle-Ljungby. At one end of the village lay a huge jättekast, called by the peasants "Maglesten," hurled by a giant's daughter at the spire of Åhus church. There was once another stone "Tippelsten," thrown by her sister; both, flying beyond the mark, fell in the village of Lyngby. Tippelsten was broken up by the peasants in the last century, but the Trolles had long since taken possession of Maglesten. Driving up an avenue, we rolled into the court-yard of the castle, the residence of His Excellency Count Wachtmeister.*

Trolle-Ljungby is an ancient mansion, with tower, court, and moat; a garden, with high clipped yews, like obelisks; pines, too, which clip as well, and are of quicker growth;—chesnuts, shady bowers, and jasmine, like some favourite hall of Crabbe's. On the opposite side of the moat is an old church, hung with sword and epitaphium. The interior of the castle is gorgeous in flowers and exotics; portraits of successive sovereigns, gifts to the various owners;

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* Wachtmeister (literally doorkeeper), a family of Livonian origin. The title of Excellency is much esteemed in Sweden, and only conferred on ministers of state and the highest court functionaries. The Grande Maîtresse of the queen bears the title of Excellency by virtue of her office.

fine old Dutch clocks of the sixteenth century, with bells and turrets; cabinets of value—telling plainly of the Thirty Years' War, and the pillage of South Germany. Family portraits adorn the walls: there was Count Wachtmeister, minister at the English Court in the days of Oliver Cromwell, with locks flowing and long enough to have driven the Roundheads into convulsions; Wachtmeister (Hans), who took service under our Stuart king Charles II., fought in all the naval battles against the Dutch, and afterwards became admiral in Sweden. An ancestor, of later date, less fortunate, hangs depicted with long untrimmed beard, his hands manacled—for many years an exile in the mines of Siberia.

Early in the sixteenth century Trolle-Ljungby was the property of the lady Sidsela Ulfstand, widow of Knud Gyldenstierne.* Now the lady Sidsela had heard how on certain nights the Trolles danced under Maglesten,—raised aloft, supported on four columns of gold,—so one Christmas eve she offered her best horse, saddle and bridle to boot, to him who would ride down and bring back a full account of their doings. A stable-boy accepted the proposal, and started to the scene of action. On arriving he found Maglesten raised on golden pillars, and the Trolles drinking, dancing, and singing most merrily. Greeting him in a friendly manner, they offered him a horn, wherewith to drink to the health of the Trolle king, and an ivory pipe, on which to play a tune in his honour. At this moment there came to his horse's side a Christian maiden, who had been carried off by the Trolles; and whispered in his ear, "Drink not, but ride off full speed, not on the hard road, but in the ruts." The stable-boy, raising the horn, poured the liquor over his shoulder; some few drops falling on the horse's haunches frizzed and burnt deep into the flesh. Off he rode in the ruts, hotly pursued by the Trolles, bearing with him the pipe and horn. No sooner had he passed the drawbridge than the lady Sidsela caused it to be raised, cutting off all pursuit, for Trolles can neither run in deep ruts, nor cross the water. Next day the Trolles sent word if she would only restore the horn* and pipe she should become the richest lady in Denmark, but she refused. Vowing vengeance, they declared that Ljungby should be three times burnt, and her descendants become the unluckiest of men. The boy who carried off the treasures died; the prophecy of the burning has been fulfilled each time the horn is removed from the castle. The last descendant of the lady Sidsela, Frue Ollegård Gyllenstjerna, espoused Kai Lykke, whose sad story has already been related,*—you recollect the song—

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* Of Thim. For the story of Thimgaard and Dyveke's tombstone, see 'Jutland,' vol. ii. p. 275.

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* It is on Christmas morn the trolles are especially dangerous. Disguised as mountain-girls, they waylay the priests on their way to early service, offering them drink out of metal goblets. St. Olaf nearly came to grief in this manner. A witch, assuming the form of a fair maiden, came and offered him drink, but, suspecting mischief, he threw the contents of the horn into her face, with such force that, the blood flowing, the enchantment was broken. From that day he took about with him a bishop, who made the sign of the cross on every horn offered to him previous to raising it to his lips. Several of these goblets are preserved in Sweden. Stories of enchanted horns are common in the old Sagas. King Halfdan gave one to King Rolf, which sent forth a sound heard six miles off, portending some great man's death. The witch Dris possessed a horn divided into two parts; he who sipped from the upper was instantly cured of all evil, but he who drank out of the lower division became affected with leprosy. These old Swedish horns of the Sagas were in form like that once preserved in York, which a noble named Ulf having first emptied before the altar, presented to the church of St. Peter, together with all his lands. Then there is the horn of Oldenborg, dating from 986, given by a noble maiden to the count.

"Every fair damsel in Denmark did pray."†

Well, Ollegård was the wishiwashy lady with little twiddling curls round her face, the engraving of whose epitaphium we found in the Müller collection. In defiance of the warning, Kai carried off the pipe and horn to Copenhagen. The day following a fire broke out, and from that time date the family misfortunes, which ended in the confiscation of his property, and the beheading of himself in effigy.

They were an ungodly family, these Ulfstands. The lady Sidsela left her kinsman Jöns guardian to her children. Having lost a lawsuit with the Abbot of Beckaskog's Kloster‡ the abbot, in Christian feeling, came to visit his adversary. As he mounted the steep turret stairs, oppressed by his fat, he puffed and blew like a porpoise. Jöns offered, for 100 marks, to relieve him, within ten weeks' time, of all superfluous flesh. The abbot gladly consented to the bargain. Jöns caused him to be seized and bound with heavy fetters near the furnace of the smithy, and there forced him to handle the hammer and tongs. The abbot, melting like a rushlight, worked away for ten weeks, when he was released, according to promise, a slender, slim churchman! Ungrateful abbot! he complained to the archbishop and the king, who both laughed heartily at the story; but out of respect to the Church, as well as to teach the Ulfstands to mend their manners, condemned Jöns to pay as many pounds of solid silver as the abbot had lost of fat during his ten weeks' penal servitude.

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* 'Jutland,' vol. ii. p. 263.

† "En hvar skön jungfru hon önskar sig:
Gud gifve Kai Lycke ville hafva mig."

‡ In 1518.

The horn and pipe are preserved in a glass case. The horn is mounted on silver-gilt workmanship of the thirteenth century, and stands upon two feet. The pipe, or rather whistle, is in the form of a semicircle; at one end are carved the ears of a serpent. Linnæus himself declared he could not say for sure of what animal's horn it was formed. If he was puzzled, we may surely be content to remain in ignorance.

On leaving Trolle-Ljungby we cross a brown sandy moor near the sea-coast, studded with pines, relieved by patches of bright purple pansies: in the distance rise circle after circle of Druidic stones; very distinct until you approach,—and then all confusion. Foxes with long brushes walk about among the boulders, as though there were neither hounds nor huntsmen in creation. The lofty spire of Åhus church breaks the horizon; such a comfort to see a spire again, in this tower-depressed country! Following no track at all, for the only one is fresh ploughed up, we charge a Druidic circle, pass through a gate (never yet was there such a country for gates!), and drive into the little seaport town of Åhus.

We are lodged at a small clean hotel, with airy rooms and balcony, overlooking the wide canal; for Åhus is a port of some pretensions, and vessels of every tonnage unload there; it is connected with the Helge lake by a river, up which boats can ascend to Christianstad.

Whether the construction of the grand canal, now in contemplation, will destroy the commerce of Åhus remains to be seen; it is at present a pretty secluded spot, with plenty of shipping in its harbour.

Crossing the ill-paved square on which stands the fine church (pews are set apart in it for travellers!), we reach the prestgård, and there pause to visit the memorable room where, like the royal duchess of later days, Charles XI. of Sweden lay concealed in a chimney during a sudden incursion of the Danish army. Magister Rönnow,* the parson, had just time to bundle his royal master up the aperture, and so save him from the enemy. The room remains in statu quo—a small low chamber on the ground-floor, with carving about the windows. A chimney is a chimney all the world over; when once you have looked up there's an end to it; no fire has ever been lighted since that day; it still retains the perfume of royalty. A gilt inscription on a black marble ground records the tale in somewhat vaunting tone (1679):—

"In vain you seek, oh, inquisitors! You find nothing; you search, you see nothing. In this vile chimney lies concealed the terror of the enemies of Sweden." All very fine, but when a monarch is crammed up a chimney the less he talks about being the terror of anybody the better.

With all this bombast, Charles showed himself, what monarchs mostly fail to be—grateful. Parson Rönnow was soon promoted to Örebro, and from that time the cure of Åhus became a majorat in the Rönnow family; each son succeeds his father, and, should the male line fail, the husband of the daughter takes orders in his place—enough to make a boy of spirit bolt to sea, or travel the world round with a monkey and a hurdy-gurdy.* The portraits of the king, and his queen Ulrika Eleanora of Denmark, by Ehrenstrahl, gifts of the sovereign, hang in the parsonage; that of Magister Rönnow, together with the sword worn by the king that day (up the chimney), are suspended to the church wall. All that gratitude could do has been done to commemorate the event; and the king's escape, like those of our own Charles at Boscobel and Whiteladies, will ever be remembered.

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* Casten Rönnow was son of Magnus Dublar or Dunbar, a Scotch merchant of Rönneby. On taking orders, after the pedantry of the age, Casten was called de Ronnavia, corrupted into Rönnow.

That evening we crossed the water in a boat, walked through the pine forest, carpeted with saxifrage, till we reached the flat shores of the Baltic, where, from the sand-dunes, bright with dog violets,† we gazed at the cluster of small islands in the distance.

WIDTSKÖFLE.

The horses were ordered. "Why so early?" said—never mind who—the usual cry. "Seven is not too soon," remarked a bystander in English, an old sea-captain. "Start early, and you have the day before you." So I got my own way for once, and we drove out through a gate of the town of Åhus, opened by a small girl. There is a something new about the sleeves of the women—white, hanging and plaited, with epaulettes carved, as Petruchio would say, like an "apple-tart." The girls are comely and Raphaelesque—admirable Madonnas and she-martyrs—only don't ask what they'll be at forty.

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* Charles presented the wife of Casten Rönnow with a gold chain of several coils, bearing the cipher C. XI. and a crown on the clasp, which ornament came into the hands of a goldsmith of Christianstad during a season of pecuniary difficulty, and is now preserved in the museum of Stockholm.

† Viola bicolor, now canina, was held sacred to Mary in Sweden. In the prayer-book of the Wadstena nuns the Virgin is apostrophised, "Thou art as the beautiful flower Viola—who with thy humility and grace fillest the heavens and the earth."

Traversing a gray-lichened moor, we cross a ferry, and drive up to the castle of Widtsköfle. The building stands out unencumbered, surrounded by a moat. We accepted the kind invitation of Madame de Stjernvärd to spend the day, and continue our journey to Christianstad after dinner.

You may recollect how, among the witnesses to the much-canvassed confession of James Earl of Bothwell, is given the name of "Braw of Vascu," for which read Henrik Brahe of this ilk, who built the castle we are now visiting in the year 1533. Henrik Brahe in his youth was subject to deep fits of melancholy—sad and desponding, he wandered for days among the forests, avoiding the society of all men, even that of his betrothed fair Lina Thott. Ten years rolled on, and Lina, still affianced, was not yet a bride! Worn out with waiting, she lost all patience. "Now or never!" cried she: "either marry me at once, or put an end to the matter—plenty of others will be only too happy."

As Henrik, sad and undecided, sauntered through the forest, he met "a little man," who gave him "a small wheel of gold garnished with spikes," saying—"Each time the mood comes o'er you, turn this wheel, repeating the words, 'Help me, O Holy Trinity!' and your sickness will be cured." Henrik followed his advice, regained his health, espoused fair Lina Thott, and rebuilt the castle of Widtsköfle "in honour of the Holy Trinity," of which a representation appears above the gateway, with an inscription praying that the building and its wide domains may never pass away from the descendants of the founders. Above the entrance of the tower, within the court, again appears an oblong frieze, where, between the two wheels, is inscribed the motto "Help us, O Holy Trinity!"

The portrait of Henrik hangs in the dining-room: from a sevenfold coil of golden chain is suspended the medallion portrait of Frederik II. of Denmark. In the parish church adjoining is a large family group—Lina, an old woman simply dressed, while her daughters are gorgeously arrayed; Anna, the eldest, bears on her breast the garnet cipher of good Queen Sophia (as seen in the portraits of her daughter, our own Queen Anne, by Somers); the younger sisters wear from their golden coils a medal with a cross, not unlike a florin, on which can be only deciphered "Ferdinandus." The second, Margaretha, espoused Christian Barnekow, whose correspondence with Scotland has been before alluded to;* he was the most learned man of his day—visited Palestine and Constantinople, and was sent twice to England and Scotland, first in 1577, and again in 1594, as ambassador. King James was so charmed with his erudition that a friendship sprang up between them, which continued during their lifetime. Christian, like many noble Danes of his day, pursued his studies at Padua. He was killed at the fight of Kjolleryds. Seeing Christian IV. surrounded by the enemy, Barnekow gave his horse to the monarch, and fell uttering the words, "I give my horse to my king, my life to my enemies, and my soul to God." On the stone which marks the spot grows a red moss which the peasants call Christian Barnekow's blood. His portrait, with those of all his family, adorns the church, with a long genealogy, down to the last generation, when Widtsköfle passed into other hands. In the vault below, side by side with the splendid sarcophagus of Henrik Brahe, are two coffins of rich design—maybe his wife's or daughter's—diapered over in small squares by bands of gilded metal, in the centre of each the monogram I. H. S.

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* Page 51.

We visited the gardens, figgeries, graperies, the splendid range of well-ventilated stables (if the grooms could only be persuaded not to leave the manure in pails by the stall-side), the large loose boxes for yearlings, and, further on, a stable of some twenty stalls for "strangers' horses"—a wise precaution against glanders; lastly, the ghost chamber, with such an iron door and secret staircase! but no longer haunted. The châtelaine unclosed a secret hiding-place where certain papers lay concealed, the discovery of which led to the decision of a long suit between the De la Gardies and Barnekows. The existence of these documents was revealed to a young Count L——, who one night, after a ball, pot-valiant, insisted on sleeping in the haunted chamber. There appeared to him a ghostly monk, beckoning and tapping with his clenched fist the wall which covered the recess. A very useful ghost he was; for, independent of the lawsuit gained, the adventure gave the young count such a "turn," that from that day he became an altered character—proposed to, and married, a young lady to whom he had behaved shamefully. Many damsels would willingly believe in the "dark side of nature" if spirits from another world would induce men to come to the point, and pop the question.

Leaving Widtsköfle, after crossing a world of moor, bedotted over with circles of stones like mushrooms on a fairy ring,* we drove into a bright beech wood, carpeted with "myosotis," up a causeway wide and long, raised twenty or thirty feet above the marshy ground, guarded on either side by a stone wall—a work worthy of the Romans. Hans Ramel here, as at Löberöd, summoned together his serfs; with authority like that of the centurion of old, he gave the command, "Do this,"—it was done; and the road completed in a space of time almost incredible. Then we passed through the courtyard gate of Maltesholm, residence of Count de la Gardie, surrounded by a moat of pure limpid water—water on every side; the gardens in the old French style, when viewed from the terrace above, are most exquisite; the gay parterres backed by a forest of golden beech, and a wide park, such as one sees in England. In no country can be found a place more favoured by nature than Maltesholm. Turning a deaf ear to the legend of two early kings, Swedish and Danish, who fought in a meadow hard by—they lie buried under a "hög"—we reach Nöbbelöf, and there wait two hours for horses—an awful "wastime," as old Fuller has it, a good word grown obsolete—maybe worn out from overuse. A squadron of hussars encamped here were in full exercise on the adjoining heath; so we watched their evolutions. As the clock struck seven the duties of the day concluded; they marched into the courtyard of the inn, formed in line two deep, and, a corporal giving out the first verse, they sang in chorus an evening psalm, in true, deep-toned melody. Evensong ended, a short prayer was read; each soldier standing the while under military salute, in attitude devout and attentive. The service concluding by a deep resounding "Amen," they scampered off to their own devices, the day's work thus well ended.

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* Once the scene of a battle in which the warrior Rolf was slain by Gärdstrang, said the driver—an unkind piece of news, causing me to plunge into that slough of Scandinavian despond, Suhm's History.

This custom of matin and evensong comes from an ordinance of Charles XI., and is on no occasion neglected. It is said that, during the wild and reckless campaigns of Charles XII., whether in victory or retreat, he never once failed to begin and conclude his day by prayer, fatigued and harassed though he might be. Rest assured the soldiers did not sleep the worse for it.

The same observance prevails here among the two hundred Swedish workmen engaged in draining the Helgesjön, creating intense disgust among their brethren the English "navvies," who burst in émeute and struck for more wages, vowing they would not be prayed for in a foreign lingo:—unfortunately no Miss Marsh is there to tame their wild and reckless character.

We had still an hour to wait. A young officer had out his charger, a beautiful black beast, and lunged him round the ring, directing his paces by word of mouth. The animal, docile as a circus pony, obeyed his commands, trotted when told to trot, cantered and galloped; and, when his task was over, running up to his master, struck out his fore legs, made an obeisance, and received his reward—a lump of sugar. This habit of Rarey-fying the horses in the Swedish cavalry is very general, and has been so from the time of Charles XII. (Brandklipparen followed him like a dog). With all this docility, the Swedish horses are invariably ridden with the curb, the snaffle left hanging on their necks.

At last the postilion arrived. It was pitch dark before we reached Christianstad.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wä, or the Convent of Sorrow — Hällristningar, or picture-writing, at Kivik — Söfdeborg — Portraits of Philip and Aurora Königsmark — The Swedish army — Little Mats the Snappbarne — Banketröja, the peasants' Dustcoat — Öfveds-Kloster — Christmas fishing — Herd of white deer — Ystad — Roger M'Lean — Vision of Count Brahe — Marsvinsholm — Wedding superstitions — Queen Sophia and the Kettle-mender.

CHRISTIANSTAD TO SÖFDEBORG.

May 27th.—WE had great difficulty in leaving Christianstad; the hotel-keeper, who was postmaster, proprietor, and everything else besides, did all he could to detain us—refused us a carriage—talked of impassable roads—threatened us with everything short of wolves—making himself as odious as possible; at last we got under way, retracing our road of yesterday.

Our driver rattled on; he had a story for each farm, each gård; pointed to a distance where lay a "gamla-grotta"—would we not stop and see it? There once lived the Snapphanarna, little people who crawled on four legs like cats, seldom seen now!! How on an oaken table within was chained a silver can, which no man dared to touch; for, should he, the village of Wram would be burnt to the ground for a certainty. When we came to the village of Wä he showed us an old gabled wall—ruin of King Christian's palace; related a legend about the church, a giant, and a boulder which now lies under the pulpit; then stopped the horses, and literally turned us out to visit it, whether we would or no.

No one had mentioned Wä to us before; but the peasant boor was right: it was once a convent of great repute, within whose walls lies interred Gertrude of Saxony,* queen of Knud VI. A noble lady had an only son, a ne'er-do-well who passed his time in hunting —never attending mass, but roistering with his comrades. One Sunday morn he set out to hunt the stag: in vain his mother prayed him to go to church; he galloped off, fell from his horse, broke his neck, and died instanter. When the news reached his mother's ears she cried out, in despair, "What were his last words? tell me."—"Noble lady," replied the squire, "he cried 'We, we!' (alas!), and never spoke again." That mother, pierced to the heart's core, gave all her great possessions to found a monastery for the weal of her son's soul, and, in memory of his last dying cry, she named it We!† or, the Convent of Sorrow. The choir and apse, of the Rundbågs style, are entered through a round arch richly sculptured; the nave, built by Christian IV., is bi-vaulted, supported in the centre by two lofty granite pillars, one round, the other octagonal. No one built like King Christian, simply for this reason: he never adopted the design of one architect exclusively—Balfour, Jones, Steenwinkel, John of Fribourg, and others, all sent in their plans, and he skimmed off the cream from each man's brain according to his own fine taste and judgment.

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* Little is known of Gertrude of Saxony, daughter of Henry the Lion, save that as a child she was affianced to Knud, in the hopes of bringing about more amicable relations between her father and King Waldemar.

† Corrupted by time into Wä.

Well content with our driver, we roll on, through fair villages, midst fields bright with the golden smörblomme and blue orchis—true Swedish colours from early heathen times: the holiday suit of the Dalkarl is blue and yellow, though their every-day garb is gray like that borne by the serfs of old; for the proverb runs—"The servant's every-day finery impoverishes the master." By the roadside, in a forest glade of dense pine and beech, stands a wooden cross. "A man murdered there," says the driver, shaking his head; "a bad neighbourhood." But the smaller postboy, sitting at his feet, now breaking forth, relates a tale, new to the elder, and thereby quite extinguishes him:—

"How, as a knight and his daughter rode near this spot on their way to church, the lady was seized by a band of pirates, and carried off kicking and screaming to the sea-shore; how, luckily, a tempest arising, the pirates could not put to sea, giving the knight time to raise his followers and hunt them down; how" (at this moment we leave the wood) "they were all 'halshuggan'" (literally, neck-chopped) on a hög by the roadside.*

The other driver now points out, for his part, circle after circle of old stones, telling who lies buried under each. Then told how in these morasses queer things are sometimes brought to light. Not fifty years since some turf-cutters came upon an ancient coach with four mummy "insides," coachman and horses, trunk fastened on behind, all well preserved—remains of some unlucky party who, unguardedly crossing the rotten ice when the moor was still a lake, thus met with a miry grave.

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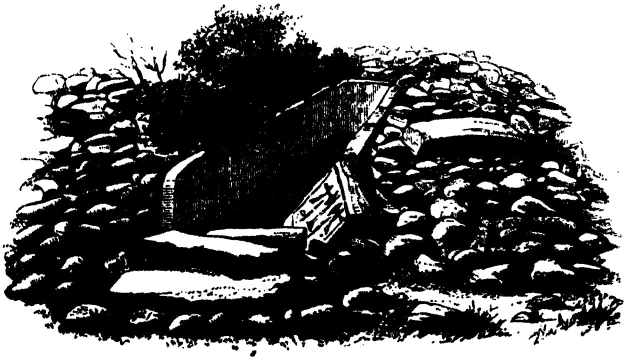
* The story of the driver is given in the parson's account of Skåne, drawn up for the government of Christian IV.

So on we drive, their tongues never ceasing; up hill, down dale; now passing a mose lilac-red with the blossoms of the primula. Before us lay the purple waters of the Baltic, with the promontory of Stenshufvud standing out in bold relief; in the wood hard by are, we are told, more nightingales than in all Skåne put together. We soon reach Brosarp, and make for the seaside fishing village of Kivik.

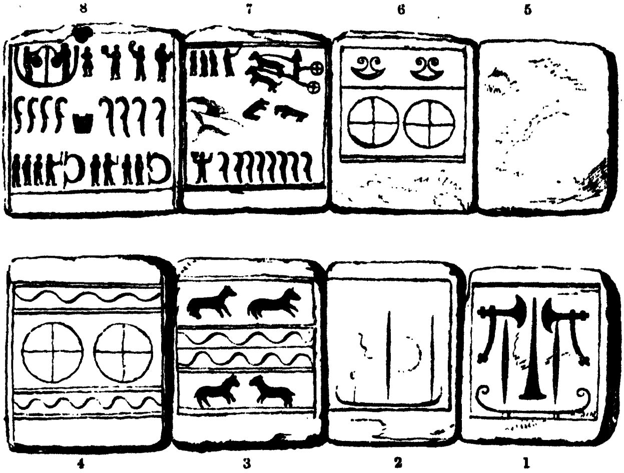
KIVIK.

A détour of ten miles on the road to Cimbritshamm leads to Kivik, where fishermen ply their trade, and take a certain eel, peculiar to these parts. But eel-fishing was not in season; our object was to see the monumental stones of Kivik, with their curious carvings on the granite.



Monumental stones, Kivik.

Concerning the origin of these figure-drawings,* or "Hällristningar," which preceded the invention of Runes, antiquaries are much divided. Some trace them to the Norrense, a Celtic nation who, three hundred years before Christ, occupied the southern district of Norway and Bohuslän, sung by Ossian as the "Swords of steel, worshippers of Odin." More reasonable people suppose these sculptures to be monuments of a later period,† as the arms are those of the Bronze Age, and the carving too deep to have been effected by any metal but iron. The subject of these sculptures is a viking expedition.



Hällristningar, on monumental stones, Klvik.

On the first stone, say the antiquaries, "are depicted the preparations; on the second and third, the expedition itself; on the fourth and fifth appear predatory and hostile adventures during the voyage; the sixth represents the sea-fight; on the seventh, occurrences after the victory; on the eighth, the interment of the fallen chief. Here you may distinguish, at the head of the funeral procession, a dancing Druid, and, above him, a man bearing the funeral urn containing the ashes, in conformity with the Celtic custom of burning the dead; also two persons blowing the 'lures.'" The tomb has been sadly knocked about, and the figures are difficult to distinguish, even in a strong light. *

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* Like those of the early Mexicans.

† A.D. 800 to 900.

Few of these hällristningar are to be met with in Denmark; this specimen is unique in Skåne, while throughout Bohuslän, especially in the village of Tanum, such carvings abound on the rocks. This manner of describing events by figures is the origin of heraldry, as was before mentioned in describing Hamlet's shield; † and may be regarded as a sort of earlier Bayeux tapestry, such as Queen Matilda worked, and was, no doubt, all very legible to the learned of the day. The carvings of Kivik look infinitely better on paper than in the stone originals.

One change more at Tranås. Leaving the high road, we plunge into a glorious forest of beech and birch thinned out like a park; a lake and tower appear; we rattle over the drawbridge, and are kindly greeted by Countess Piper ‡ and her sister on our arrival at Söfdeborg.

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* The author hopes the reader will clearly understand the explanation of the learned—far more than he does himself.

† 'Jutland,' vol. ii. p. 181.

‡ The Pipers first emigrated into Sweden from Lubec. Carl Piper

SÖFDEBORG.

Fifteen years ago Söfdeborg was a ruin, a sort of "sprite hall," such as we have all known somewhere; a deserted mansion, where, in our boyhood's days, we have climbed in at the windows with our terrier dogs, hunted the rats, and taken the white owls' eggs. Here, in his youth, Count Piper did the same. But Söfdeborg has of late years undergone a thorough restoration.

In the long, lofty riddarsal, formerly the granary, is a ceiling of the 17th century, of great magnificence, richly carved and gilt, divided into compartments, once filled up with sheets of copper gilt, which, when the doors and windows were unclosed, made an Æolian music of their own. These sheets of metal were carried off in the reign of Christian V. by the Danes, who mistook them for gold.*

The walls are adorned with excellent pictures, chiefly of the Dutch school, and with royal portraits, presented to the family by the sovereigns themselves, as is the custom in Sweden. In each room are rich old cabinets and ancient china.

Among the portraits are many of interest. An old

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was ennobled 1679. The great illustration of the family dates from Charles XII.'s time.

* Linnæus goes into extacies over the plaster-work of the great saloon on the ground floor; he declares it to be a very masterpiece, which, although it had stood 100 years, was as fresh as the first day it was modelled. There was Diogenes in his tub sitting in the sunshine, with Alexander and his suite; Julius Cæsar; Æneas and Anchises; half the personnel of the Trojan war, as well as of the Old Testament—not a bit like plaster, he continues, but "as beings floating in the air." The Northerners excelled in this sort of work, particularly in the latter end of the seventeenth century, as many riddarsals in the old châteaux of Denmark and Sweden still testify.

picture of St. Bridget, copied from some early fresco—St. Bridget as Grande Maîtresse to bad Queen Blanka,* before she became devout and still "dressed herself." The Königsmark family: first, the field-marshal, Carl Johan; then Philip, of unlucky memory—"Siste (the last) Königsmark" as he is called—a huge strapping soldier in full armour, with handsome, heavy face; again in fancy costume, with longest of perruques, half allegorical or Roman, his hand resting on a lion's head; the last man in the world for any woman to call "Mon cher enfant;" "Mon gros loup," "Mon ours," would have been more appropriate.

Above hangs his sister, the fair Aurora—Aurora the bas bleu—mistress of the Strong Augustus, and mother of great Marshal Saxe,—like a beauty by Sir

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* Queen Blanka of Namur, wife of Magnus Smek, is said to have poisoned her own son, King Erik, 1359. On the young monarch's arrival at Stockholm she prepared a banquet, at which she presented him with a poisoned cup, desiring him to drink to the health of his bride, Beatrix. He did so, then passed the cup to Beatrix, who, in her turn, tasted the wine. Erik, feeling deadly pains, exclaimed, "She who has given me my life is now taking it from me." Others say that Erik and his queen died of a pest. The young king was often very melancholy. One day he awoke from a dream, and sent for a certain prophetess. According to custom all the benches of the palace were covered with blue silk cushions. To ascertain if the prophetess was gifted, Erik hid knives beneath them. The woman refused to sit down, saying, "Why should I sit on knives?" She told the king he would die in the autumn. There is a lay on this subject. The prophetess is made to speak: "A sad day will it be in the spring when the queen is laid on her golden bier. And next autumn, on Michaelmas-day, disease will be kindled in the breast of the king. My gracious king, be not afraid—for both of your settles in heaven are dight. So fervently pray you all for king Erik." Whether the story be true or not, Blanka was bad enough for anything. Benzelius and other antiquaries of the 16th century fight till they can write no longer over Queen Blanka's birth and parentage, and come out, at the conclusion of their controversies just as wise as ever.

Peter Lely, and she really is one; her lips look ready to speak; with one hand she caresses a love-lock, escaped from its companion tresses. Don't be down upon her, she is so very charming: recollect what morals were in her century, when to be the favourite of a prince elector was considered more honourable than to be an honest man's wife; and if you could see her, as I have, a shrivelled mummy in her last resting-place at Quedlingburg, shown to the public for sixpence, you would dismiss all indignation from your mind, and drop a tear, like Sterne,—only his was over a dead donkey.*

The fair Aurora meddled in politics. In a letter, dated Quedlingburg, to President Mukern, touching some crackjaw peace, she writes, evidently mocking the newly ratified friendship between the two sovereigns —"Si ce n'était pas une chose trop ridicule à vous dire, je vous avoue ingénument, monsieur, que je voudrais m'être trouvée entre eux deux, pour avoir eu ma part de leurs embrassements,"—a very bold confession on her part.

You have heard of the friendly feeling shown in the north towards the swallow and her young,—how the birds are encouraged to build their nests in every dwell ing. Along the walls of Söfdeborg are left at stated intervals small square holes, with one brick projecting for a perching-place; hither they return each summer to hatch their young. Maybe in olden times the house was built in honour of the Virgin, and her favourite birds were thus specially cared for.

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* Among the portraits and engravings existing of the Königsmark family are—one of the Field-marshal, by Dahl, engraved by Cossin; one of John Charles, the Knight of Malta, wonderfully handsome; midst bull-fights and Turks, painted by Beck, engraved by Falk; Otto William, the epitaphium frontispiece to his funeral sermon; Aurora as Diana, engraved by Schrenck of Amsterdam,—again, by Frisch. Portraits of the fair Aurora are not rare in Sweden. A very beautiful one, painted on glass, is in the possession of two maiden ladies of the name of Strahl, near Christianstad. We found her at Gripsholm, and again at Upsala, by Ehrenstrahl, always charming; one of the few women whose likenesses on canvas equal the reputation of the original.

Soldiers appeared working in the woods and fields—old troopers—there was no mistaking them. The army in Sweden is supported as once in England, when lands were held by knights' fee, and each seigneur, in war-time, furnished a fixed number of men-at-arms for the service of the crown. Here, by an ordinance of Charles XI., every landholder is taxed according to his possessions. Count Piper furnishes twenty-nine soldiers, whom he pays, clothes, and feeds; to each man is allotted a cottage and garden; during three months of the year he is called out to exercise,* the remaining nine he works on his own account, earning money to lay by against a rainy day. When superannuated he loses his cottage and garden, receiving in exchange a small pension. The service is highly popular; no sooner does a vacancy occur than many candidates present themselves. The soldiers of each province are enrolled in the same regiments, and feel, therefore, in time of war, that they have something beyond empty honour to fight for. These are called the Indelta regiments, of which there are two in Skåne.

The forest of Söfdeborg formed the stronghold of the South Skåne Snapphanarna, who, under their leader, little Mats, an ex-quartermaster in a Swedish regiment, for many years ravaged the province. So admirable was the discipline of his troop, one of his men letting fall some grease on the iron oven of Mellby prestgård, he compelled the culprit, regardless of blisters and burns, to lick it off until the iron was clean and bright again. Mats met his death on the bridge by Söfde mill. Overtaken by the Swedes, he determined to sell his life dearly; having lost the key of his musket, he wound it up with his teeth, at each discharge laying dead a soldier; when his legs were shot off he fought kneeling on the bridge, firing away like blazes. The Swedes wished to take him alive, but could not—he fell dead, riddled with balls.

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* The long continuance of winter renders a standing army useless. The only regiments kept throughout the year are the guard, the king's own hussars, the artillery, and the engineers.

The leader of the royal troops, who dwelt at Söfdeborg, was called Banketröja (Dust-coat). He never could meet a peasant without thrashing him,* but he paid well, so when a man was hard up he would throw himself in the officer's way, get a licking, and return home with his pockets full. In Söfde forest stands a beech on which Banketröja strung up seven of the brigands; it still goes by the name of "Snapphanarnaboken."

ÖFVEDS-KLOSTER.

(*Once a Convent of Prémontrés.*)

We drove to visit Baroness Ramel, who had hospitably invited us to Öfveds-Kloster. Our road ran by lake and forest, till, reaching a long, long avenue, we drove up to the mansion, an edifice of the third Gustavus's days (French Louis Seize), reminding me, with its clipped lime charmilles and gushing fountains, of La Vendée or Touraine,—of any place but Sweden.

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* This was his hobby, says the historian, and he did not mind spending money on it.

We enter a fine suite of apartments with polished oak parquets, decorated in the taste so much the fashion in France. That of Louis XV., beautiful though it be, has become prostituted in cafés, steamboats, and gaming-houses, in a manner which would draw tears from Pompadour, could she witness the desecration of her handiwork. So "style Louis XVI." is likely to remain grand genre among peaceable mortals who prefer wreaths of flowers and "têtes de belier" to the trumpets and drums, the sphinxes and fasces,—warlike bearings of the first French Empire. Two faïence stoves caught my eye, painted gaily with bowpots and nosegays of flowers. A work describing the Swedish manufactures of this date shows that in the year 1780 a fabric of china did exist at Kongsholm. We have since seen tables of the same, gay in painting, and queer old blue and white rustic flower-pots. But more of this later.

Of the ancient convent of the order of Prémontrés no remains exist: all has passed away, even to the bream in which the monks delighted. It was the custom of the peasants, every Julafton,* to come by torchlight and fish for their Christmas supper, first invoking the aid of the Trolle Helje, who dwells at the bottom of the lake. Many years since a peasant promised the Trolle a stool to sit upon, and Helje in his gratitude sent him home with well-filled nets,—the man broke his word. Since then Helje sits, as before, on the cold miry bottom,—as for the bream, you may fish for ever, he won't let you catch them.

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* Christmas-eve.

The old custom of setting the nets on Christmas Eve was general throughout Sweden.

Abraham Brahe notes in his Tanke-buk:—

"Dec. 24th, 1618.—On Julafton God granted me a glorious haul of fish. I got for my share alone 1700 great "idus," as well as 400 bream; besides smaller fry, which we gave away among the peasants."

Whilst lounging in the open balcony of a Swiss châlet on the heights above the lake, a troop of Swedish officers arrived, comrades of the young baron, King Charles's aide-de-camp. We profit by the chance, lay an embargo on the steeds and calèche, and ride off to visit the deer-park in the forest, radiant with stately beech and flowery hawthorn, wild crab most roseate, dogwood (here a forest tree), and lofty bird-cherries. Quick start from among the bushes a herd of milk-white deer, pure and spotless as the lamb selected of old for the Passover. Off they scamper—beautiful creatures! we see them no more. This breed has been here preserved for a hundred years and upwards.

There was a field of oxlips. On stopping to gather one, "Primula elatior, a rare plant in Sweden," remarked a young officer. Fancy a heavy dragoon of H. M.'s service owning to a Primula anything! Why, he 'd look on it as a disgrace to his sword. A certain knowledge of plants and natural history forms part of the primary education of every Swede.* Years ago, too, when a boy, I recollect to have visited a military school at Toulouse. It was at the time of the first Algerine campaigns. The French then anticipated short commons. In the lecture-room hung a series of coloured drawings of plants indigenous to Africa—edible for man or horse—leaves of healing properties, that might be used for wounds. The plates were there, ever before the pupils' eyes. As boys must gape at something, it is as well they should do so to some advantage.

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* The Swedish officers of the seventeenth century were perhaps better educated than even now. Ogier mentions how "a young officer named Skytte came to compliment us from the Swedish king. He

As a class, first-rate botanists are not to my taste,—men who pull flowers to pieces, squash them between blotting-paper, and insult Nature in her freshness by giving the name of specimens to withered stalks and discoloured leaves. Nor do I love learned ornithologists, or men who stuff fish, spike butterflies and beetles, quivering, on the needle. Such people are to be looked on with respect, to be admired at a distance, as necessary evils, like frogs, gnats, and locusts. Still no man, whatever his profession or caste in life may be, is any the worse for a general knowledge of nature.

As we drove through the Söfdeborg woods, on our return, the air was laden with a perfume like jasmine, exhaled from the young leaves of the birch-tree after nightfall. As for the nightingales answering each other from tree to tree, their name was Legion.*

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spoke in so beautiful a Latinity, the ambassador could not fail to admire him." This same Charles Ogier accompanied Count d'Avaux as secretary to the court of Sweden. His journal was published by his brother in 1656, under the title of 'Ephemerides sive iter Suecicum,' and a great deal more. "Ennuyé du monde," says his biographer, Charles retired to a Carthusian convent, but, finding the monks bad nurses, he left it and died in his own house, 1654.

* This is the Nordisk näktergal, or northern nightingale—Sylvia

YSTAD.

Saturday, May 26th.—Towards evening we bid adieu to Söfdeborg, and soon reach the seaport town of Ystad.

On the 15th November, 1614, Christian IV. notes in his journal,* "Drog jeg til Ystad." The following day—a wonder for him—he marks down, "Laae jeg stille" (I lay still). So, admiring Christian (in all save his morals), we followed his example.

Ystad is a clean, thriving town; boasting a brisk trade in corn with England and elsewhere; a new harbour; small manufactures; two fine old churches; a townhouse hung with royal portraits from Gustaf Wasa downwards; and lastly, a deep-rooted hatred of her sister Malmö, with whom she holds "no connection."

The besetting sin of these corn-exporting towns of Skåne is jealousy. Malmö hates Ystad, Landskrona, even little Engelholm, and they all return the compliment. Improve themselves they will; build new harbours, lay out public walks by the strand-side, as here at Ystad; but could they plough up the roads, and stop all possible communication with one another, they would; and were a sand-storm to overwhelm the harbours of

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philomela. The English nightingale, S. luscinia, though common in Denmark, is not met with in Sweden. In England nightingales do not thrive in cages, in Sweden we constantly met with them swelling their notes in-doors during the winter season, happy as cage-birds can be. For the benefit of the tormentors of the feathery tribe, we beg to state that the warblers are fed on the dried eggs of the large black ant, varied occasionally by meal-worms for fresh food. The Prussian Government disapproves of caging nightingales, and imposes a tax on them (like the dog-tax in England) of five thalers a year.

* For want of a better, we were reduced to Christian IV.'s journal as a guide-book.

their offending neighbours—as those of Skanör and Falsterbo—they would chant, like the mermaid, 'Te Deum laudamus.'

Do not imagine this jealousy to be of modern growth. As early as 1534 the citizens complained bitterly, not of the men of Skåne, but of the pedlers who annually immigrated from Scotland, hawking their haberdashery through the country, "to the great disparagement of the old inhabitants and of all honest men." So they passed an enactment that no Scot should be admitted a free citizen of Ystad, and that those already established should not be allowed to employ Scotch youths in their factories or shops.

Of the numerous Scottish families who have sought a home in Sweden, many of high lineage joined the regiment raised by the Marquis of Hamilton to aid the great Gustavus. These were mostly ennobled. Others may, however, be found who have raised themselves by commerce and honest industry. Of this class was Roger Baron Maclean of Svaneholm,* to whom the peasantry of Skåne owe their present freedom. Disgusted at the state of serfdom in which they grovelled,—a bondage scarcely less degrading than that of Russia,—he was the first to introduce a better order of things. While on other estates they were summoned like dogs, at the beck and call of their masters, to dig a lake, or build a causeway—living on the lands as tenants without right—Maclean granted them leases, by the terms of which the service exacted of them was clearly drawn out. Do not imagine the Skåne boors were at first grateful; on the contrary, they murmured,—could not understand the change, preferring the old order of things; still, in after days, when their benefactor died, they raised a monument to his memory.

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* The Macleans settled in 1600, as merchants, in the town of Göteborg. They became ennobled 1649, and appear to have rendered some service to King Charles I. during the civil war, as one of the family was created a baronet in 1650, to whom Baron Maclean, born 1742, was grandnephew.

The glory of Ystad is her cemetery, scarce separated from the public gardens. On a fine spring evening crowds flock to the tombs—the dead are never here alone—and to-day (Whit-Sunday) on every cross and tombstone hang garlands of fresh wild flowers. Children are pouring in laden with majblomme,* periwinkle, cowslip, orchis, and ranunculus, as though for a Mayday festival. On the other side of the privet hedge a band of music plays, and people sip their coffee.

The Swedes shine in cemeteries: that of Lund is beautiful. The peasants respect the sleeping-ground of their fathers, and ofttimes raise, above the graves, crosses, architectural in form, copied from models of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. At Christianstad stands a monument erected to an officer by his comrades,—a lofty granite menhir, inscribed with an "Ormsling" (serpent scroll), Runic fashion, surrounded by a small circle of stones.—Again in the churchyard of Hven lies a wooden "liggesten," burnt with an iron, in Gothic design, after the manner of the fifteenth century.

Passing two gigantic castles of Judge Sylvan, we drove to Bjeresjö church to view some frescoes in the choir, lately discovered (date 1280) and divested of their whitewash. These paintings, which cover the roof and walls of the chancel, represent scenes from the Old and New Testament—quaint and delightfully inartistic: Adam and Eve before the Fall, with ribs spare and visible, speaking ill for the fare of Eden.* In the carved pews† are holes for inserting candles on a Christmas morn, when before break of day crowds of peasants arrive, each man, woman, and child bearing on high a lighted torch,—chanting the hymn for Christmas.

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* Primula farinosa.

Then on to Krageholm, a manor of Count Piper, with old horse-chesnut avenue now in full bloom, and beeches clipped into covered passages and leafy chambers, closed in on all sides—a very maze of tanglement;—better fun for those who hide than those who seek—concealment easy, pursuit impossible.

In Krageholm is laid the scene of many a Swedish novel and story of the Snapphanarna. Jorgen Krabbe, lord of that ilk, had bowed to the Swedish yoke though still a Dane at heart. When in 1675 Van Tromp arrived at Ystad with the fleet, he sent for Jorgen to dine on board his vessel, and placed him next the Danish king. This visit was not forgotten. When, later, some of Krabbe's servants were prisoners in the Snapphanarne band, Jorgen was accused of lèse majesté, and summoned before the Swedish council. In vain he protested that his servants had been forced to join; his goods were confiscated, and himself "arkebuserad" in the market-place of Malmö.

In this castle chapel, 1732, were celebrated the nuptials of Count Erik Brahe with a lady of the Piper family. Many guests were bidden; among others, an admiral, who answered, "I cannot arrive till late, but I will do my best to come." As the newly-married pair were about to receive the benediction of the priest, the expected guest entered, and beheld, to his horror—a headless body kneeling by the lady's side. It was that of the bridegroom, Count Brahe. The admiral told his vision. Some laughed, others looked grave; they noted it down in the church-book, where the entry may still be seen. Twenty years later Count Erik bowed his neck to the headsman's axe on the square of the Riddarhus in Stockholm.* The chapel was henceforth closed, and even the last possessors loved not to enter it.

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* A description of these frescoes and drawings is given in Mandelgren's work, 'Le Moyen Age pittoresque en Suède.'

† Date 1572.

Passing through a gate, guarded on either side by a Runic stone, we bent our course towards Marsvinsholm, the princely château of Baron Stjernblad.

MARSVINSHOLM.

Marsvinsholm, with its lofty towers and graceful spires, was built in the seventeenth century by Otto Marsvin, as recorded on an ancient stone, surmounted by the pious motto, "Help us good Lord Almighty." He built it "in the name of the Lord Christ for his wife dear, the Lady Mette Brahe, and their children," for whom he adds the prayer, "Thanks be to Almighty God for a happy commencement and progress; and may all be done to the praise and honour of His most holy name, as well as for the happiness and benefit of our heirs in this life, and may they live in Heaven hereafter to all eternity! Amen."

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* 1752. The story of Count Erik Brahe's execution is given at Stockholm.

The moat is spanned by a bridge of carved stone; in the garden stands a fine avenue, formal and stately, of that downy silver-leaved tree—here called Oxel,* in England "wild service tree"—of giant growth, with flowers of a creamy white, one luxuriant sheet of blossom. The pleasure-grounds are gay with lilac and apple-trees, now in their glory—laburnum alone is wanting. Spring is long coming in these northern lands; once arrived, each plant, as though to make amends, outdoes its neighbour in the rich luxuriance of its flowering, and overblows itself.

Restoration routs out all ghosts and spectres; still, in a hill hard by, there dwells a noted hare, called "Backabjer's hare," a four-legged banshee, who leaves its lair alone to foretell the death of lords and noble ladies, dwellers in Marsvinsholm, whose path it crosses. Then, the night after the doomed one is called away, four headless children dance in the twilight's gloom before the prestgård.

To-day being Whit-Monday, there is dancing in every domain. We found the family at the sylvan ball-room;—here, under a noisy rookery, the peasants had commenced their valse à trois temps, slow and sedate, Schottisch more lively, and the Polketta; on they dance, round-they spin, and will spin for hours without ceasing.

Great is the love of the women for jewellery: on weddings and state occasions they adorn themselves with gilded bells and grelots, oft big as crab-apples, stomachers, chains, and girdles—wondrous were the caps of the elder ones—undescribable; each damsel bears in her hand a nosegay of sweet herbs.

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* Crategus aria, new Pyrus aria—whitebeam-tree; in England seldom found of large growth, save on the walls of the Roman town of Silchester.

The men are clad in whitest of trowsers, the falling collars of their shirts bound with a coarse guipure; gold buttons are here the fashion, and plenty of them.

The bridegroom on his wedding-day is greatly afraid of elves, so he gathers strong-scented herbs, as garlic, chive, and rosemary, a sure protection against sprites, and sews them in his wedding-clothes. On no account would he on that day tarry by a closed gate, or where the cross-roads meet. Should you ask him why he takes these precautions, he will reply, "Against envy and malice!"

Next visiting Charlottenlund, a seat of Count Posse, the last of these Baltic gazing castles, we turn into the strand road and again reach Ystad.

TRELLEBORG.

The 'Svea' bore us from Ystad. Coasting along, our châteaux of yesterday flit by in panorama; on we steam by Trelleborg, now a small fishing village,—once a royal possession, the pin-money of many a Danish queen. King Erik, the saint of Slesvigfiorde, gave it as dower to his daughter Sophia, wife of King Waldemar* of Sweden. Sophia was witty as she was fair, but she knew not how to bridle her tongue. Proud of the beauty of her husband, she laughed at his dark-skinned brother Magnus, and nicknamed him "The Kettle-mender," while Duke Erik she dubbed "Nobody." Call a man a tinker, he don't mind it—a swarthy complexion is no disgrace; Magnus only laughed, and cried, "Tell the queen I'll tinker her kettles for her some day;"—but call a man a fool, which Erik was, and, moreover, knew it, the sarcasm could never be forgiven.

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* If Waldemar didn't turn out well, no blame attached to his father Birger Jarl; for, says the 'Rhyming Chronicle,' with reference to his education—

"That the young prince might virtue prize,
His father chose a trusty knight,
Who should the youth in need chastise,
Teach him good manners, law, and right."

The Princess Jutta, a cloistered nun of Roeskilde, maddened at the murder of her father, St. Erik, fled to Sweden, and was received at her sister Sophia's court. King Waldemar, says the lay, "sent to meet her of knights and squires a fair train. She came more like an angel from heaven; she was noble and royal too." Her grace and beauty found favour in all eyes, too much in those of Waldemar; it was a sad affair; so calling down an Homeric cloud to veil the story, I will merely say how Erik Waldemarson* bore as a badge three lions in memory of his royal Danish blood. In after times his descendants chopped the royal quadrupeds in twain, retaining the heads alone in honour of their patronymic Lejonhufvud.† Waldemar, to atone his crime, made pilgrimage to the Holy Land; Sophia, from weeping, lost her beauty; then Erik "Nothing" stirred up the "Kettle-mender," and, though I never heard of his inspecting the queen's batterie de cuisine, he, nevertheless, in vulgar parlance, did tinker her kettles for her. Sophia died a dethroned queen,—her husband a prisoner in the castle of Nyköping.*

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* Erik Waldemarson was knighted 1322.

† "Lion-head." Germanised into Löwenhaupt by the counts, but the barons retain the original name of Lejonhufvud.

On we steam by Falsterbo and her sand-blocked harbour; pass Skanör and Fode Bay: the grim old slott frowns by the water-side; we twirl round, and are landed in the harbour of Malmö.

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* During his absence Magnus prevailed upon King Erik Glipping to aid him with troops and money, and publicly throw off his allegiance. Waldemar returned and assembled an army of peasants. He and Sophia were engaged in a game of chess when a messenger arrived announcing his defeat. Waldemar fled towards Norway, but, coolly stopping to take his meals and night's rest, Magnus's people caught him at dinner in a miserable inn. The duke told Waldemar he might thank his queen for his fate; but ceded to him Götaland. On Whitsun eve Magnus was elected on the Morastone, and next day crowned King of Sweden. Waldemar after his fall dwelt at the castle of Ettock, situated upon the Wettern, the same residence where he and fair Jutta had forgotten all but their fatal love. Here he lived as King of Götaland. The ruins of an old castle still exist, and a meadow called Kungshög-hagen (King's-hill garden). The royal farmhouses were at Skefive and Bonnårp; and near the church are shown the remains of King Waldemar's brewhouse. The banks of the Wettern abound in traditions of King Waldemar. Jutta and her son Erik were kept prisoners in the castle of Laaholm in Halland. Magnus never repaid the money advanced by Glipping, who straightway ravaged the land. Sophia and Waldemar are said to have aided the enemy. On this account Magnus deprived his brother of the government of Götaland, and from that time kept him a prisoner until he died. Sophia was of a liberal disposition. In 1282 she grants the salmon-fisheries of Norköping to the nuns of the place, and presents her maid Ingrid with a mill, as a marriage present.

CHAPTER IX.

Landskrona — The white worm of the witches — Prisoners in Sweden — The Swedish Diogenes — Uranienborg — Urban the rye-saint — — Knutstorp, the birthplace of Tycho Brahe — Altarpiece of Otto Brahe.

LANDSKRONA (*Journey to*).

How to reach Landskrona?—that was the puzzle: a steamer plied every day, touching at Copenhagen; but Malmö to Landskrona viâ Denmark!—the idea was absurd. What was the road like? No one could tell us—it was good, it was bad,—each account varied. We then, in despair, turned to Christian IV.'s journal, to see what he said—"27th September, 1614: Drog jeg fra Malmö til Landskrona, but, on account of the high water, could not pass the Raae Aa;" not very satisfactory, but there are bridges now, and no rain had fallen for the last two months.

Skirting a flat sandy coast, we passed the picturesque village of Lomma, crossing the river by a bridge—river up which, in days of yore, the vikings sailed to besiege Lund and its walls of "trä."

The horses bait by the manor-house of Borreby, once a convent; the gables stand out well from among the chesnuts now in full flower. Miles of linen lay bleaching on the green. The road, newly made—a causeway raised many feet above the fields—is narrow and without fence. Suddenly our horses shy in the twilight; over goes the carriage, rights itself again, but unhappily on the body of the coach-boy; both wheels pass over him, and off the steeds gallop. At last they stay their course; the driver slowly drags on his way, one arm hanging listless, snapped asunder at the shoulder. The whip was lost, the reins broken; the horses, frightened, refuse to move; by dint of shouts we get them on, at last reach Landskrona, and there see the boy lodged in a hospital outside the city.

LANDSKRONA.

Next morning we visited the "sick-house," a modern building, with a wood behind, and gay garden in front for the convalescents, who help to tend the flowers. We found our patient with his arm set, and free from pain, but ill at ease in mind. In vain we assured him he should want for nothing; his thought was not for his arm, or for his wages, it was all for his horses: "Min hestene, min hestene!" what could they do without him?—no one would care for them as he did.' He looked with profound contempt on the fair-haired surgeon of the hospital, anxious only to be tended by the "good woman" of Malmö. The peasants imagine these women to have discovered the "white worm" (Lindormen), which shows itself only on the wildest heaths. They seek it eagerly, and boil it, together with powerful herbs, to acquire wisdom and knowledge of the hidden powers of nature, for the worm has sucked in the profoundest secrets of the mountains, forests, and fields, imparting them to those who find it and seize it round the middle of the body. Then it leaves its slough in the hand of the finder. Whoso licks this slough has the eyes of his mind opened; he knows the powers of herbs, stones, and every kind of earth, and is able to heal wounds and cure the most dangerous diseases.*

Landskrona, like all other Skåne seaports, is a rising place, exporting corn, with manufactories of beet-root sugar. Above the entrance of the old town-hall still hang the shields of Denmark's second Frederik, and his good queen Sophia, with her motto—

"Mein Hoffnung zu Gott allein."

Outside the town, by the shore-side, stands a large newly-built factory, where the prisoners of the castle—farmed out by government contract—are employed, under the direction of Count Löwenhaupt,† in the fabrication of homespuns and linen.

All prisoners sent to Landskrona are under sentence for life. But no man lives without hope: a careful register of his conduct is kept; and if at the end of ten years his notes are satisfactory, he is released, under "caution" to work on some estate; should he be unable to procure a guarantee, he is transferred to a milder régime elsewhere, and released after a further probation of two years. The prisoners have constant employment, a healthy air, neither chains nor whips, hope ever before their eyes—a system more fitted to elevate the mind than the corrupting influences of the "bagne" of Brest.

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* A shepherd's boy astray in the forest came to a hut where dwelt one of these wise women. She was not at home when he entered; but a caldron was boiling on the hearth. The child was hungry, and, seeing a thick fat froth, thought the mistress was cooking pork, so he dipped a piece of bread in, and eat it. When the old woman returned she saw at once what had happened. She was not angry, but accompanied the boy through the forest to his cottage home, instructing him how to use the precious gifts thus bestowed on him. Two renowned men in West Götland are said to have acquired their knowledge in the same way; one of whom, Sven of Bregnum, received a visit in consequence from the great Linnæus.

† It was with Count Löwenhaupt's passport that Louis Napoleon obtained entrance into France, in return for which the emperor afterwards sent him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

A cheery-looking boy, with a roll of fresh-woven cloth, touched his hat as he passed by. (Prisoners in Sweden, whatever be their crimes, always mind their manners. At Malmö, M. de Stackelberg remarked, "Mes prisonniers sont parfaitement bien élevés.") We stopped to examine the stuff. Womankind grew sentimental—"Poor boy, what a shame!—how unjust!—what could he be there for?—such lovely eyes too!"

"Only for murdering his father," replied Count Löwenhaupt.

The words of Canning and the 'Antijacobin' flowed involuntarily from my lips:—

> "Needy Knifegrinder, whither art thou going?
> Cold blows the wind."

But my poetic vein was soon extinguished. Womankind knew nothing about knifegrinders forsooth! "It was quite evident that I had a taste for low society."

The castle of Landskrona, enclosed within vallums and four round towers, is now a prison. At the gate stands a small wooden barrack, from which protruded the body of a giant man—placed there under the guard of a sentry, to dispose of small wares, handiwork of the prisoners:—brushes with carved backs in ivory or bone (Sweden is famous for its brushes); little ivory rakes for window gardening. All is serviceable, and sold at prices quite fabulous.

"That prisoner," says our Asmodeus, "is a man of note, highly respected among his fellow convicts. He always did business on a large scale, never broke into anything less than a bank, and he robbed half those in the country,"—a pleasant and jolly good-humoured fellow as ever I came across. Why are wicked people so apt to be attractive in this world? Depend upon it, rigid virtue has much to answer for.

HVEN.

A fresh breeze, a fine morning, and the offer of the revenue boat, tempted us to embark for Hven. Wind there was, but ahead. Our course ran zigzag, like a pair of lazy-tongs.*

Hven was never a pleasant place, even in former days. We read in the early Sagas how there stood on the island five strong castles, inhabited by giants, the terror of the Sound. Awful are the legends of their ferocity, and an anxious moment it was for the shipmasters as they steered by. But more cruel than all was the damsel Hvene, from whom the island derives its name. Then came Tycho Brahe, with his golden nose, bad manners, and unlucky days;† frightening people out of matrimony and their senses; civil to few, our King James an exception. It was not etiquette for a king to praise, so James left that to his chancellor, S. Metellus, who inscribed in Tycho's album as follows:—

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* According to popular belief, neither rat nor serpent is found upon the island. Even if the earth be removed to another place, its presence will drive both vermin and reptile away.

† See 'Jutland,' vol. i. p. 309.

"Vidit et obstupuit Rex Hvennem Scoticus almam
Miratus clari tot monumenta viri."

Tycho was sharp in speech—had the "langue bien pendue," as the French say. Tage Krabbe, meeting him in the streets of Copenhagen, exclaimed, "Here comes Diogenes the Cynic!" "Why do you call me so?" growled Tycho. "Because you dwell, like Diogenes, in his tub." The astronomer lost his temper. "I cannot," said he, "compare you to any one wiser than Julius Cæsar; like him, you prefer to be first among fools, rather than second or third among the wise and learned."

But we arrive at the little wooden jetty, disembark, and climb the green slopes to Uranienborg. How different is nature from last autumn! On every side the eye reposes on green corn, green sward, green trees. The rye is already in the ear, a good sign, for St. Urban's day* is past: if the ear be not then formed, the peasant shakes his head and looks grave; for this rye-saint was a restless man, and his festival brings stormy weather after. Hence his name has become a proverb among people, and when a man is turbulent and restless they say "He is an Urbanus."

The sky and sea are blue; fruit-trees wave in snowy luxuriance; cottages of Tycho's time, with weather-beaten carvings, once the tenements of those very boors to whom he proved so hard a landlord, still stand unchanged. We stay for a moment at the ruins; look down a well, in which frogs, toads, and efts disport themselves; then quit Uranienborg.

The islanders are primitive; every man, woman, and child runs forward, proffering "god dag," taking us by the hand. We reach the church (the keys are of Tycho's time, ponderous as pokers)—a simple whitewashed edifice. Within is placed a modern bust of Denmark's great astronomer, but the building was one he never entered. There hangs the family group of a Lutheran priest, his wife, and thirteen children,—perhaps the very one who brought the charge against him of not having communicated for eighteen years.

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* May 25.

In an hour's time, with a fair breeze, we again reached Landskrona.

KNUTSTORP.

It would have been an insult to Cassiopeia, who shines so brightly in the heavens, had we failed to visit Knutstorp, the birthplace of Tycho Brahe.

A journey of four hours across roads in process of construction. Much has been done in road-making through the efforts of the present governor; and "Troïllisé" has become a household word in Skåne, as we use the term Macadamised in England.

We bid adieu to agriculture, pass through wild moorland and forest scenery; birch, oak, and beech, diversified by flowering trees and shrubs, wild-apple blossom, here extra roseate, French honeysuckle, bird-cherry,* and dog-wood; the ground one carpet of the butterbloom,* orchis, lilies, and primula. Rolling by Åxelvåld, an old Gothic manor buried in the forest, we approach an avenue; out start from a horse-chesnut two birds of radiant plumage, with wings of blue;† then find ourselves at Knutstorp, a gabled mansion of the 16th century. A sculptured stone tells how, in 1551, Otto Brahe founded this gård for his dear "hustru," Beata Bille, and their descendants.

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* Prunus padus (hägg), Hagberry of the Scotch. The wood, on account of its beautiful vein, is used much by the cabinet-makers in France. The bark is given to cattle as fodder in hard seasons. It is supposed to possess great nourishing qualities; hence the saying, "A hägg gives marrow to the bones."

The Förvalter,‡ a stout, good-humoured Swede in long jack-boots, led us to the garden behind the house, pointed out a cannon-ball encrusted in the brickwork—memento of a siege—and related how on that spot three rebel gentlemen were shot in the days of the Snapphanarna. Further on lay the farm-buildings of cage-work, built by Tycho himself, beyond which no marks of his reign can now be traced in Knutstorp. We drove through the woods to Kågerod, where, in a small white-washed church, peeping out from among limes and fruit-trees, is the sepulture of the Brahe family. From the roof hung a rood, concealed in which was found a small jewelled cross of crystal enclosing the hair of the donor. To the walls are attached square sheets of white paper, trimmed round with gold and silver lace. Within a wreath of fresh sprigs of juniper tastefully fashioned appear the initials of the departed, with some Scripture text enclosed.

In the Brahe chapel lies the gravestone of Otto and lady Beata Bille, Hofmesterinna to Queen Sophia. Otto Brahe, one of Denmark's first men, who died too soon to witness the confession of Bothwell, and to testify Queen Mary's innocence, sleeps in the vault below, turned out of his own sarcophagus by Admiral Ehrenschiöld to make room for his own family.* "Village Mortality," who had joined us, insisted on uncovering Sten, the son of Otto, dilating on his good preservation,—how he lay with his arms crossed in attitude of prayer; then dragged forth from beneath his head the pearl-embroidered cushion, a mark of rank (such as was found in Bothwell's coffin) among the dead of the 16th century. "Mortality" had the "Brahisketiden" by heart, as a village antiquary should have.

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* Trollius Europæus.

† Blå kråka—blue crow—roller (Coracias garrula).

‡ Landsteward.

On an altarpiece in the adjoining chapel are depicted the alliances of the house of Brahe. In the centre are scenes from the Old Testament: the Day of Judgment,—mortal men and women represented as rising from their graves in fashions of successive centuries.†

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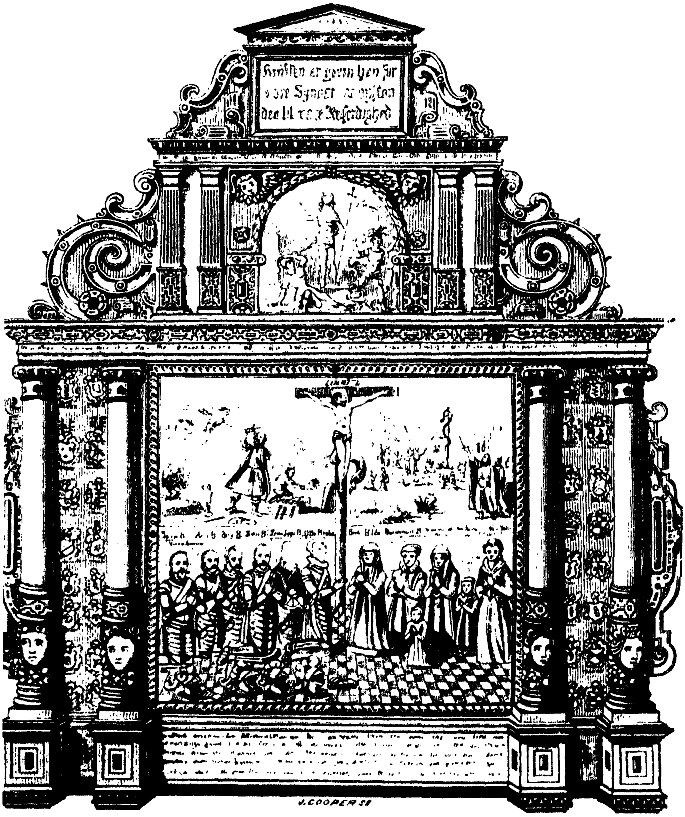
* In 1727 the wife and youthful son of Admiral Ehrenschiöld both died the same day of fever. The admiral gave them the most splendid funeral on record, attended by sixteen priests and all the nobles of the province. On the coffin of the lady was placed a glittering crown of diamonds and precious stones, together with a jewelled portrait of Peter the Great, presented to the admiral when taken prisoner in a naval engagement. After the coffin had been lowered into the vault the jewels were removed by two young ladies, and replaced by a garland of myrtle, as more suitable for the ghosts. It was to make room for the coffins of this lady and her son that Otto Brahe was turned out from his splendid sarcophagus, enriched with numberless silver plates bearing the quarterings of his house, as well as inscriptions and ornaments of the same metal, which soon found their way to the melting-pot. Sten fared little better than his father; and, after the lapse of a century, there is little difference between the state of the Brahes and their successors.

† In some other church we came across a similar scene, in which the



ALTARPIECE OF OTTO BRAHE AT KÅGEROD.

Vol. I p. 124.

At one side of the cross devoutly kneel Otto Brahe and his five sons: first Lerdi (the learned) Tycho; then Knut, Sten, and Axel—Axel who felt his brother's study of the stars as a sad disgrace to his nobility; lastly, Jorgen, the admiral. Opposite kneels the lady Beata, with her daughters, five in number, among them the learned Sophia. The face of Otto is injured, of Tycho's scarcely a vestige remains; Sten, who succeeded his father as Governor of Helsingborg Castle, a fair young man, resembles the astronomer in person. They kneel, clad alike in black armour, wearing across the breast a scarf red and white—Danish colours; while their plumed helmets, and mailed gauntlets ranged crossways, lie near them.

This altarpiece should be restored, instead of lying neglected and forgotten; but "nul n'est prophète dans son pays," and Tycho Brahe, the learned, was always ill-treated in his own native country. From the chapel walls are suspended fine repoussé sconces, used for early morning service in the winter.

Tycho founded a paper manufactory in the neighbourhood; beyond this he was far too occupied with things on high to attend to the peasantry of his domain, from among whom he chose his wife. Of her family nothing is known; among the wooden crosses in this village cemetery the name of Tycho is still a favourite; Tyke, and Tyke's dotter,—names, maybe, handed down from father to son in honour of the great astronomer.

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gravestones of the awakened dead were marked Stockholm, Upsala, Malmö, divided off into sheep and goats according to the supposed virtues or vices of the occupants of the respective cities.

CHAPTER X.

Drog jeg of Christian IV. — The village of Rous — Sven Fielding — Helsingborg and its lazy natives — Anders Bille and the English minister — John Innes the Scotchman — Christian III. and his tablecloths — St. Dunstan's tin potten — Fire-clay works at Hoganäs — Night and Day.

VOYAGE TO HELSINGBORG.

IT was evening when we quitted Landskrona, not this time by land, after the manner of Christian IV., who notes in his journal, "Drog jeg fra Landskrona til Helsingborg," and "could not cross the Sound for a storm; three hundred vessels lay waiting there"—the waters were calm as a mirror. We coast by the village of Rous, oft written Roos, and Ros, where, according to old tradition, Roland the Brave founded a church. A head carved on the walls marks the warrior's height, "eight ells and more." In this case tradition must come to grief, for in Roland's day Christianity had not dawned so far northwards.

More likely is it that the noble house of Ros in England derives its name from this small village. According to the early Sagas, here at the "os" (mouth) of the streamlet Råa (Ro) a viking once had his nest—Vikingänaste, and here founded a little fort of earth and trä—the origin of the village Rous.*

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* Some authors assert the Swedish Counts of Ros to derive their name from this village. This is not probable. The family in old

Some Vidrik or Harald til Roos may have accompanied Rollo to Normandy, and his grandchildren again have aided to conquer England under the raven banner of the bastard William.

Another English family of Jutland lineage first in this neighbourhood attained its celebrity, that of Fielding, so written in the earliest ages, even in the old ballad, where

> "Sven Fielding by vow in a pilgrim's garb
> To holy Rome would go."

Travelling through Germany, he comes to a castle where he is received by a princess, and treated with great honour: "she fancies him to be King of Denmark; she knows him by his kirtle small, sewn with red gold." Sven Fielding declares he is but a poor Danish knight—a pilgrim bound to Rome. On the morrow, seeing the brow of the lady o'erclouded, he asks the cause of her grief. Then she tells him how the land is ravaged by a giant who feeds on young maidens: greatly she fears her turn will soon come, for no knight dares do him battle. Sven Fielding calls for horse and harness: three hundred milk-white steeds are brought—not one can bear his weight, till a miller finds a horse of Danish breed, foaled at Sæby-lund (Landskrona), and the knight is suited: seven ells of gold and silk, five spans broad, it takes to girth his saddle. Equipped, Sven mounts his charger: "Bring me a lance."—"Too small, too small," he cries. They give him the mast of a ship. At the first onset both horses fall, the spears are forced

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documents are termed Tre Rosor, from the three roses borne on their shields, from which, when patronymics were first assumed in Sweden, they derived their name. On tombstones are frequently seen the names Jorgen, &c., "til Rous."

deep into the ground; at the second, the lance of the Christian knight cleaves the giant's helm asunder. Then the princess offers her hand to Sven, but he refuses: he has given his troth to a "Jungfru" in Österlands kingdom, and will not betray her, but he begs the princess to build a refuge for Danish pilgrims bound to heathen lands. Sven Fielding is the first authenticated Governor of Helsingborg Slott—date, some time in the dark ages.

Very popular is this ballad in Norway. It is told how, when three candidates for a vacant cure presented themselves for election, and each had in his turn delivered a discourse and then chanted a psalm, the youngest, alarmed at the superiority of his rivals, thundered out, by way of a coup d'état, in a sonorous voice, the favourite ballad of Sven Fielding. So charmed were the villagers they elected him at once.

On approaching Helsingborg the lofty Kärnan (kernel) tower, embosomed in trees, is seen frowning from the heights above, built, if you like to believe it, in the days of King Fjölnir, a century before Christ:—

> "Tempore natalis
> Christi turris capitalis,
> Helsingborg struitur,
> Velut inscriptis reperitur."

Such was the inscription.

HELSINGBORG.

Few towns have seen more grand doings than Helsingborg, when under the Danish rule: many are the marriages, many the ceremonies, all sung of in the 'Rhyming Chronicle.' Here, in 1403, did Erik propose to the council to grant, as "morgen-gaffue" of the

English princess Philippa, the province of Ramerike in Norway.* Nineteen years later Philippa calls together the council to make preparations for defending the three kingdoms against the Lubeckers. Helsingborg, now fallen, unlike those who have seen better days, is, strange to say, contented. Little improvement is going on: the manufactories, among which is one of chicory, are but few and small; the houses (two old wooden ones are pointed out as once the property of Dyveke) are good and spacious, with hanging gardens on the heights behind, commanding Kronborg, the Sound, with ships and vessels endless. From these hills above flows water on every side, pure spring water, collected in fountains below, while within the bank-side run long narrow caverns, in former days the hiding-places of smugglers, now used as ice-stores.

Nature has done much for Helsingborg, but man has done little—"Let us eat, drink, and be merry," is the motto of her citizens. They go no further; and if so be the fat of the land on which they thrive should injure their constitutions, they have every variety of remedy: —the "chalybeate health-spring" in the ravine below, containing more iron than Schwalbach; Ramlösa, too, with its waters; sea-bathing, douche, Russian, vapour, mud, and decoction of pine-cone baths†—these last a sovereign remedy for rheumatism; goat's milk, and ass's milk. What was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us, say they;—so they remain in statu quo, their golden talent wrapped in a napkin.

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* Miss Green, in her 'Life of the Princess Philippa,' expresses astonishment that arrangements for the dower-lands of the future queen were not made before the ceremony was concluded, and supposes that Henry IV., an usurper, was glad to secure so powerful an ally at any price. This is an error. Settlements in Scandinavia were always made after marriage, generally the following morn—hence the term Morgen-gaffue (morning gift). Philippa had no cause to complain; for the lands allotted to her were of enormous value.

† This cure from steamed decoction of pine-cones and juniper-berries is looked on as a special cure for rheumatism also in Alsace.

Every old acquaintance of Jutland has, in his turn, been Governor of Helsingborg. Stig Hvide (of the family of Absalon) married to the Danish Princess Margaret;* Thor Thott, that fine old lawgiver of Skåne, who held his assize upon a hög near Lund; Johan Oxe, father of murdered Torben; Sir Otto Krumpe, faithful follower of the second Christian; Peter Skram, who heard the mermaid sing 'Te Deum laudamus;' Peter Bilde, who lies buried in the church;† Otto Brahe, of Knutstorp; again his son Sten, who accompanied Christian IV. to England, where he got a bonus of 500*l.*; Walkendorf the minister, and Axel Brahe, Tycho's worst enemies; Christian Barnekow; lastly, Anders Bille, concerning whom is told a strange story.

In 1611 Jacob Spens,‡ English minister at the court of Sweden, raised a Scotch regiment for the Swedish service, thereby causing great offence to the Danish Government. On his return to England a passage was refused him through the isle of Zealand; as he approached the frontier he was set upon by two hundred Danish horsemen, his attendants slain, and himself badly wounded. The Swedes declare that Bille was among the troop, disguised; and the peasantry near Jönköping still sing a song on the subject:—

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* Their daughter Christina married Charles Sverkerson who was murdered, like the rest of them, by Knud, St. Erik's son, 1167.

† Ambassador to Moscow in 1558. Among other presents which he bore to the Czar was a water-clock, a new invention, which so frightened the Russian autocrat that he sent it from his presence, fancying it witchcraft.

‡ Founder of the Swedish house of Spens.

> "We knew you by your helmet, and by your charger gray,
> Ever prepared in time of war to cut and run away;
> We knew you, Anders Bille."

About this period many Scotch families settled in Sweden. In the church hangs the family group of John Innes, of "Skotsk Adel," who, in 1580, flying from the persecution of the Duke of Alva, settled at Helsingborg as a merchant; married the sister of the Biskopinna (Bishopess), and flourished. An elastic race are the Scotch: wherever they take root they thrive, and, like the Breton nobles, do not disdain to lay aside their sword and nobility for a season, again to take them up when their fortunes are re-established by their industry. One son of John Innes pined a prisoner for nine years in Siberia; a second, renowned as a botanist and archæologist, fought gallantly under the banners of Charles XII.; a third rose to great wealth in the town of Gefle. The sole representative of the family now remaining is the Countess Skjöldebrand, grande maîtresse to the Queen Dowager of Sweden.

The castle of Helsingborg was a favourite residence of Danish royalty, though never kept furnished; the furniture, according to custom, was sent from Copenhagen. When, in 1524, Gustaf Wasa came to Malmö, Frederik I. writes to Mrs. Anna Pud, of Mansdorp, to prepare the rooms for his reception. The inventory still exists: tapestry appears on the list; "herretapeter," noble tapestries, as they are termed;* stuff of Flanders, embroidered in gold and silk, such as turn up out of chests in old Jutland castles. But of these there were only two or three for the king's own room; the guest-chambers were hung with chequered blue and white linen. The furniture of the day, benches and tables ranged against the wall, was the fac-simile of that now used by the peasantry of Skåne. There was great luxury in bedclothing. The grandmother of Henrik Brahe, of Widtsköfle, is said to have possessed sheets of silk, sewn with pearls, a most uncomfortable luxury, only she never slept in them; they served for parade, and sheepskin for every-day use. King Frederik I. possessed only eight hand-towels of Flemish linen; they were eight feet long and five broad, and hung from the ceiling, like round towels in our modern kitchens. There was one of Holland linen, for his own especial use; when in the wash he put up with a commoner one.

Christian III. was very particular about his linen, and looked after it himself, as the following letter, addressed to the Court-Marshal Eske Bilde, will show:

"We, Christian III., Dei Gratia, King of Denmark, Norway, of the Wends and Goths, Duke of Sleswig-Holstein, Stormarn, and Ditmarsk, Count of Oldenburg and Delmenhorst, greeting.

"Be it known to you, we notice how badly the table-cloths are everywhere managed, especially in that place where we ourselves are personally present. Therefore we ask you and demand that as soon as possible you cause to be bought so much moderately coarse linen cloth as is most serviceable for tablecloths, and that of it you have made so many tablecloths as is need for all tables and boards at our castle of Copenhagen; so that there always may be sufficient of clean tablecloths to shift twice a week, according to the tenor of our court ordinance, and that the before-mentioned tablecloths may amply reach down over the tables and boards. Such is our will and pleasure. Recommending you to God. By these presents, Christian."

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* Maria Krogenos possessed three of these noble tapestrics. You still see them in old Italian houses, and in Sicily, much embroidered in seed-pearls and coral.

The castle contained but one candlestick, and that a brass one, for the king's own room; common people used lamps, for the feeding of which large supplies of whale and herring fat, nasty common stuff, were preserved in the cellars. When asked to dine at court, you brought your knife and spoon with you, as well as your napkin: the spoon hung by a ring to the belt.* The old song runs—

"He who to court would go
Must carry his spoon and knife in his pocket."

There were "noble trenchers" and "gentle trenchers," chiefly of wood, a silver cup for the king, and wooden stoups with rings† (St. Dunstan's invention) for the rest

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* This custom was prevalent in the provinces of France, even after the peace of 1815.

† Anecdote of the time when "England and Skåne had one king in common." From the 'Chronicles' of Fabri of Malmö, date 1043:—

"The Danes taught the English to drink more than was good for them, wherefore St. Dunstan, Archbishop in England, thought of the injury that might come of it, and had stoups, 'tinpotten,' cast with rings; [a] and let plain cast ones, and other drinking-vessels, be provided of the company. The living was good and substantial, meat and ale, according to the English taste. Bromton, an Englishman, in his Chronicle, speaking of the early Danes, says, "Daci a natura potatores fortissimi;" while two monks, under the influence of short commons, sighing after Scandinavian flesh-pots from their convent at Canterbury, term it "Terram Danorum voluptuosam."

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[a] Pele—ring measures. Even now the expression in Swedish is used, "I drink to the first pele."

When the moon was up we climbed to the Kärnan tower to gaze on the Öresund; a chorus of youthful voices rose in harmony from the town below; a body of grammar-school boys were returning from a botanising expedition in the woods, accompanied by their tutors.

HÖGANÄS.

We started on an excursion to Kullen, passing the far-famed battle-field on which Stenbock worsted the Danes, and sent them flying back to Zealand for ever—Stenbock,* who passed years of long weary confinement

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with such, that nobody should drink so much; and this Edward King of England sanctioned, and ordered that every one should bring (or use) such drinking-vessels."

On the margin of the manuscript is written, "We have now got in town, instead of ring-pots, great handle-cans[b] and glasses,[c] that feed neither the palate nor lips."

* February 20, 1710. Magnus Stenbock, one of the greatest heroes of his century, accompanied Charles XII. to Russia, was appointed governor-general of Skåne, taken prisoner at Jarninger in 1714, and imprisoned in the castle of Frederikshaven. The account of the barbarities practised upon him are somewhat exaggerated. Both Sweden and Denmark are overwhelmed with specimens of his handiwork, not one quarter of which could he ever have done during his incarceration.

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[b] Grebe stöbe, a great drinking vessel; stoup with a handle.

[c] Pass-glass—a glass with divisions in it.

in the castle of Frederikshaven, a-carving of small toys and turning of ivory; he was at first honourably treated, and often dined at the table of Frederik IV. One day he presented to the king his portrait, limned by himself, with the words written thereon, "Sire, let the prisoner go free," but Frederik did not. This portrait is still preserved in the museum of Copenhagen.

On the fresh-ploughed fields stalk flocks of the brown-necked daw,[*] enjoying a Lucullus banquet on the newly turned-up grubs. "Drive to Kulla Gunnarstorp," said we to the postboy. "I shall do no such thing," was the reply. "But you'll have a dollar extra for it. "I shan't go:" and he didn't; so on we went. Kulla Gunnarstorp, seat of his late Excellency Count de Geer, father of the Countess Platen, celebrated for its gallery of Dutch pictures, already or about to be dispersed, was once the "nest" of a sea-rover sung in the ballad as "Alle sits broken on the wheel: he shines in his white bones across the Öresund." Chimneys appear in sight, backed by black rubbish-hills like the "tips" of South Wales: in the distance rises the long range of Hallands Aas, a ridge which separates Skåne from the adjoining province. We enter a well-built village, planted with trees, begrimed by smoke,—up one sat a blue cat, of that race peculiar to Scandinavia,—and alight at the hotel of Höganäs.

The mines of Höganäs contain the only bed of the black diamond in Sweden; the coal, which extends in a

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The journal of his sufferings was found concealed between his boots, written upon small rags. Stenbock died 1717.

[*] Lycos monedula.

shallow vein almost to Helsingborg, is of inferior quality, and the working of the mineral would scarcely pay were it not for the manufactory of bricks of fire-clay. The fire-clay is found after the coal is cleared out; it is first cast into a huge mound to rot, then kneaded by human feet. This clay is of the finest quality, and hardens from exposure to the weather.

The artistic portion of the fire-clay works is under the direction of Ring, a pupil of Bissen's. Simple peasants, not educated artisans, execute these modellings. In the first studio a boy was busily engaged modelling a copy of Thorwaldsen's Christ, life-size, for some Swedish church. In a room above were spread out the various specimens of the manufactory.* There were fountains and vases for gardens; shields of Swedish noblemen, to be placed above gateways; every form of ornament, whether Gothic or Renaissance. In one chamber stood a chimney-piece, surmounted by a coat of arms, tapering to a finial,—such as we see in old Tudor houses; the design was rich and well executed. I inquired of M. Natt och Dag, superintendent of the works, the price of this chimney-piece, and found it to be 15*l.* sterling.

Natt och Dag—night and day: the name is singular, but one of the most illustrious in Sweden, and once stood third in rank in the Riddarhus, till the herald archives were consumed by fire, and a squabble arose among the nobles for precedence. In the early days of Swedish history a royal castle was besieged by a Danish army: though ill-provided with soldiers and provisions, it held out bravely. For fourteen days and more did the commandant of that slender garrison stand at his watch-tower, never taking one minute's slumber; "night and day" he was there. When relief came the Swedish king ennobled him by the name of Natt och Dag, and granted him arms symbolical.

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* All the splendid carvings and decorations of Marsvinsholm were moulded at Höganäs.

We purchased souvenirs of the fire-clay works,—tazze of graceful form; sabots, shaking mandarins, and trolles—trolles of the Kullaborg—in black clay, with red nightcaps, and boots on shoulder, to hold cigars or lucifer matches.

These mines, which were worked a thousand years ago and more, are now in the hands of an enlightened company, though, perhaps, the machinery in use might cause a Northumbrian miner to curl his lip.

Here are good healthy tenements,—schools, apotek, hospital, and church; doctor and dowager-doctor, pensioned off with house and garden. Everything is done to civilize the collier, under the auspices of the director, M. Sjökrona, a Swedish nobleman. The church-bell, if so it can be called, is formed of a triangle of Bessamer steel, struck by a hammer,—an old Swedish custom. We wanted to hear its sound; but as it is only rung in case of fire, the consequences would have been inconvenient.

Near the mines a public garden has been planted, tended by the miners themselves: within it stands a bituminous ash-hill, consumed two years since by spontaneous combustion; the planting then became easy,—it is now a verdant hög; a winding path leads to the summit, surmounted by a flagstaff. Ice buried beneath these heaps keeps for two years. Beer-cellars are in course of construction in the gardens;

the directors trust that, by furnishing good cheap beer, they may eradicate the taste for spirits—that curse of the Swedish peasantry.

We climbed to the flagstaff. In the garden below the colliers had sown a grass-plot among the walks, to form the name of Sjökrona, a graceful tribute to their benefactor. Towards the north rise a range of rubbish-heaps, now a dense wood of self-planted hazels. As we strolled through the gardens, where a theatre is to be erected for the workmen, and saw the crowds of happy, contented colliers and modellers, with their families, it struck me what an advantage it is for a company to be under the direction of well-educated, enlightened gentlemen, and how wise they are—not knowing what may occur—to take time by the forelock, and ensure the future wellbeing of the 2000 for whose social state they are to a certain extent answerable.

We dined and slept at the hotel; towards sunset the brass band of the colliers played before our balcony, varying the performance by a choir of Swedish airs.

N. B.—An Italian band-master is provided as their instructor by the company.

CHAPTER XI.

Erik's challenge to Robert Dudley — Christina Gyllenstjerna, heroine of the Blood-bath — Putta the witch — The Kullaman consulted by Waldemar the Old — Trolles of Trollenäs — Engelholm packed off to Landskrona.

KULLEN.

IT was early when we quitted Höganäs. We stopped for an hour at Kråpperup, the residence of Baron Gyllenstjerna, situated at the foot of the Kullen hills: an ancient "Örnesten" (eagles' nest) noted in history as early as the year 1000—a foundation of the Krogenos family, from whom it passed away; no wonder, if all the daughters exacted trousseaux like that of Maria.*

One side of the castle is seméed with large white sandstone stars, on a field of red brick,—heraldic bearings of the Gyllenstjerna, a house of Danish origin. The first-born Swede of the name married King Carl Knutsson's daughter: his portrait hangs here, with many of his race famous in history,† old acquaintances of Frederiksborg; the women of the last century, charmingly painted by Krafft.* In the gallery hangs a small altar-tablet, epitaphium of Lord Sten Stu-re the younger, and his spouse the heroic Christina Gyllenstjerna;—her trial before Christian;—the terrible Blood-bath;—the tearing of her husband's remains from the grave;†—the choice given her by the tyrant between death by fire, water, or being buried alive;‡—the treatment of her aged mother, the lady Sigrid Banér,§—all these passages in the strange, eventful life of Christina go to form a tale of horrors equalled alone by that of St. Bartholomew.

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* Maria Krogenos, grandmother to Tycho Brahe, the account of whose marriage wants and personalties equals those of the celebrated Lady Northampton.

† Among the celebrities of this house, Nils Gyllenstjerna, ambassador to Queen Elizabeth in 1561, made so brilliant a speech before the assembled peers, the queen spoke of it still, twenty-two years afterwards. Of the correspondence and despatches of Nils during his embassy to England we shall speak later. Erik XIV., indignant with Robert Earl of Leicester, whom he suspected of injuring his matri-

Sten Sture || is represented in the epitaphium kneeling in full armour, with a red turban on his head; the lady Christina on the opposite side. The motto runs thus:—

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monial cause, on the 13th June, 1561, writes to the minister Gyllenstjerna from Helsing:—

"As R. Dudley has prevented our marriage with the queen, you must at first—at peril of being recalled—let him know that we will not let him escape, and that we challenge him to open combat, in our own royal person, either in France or in Scotland, according to the rules and customs prescribed of old, and still among champions."

* David von Krafft, born in Hamburg 1655—sister's son to Ehrenstrahl. Like his uncle, he was sent to Italy at the expense of Queen Ulrika Eleanora. Although ennobled, he never took his seat in the Riddarhus. Ob. 1724.

† At the sight of which, Christian is related to have stamped, and to have bit at them with his teeth. The soles of the royal shoes are preserved among the treasures of Sko kloster.

‡ The sentence was commuted into the payment of a heavy ransom.

§ Grandmother to Gustaf Wasa, sewn in a sack and cast into the Baltic—saved by chance, later to die from cold and starvation in the Blue Tower at Copenhagen.

|| Lord Sten Sture the younger was Sture only in right of his grandmother. His grandfather Nils, who adopted the name, was son of Bo Natt och Dag, whose "fleeting" arms they bear.

"Oh Mater Dei, memento mei,
Me tibi, virgo pia,
Commendo, sancta Maria.
Testamentum Domini Stenonis Sture."

This epitaphium once hung in Örebro church.

Leaving Kråpperup, we drive by the fort of Mölle, saved from destruction in the Russian war of 1807-8 by a ruse of the commandant. On a sudden attack during the night he caused the whole village to turn out with pot and kettle, poker and tongs, kicking up such an infernal row, the Russians thought a brigade at least was there, and quickly retreated.

We mount the hill-side amid blue rocks clothed with gray lichen, thrift, and wild strawberry; higher still it grows more and more wild, the fresh mountain air delightful; in the wood bloomed a wild pink May; then came a gård, where we leave the horses. Out bounces the watch-dog, barking and tearing, to announce our arrival—round and round goes his kennel, a wooden cocked-hat mounted on a post, turning on a pivot, like a Danish sentry-box—a good protection for soldier or dog against snow, wind, and sun. The geese too are vicious, they hiss and attack us as we go our way. Small boys, never wanting in a mountain district, seize on our baskets, cloaks, and umbrellas, while those who can find nothing to carry run by our side, plucking nosegays of bright dandelions and deep blue orchis;* the white everlasting was there, and the rose-colour, too;

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* Orchis maculata—the virgin and devil's hand: so called because one prong of the root is dark and crooked, while the other is fair and white. When placed in water, the white hand floats on the surface, the black hand sinks to the bottom, clearly displaying to the ignorant the triumph of good over evil.

more beautiful still, the fairy campanula, nodding its head in time (as these flowers do) when it hears the church-bells ring; the spotted violet, and Our Lady's golden shoes, that mountain variety with its blood-red buds; but the Swedish child cares not for these, he likes blue and yellow better; they are his own true native colours, and these he sticks to.*

Here and there on a tarn floats a very snow-drift of the water ranunculus.

In one of these ponds, some centuries since, was sunk the body of a noted witch—Putta Långhake. In her lifetime she stole the holy wafer, wherewith to feed her swine, who did thereby greatly increase and multiply; but after her death she walked all night, trying to get it back again. So the peasants dragged up the body, and sunk her, with a stake pierced through her head, in the morass, where now the white flowers blow; and if the passers-by happened to shake the stake, they heard a voice from below, crying, "Pull it out, pull it out, and Putta will come up again." An unwary stranger did at length withdraw the stake, and Putta renewed her devilries. They now tied her to a cart, and cast her into a hole by the seashore, said to have no bottom. We scrambled down to visit this hole, the old shaft of a silver-mine, worked, but unprofitably, by a company of nobles,—Corfitz Ulfeld among the number,—in the seventeenth century. Our guide told how a sailor would once go down. He collected together all the rope in Mölle, and was lowered by his comrades. When all was uncoiled they drew it up again, and found nought but a bloody elk's horn fastened to the rope's end—he had fallen into the clutches of Putta.

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* The Swedish colours date from the reign of Erik XIV. Every vessel on passing Kronborg was compelled by treaty to lower its flag. The Swedes had none to lower; so Erik invented the yellow cross on a blue ground, as the most appropriate he could think of.

On reaching the lighthouse we gazed around. All was most calm and beautiful. The Sound before us, with some hundred sail. Rocks on all sides, some capped by cows and sheep, strangely out of proportion to the landscape.

The lighthouse, folks say, costs nothing to the government. The Kullamann tends its fire every night; and when he slumbers, the mountain sprites come down to aid; for these spirits are beneficent, and on good terms with mankind, from whom they often borrow tubs and pots in case of need. And if on Julafton you sit up to watch, you will see the Kullen mountain turned to rock crystal—raised on its pillars of gold; and the sprites in full festival, waited on by captive maidens who have drunk unwarily of the golden liquor, which burns the horse's coat, and is potent as a draught of Lethe.

You must be on your guard. Good Christians think it safest to keep the house on Christmas-eve, for the witches and the sprites troop on the heath,—some mounted on broomsticks, others on wolves,—and do their best to induce the unwary to drink from their unholy horns. According to the old song, "At the first draught from that horn, he who drinks forgets heaven; at the second, he forgets earth; at the third, he forgets his betrothed bride." Of those thus beguiled, the Trolles keep the maidens to serve them, but the men sleep on till the last day. One lies within a mountain cleft of Billingen. The peasants have seen him. No one knows how he came there; but every time the prayer-bell rings in the church of Oglanda, he turns himself round, sighing mournfully in his sleep,—for there he must remain till doomsday.

Who the Kullamann is we know not for sure: Waldemar Seier is said to have consulted him. One day the king was sad and out of spirits, but his melancholy passed away; and when his courtiers asked what had ailed him, he had forgotten all about it. He sent, therefore, to the Kullamann, some say a certain Krogenos, desiring him to divine his thoughts. The answer came. "The thing you thought upon was how it would fare with your three sons after you are dead. Set your mind at ease; each one shall be a king, but little peace shall there be among them."

The Trolles are especially dangerous to ladies who quit the house before returning thanks in church after childbirth. The lady Anna Rosensparre, wife of Anders Thott of Näs, forgetful of her unholy state, ran one morning to a hillock to watch for her lord's return. "He comes, he comes!" cried she, clapping her hands. "Run, Dortha; open the wicket-gate, and let your master in." The maid did her lady's bidding, but, when she returned with Anders, Anna had vanished, and no one could tell of her whereabouts.

Years rolled by; the lord forgot his grief, and married young Ellen Brahe. The castle was in full festivity, when a servant rushing in cries to his master, "Your first wife waits you in the ante-chamber. Come and speak with her." The bride would fain prevent Anders from leaving the banquet-hall, "It is her ghost—do not go." But a second messenger, and again a third, summon him. He goes, and in the outer room finds the lady Anna,—unchanged, unaged. Weeping, she tells how, forgetful of her unholy state, on leaving the castle, she had been carried underground by a Trolle, who, after many prayers, had permitted her to return home for a stated period. "You can release me," cried she, "if only for this one night you will place me in the bridal couch." But Ellen, jealous, hardens her bridegroom against his weeping wife. Time flies; Anders, sadly puzzled, gives no answer. The Trolle arrives, and, seizing his hapless victim round the waist, bears her away. The piercing shrieks of the lady Anna resound through the hall; on passing the threshold she catches hold of the knocker of the great door, clinging so hard to it the Trolle could scarcely tear her away, and, when he did, the marks of her fingers remained impressed in the hard iron, and there you may see them to this very day.

Näs from that time became a hot-bed of Trolles, maybe half-breeds; for in the next generation these "Wetters," as the peasants call them, took to borrowing clothes of the châtelaine for their wedding festivities. The lady had no fancy for sending out her velvets and satins on excursions underground; still, not daring to refuse, she begged they might be returned at a fixed period. The Wetters, like true Swedes, were unpunctual; the lady lost her temper, swore, and abused the little people. Scarcely had she finished her invectives when the borrowers arrived, bearing her best red velvet gown covered all over with spots of wax. "You villanous little wretches!" roared she. "Madam," answered they, "had you not spoilt our sport by your oaths, every wax spot on your dress would have been a shining diamond." The châtelaine gave her velvet gown as a conscience offering to the parish church, where it still hangs, wax spots and all; and from that day she changed the name of the manor to Trollenäs.*

The Kullaborg lighthouse is still lighted with oil, though gas has been introduced into most seaport towns, much to the disgust of the watchmen. An official, summoned before the commissioners, was asked his opinion of the new invention—"How does it answer?" said they. "Answer?" grumbled the man; "very badly." "Badly? But surely the light is excellent?" "Oh! as far as the light goes, there's no harm in that; but your gas will never grease my boots, and keep them watertight, as the oil did."

Having exhausted Kullen—fit site for a picnic—we returned to Höganäs, dined, and started afresh for Wegeholm, the château of M. de Sjökrona, rich in pictures and collections of all sorts. A river runs through the park. The garden, with its clipped yew and fir trees, is a fit haunt for the white lady, whose appearance bodes no good to the possessor. Then we made Engelholm.

ENGELHOLM.

A little town of one street, embedded in a wood, a whitened church standing apart in solitary dignity, around which the Rönne-Aa forms a half-moon. Such is Engelholm, alone known for its fabric of peau de Suède gloves. How the town got here, or why, is of itself a riddle. Outside, it straggles on, in an unconnected line of small country residences belonging to old retired officers, who fish, shoot, drink toddy, and talk over their old campaigns. An English naval officer dwells here for fishing's sake; wandering along the Rönne's banks with coracle slung on back, like those used by the ancients and still met with in Wales. Corn-exporting vessels of small tonnage are moored by the banks of the sluggish stream, alive with trout rising to the fresh May-fly. The Rönne has its source in the Ringsjön, haunt of the white-headed eel—a rare species, much sought after by pickling ichthyologists.

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* Trollenäs is now the property of Count Trolle Bonde.

We got lodged somehow—for in these parts the entertainment of strangers is enforced by law; and if the inn be full, the landlord billets you on his nearest neighbour, who is bound to receive you under a penalty of ten dollars. So, having time before us, we set about studying the early history of Engelholm, smallest of Skåne's corn-exporting cities, and read how it was founded by a band of Engels—not Angels—but Danes returned from Britain; and later rose to some slight importance in the export-trade. How it got burnt and sacked occasionally, and then revived again; till at last came the flying sand and buried it alive. This occurred under the third Gustavus, who ordered her citizens to disinter, pack up their houses and chattels, and emigrate en masse to Landskrona.

In earlier times, when towns were built of wood, despotic monarchs caused them to be packed up and sent flying across country, as we now send an orange-chest by rail from London to Canterbury. In Landskrona are old houses quaintly carved, with inscriptions telling how they were removed from Engelholm. When Landskrona was refortified government granted to the immigrants bricks and mortar free, and architects besides, to rebuild their dwellings bomb-proof. So great was the corruption of the engineers, the people were nigh ruined; and when Gustavus, on visiting Landskrona, first set eyes on his newly-built artillery barracks, he exclaimed, "What! is that the building? I expected to see it cased in ducat gold, to judge by the sums expended on it."

Then, wise in his generation, he gave orders to plant the sand-heaps where Engelholm had once stood. The trees throve, as they always do in sand—if people will only believe it. The plague was stayed; later, the imprisoned waters of the Rönne-Aa again forced a passage to the Kattegat. Then settlers returned, and a small town arose, whose burghers are ever in litigation with the Government. "The forest is ours," says the Crown —"we planted it." "Yes; but on our land," argue the citizens. So they squabble on, and nothing is decided. In the mean time the trees—birch, oak, pine, and aspen—increase in size and value. The night-jars* chatter, the nightingales and natt-waka† tune their throats; and we, having supped off filli-bunka,—a sort of curds and cream, paid our bill at the café for "twå muggar bier,"—tumble into bed, to sleep till to-morrow morning.

From Engelholm to Helsingborg the posting is "entreprenad,"‡ so there is no delay. We pass the "Torp" (farm) of a Skåne captain, one of the "Indelta" officers. The captains and majors of the Swedish army are not paid in money, but by an ordinance of Charles XI. receive a house and small estate, which they farm for nine months of the year—this custom exists in the Russian regiments of the ceded provinces of Finland. As roads and steam progress, these farms increase in value. The lieutenant is paid next to nothing; as for the colonel, he cabbages his regiment, as once was the custom in England.

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* Caprimulgus Europæa.

† Turdus musicus—natt-waka—or night-watcher. The song of this bird is heard through the woods the whole summer night, rivalling the nightingale in its melody. Though confounded by naturalists with our common English thrush, I strongly suspect it to be a distinct species.

‡ Contracted for.

Two postboys gallop up full pelt, without either saddles or stirrups: how they keep on their wooden shoes is a mystery. We drink of the cherry-saft, with Seltzer water, found in each Swedish krog, a cool and refreshing liquor, kept in the faïence stove, which acts as a refrigerator. Before the house stands a poor-box on a pole.

Once off, we pass Rosendal, the fine old seat of Baron Bennet, of north country lineage, and soon reach Helsingborg.

HALLAND.

CHAPTER XII.

Swedish Davy's locker — Legend of Axil's chapel — Halmstad — The Lady of Falkenberg — Burning witch-karl — Danmark's Lilya, where the three kings met — Arrival at Göteborg.

HALMSTAD.

THE steamer left that afternoon, and we on board bound next for Halmstad. Coasting by Hamilton-house and the green wooded cliffs, we come to Höganäs, take flower-pots on board, then approach the Kullen, in passing which for the first time mariners have, from the earliest days, got ducked—as on crossing the Line—unless exempted by a brandy fine paid to the Kullamann. On nearing this point the water becomes of a deep, deep purple, for we are sailing above Blaa-Kullen, a ridge of sunken rocks, where many a sailor has found a grave; so that in Denmark, when speaking of a drowned man, they say "He's gone to Blaa-Kullen," as we, in English, use the term "He's gone to Davy's locker!" You recollect our saying the Höganäs mines had been worked a thousand years ago and upwards, The truth of this is affirmed by an early Saga.

Near the Kullen, on the coast we are now steaming past, lies a small fishing village with a stone church called Axil's Chapel. A thousand years ago a rich widow, the lady Helen, dwelt, with her young sons Axil and Thore, at the manor of Stubberup. After rejecting many suitors, she bestowed her hand on Sir David, who, jealous of the children, proposed sending them to England to educate. He agreed with the captain "to lade the bottom with coals, and, on reaching the open sea, to fire the vessel, the crew escaping in a boat." Axil, on waking next morn, saw the flames around, threw himself into the water, and was drowned. The breakers cast the corpse on shore. Scandinavian heads in those days were good solid articles, which, when they bumped against a stone, left a mark behind them. The print of Axil's head you may still see; and on the spot where the body rested sprang up a well, whose waters never diminish, even in the hottest weather. The lady Helen, wandering by the beach, found the body of her murdered son, and built the church called Axil's Chapel near the well.

We run into a bay, turn round, and, with a spasmodic twist, charge at something between two boulder breakwaters, swing into a river, and are landed on the quayside of Halmstad, seat of an ancient duchy, of which poor little half-begotten Christopher, brother of great Margaret, and Knud Porse, were once dukes. Halmstad, capital of Halland, is beautifully situated on the Nissa, whose salmon, of a rosier red, fetch a higher price in the Swedish market than any other. A long walk by the river's bank, planted with trees, runs to the sea-shore. On one side of the square stands a fine white church,—work of a Lubecker, rebuilt by Christian IV. The iron mullions of the windows, fastened by fullblown roses, are grotesque: within is the chapel of the Wrangel family; the royal pews are lined with dark blue cloth, "powdered" with Scandinavian crowns. Observe the double apse, with open archways, standing on columns; the old clock come to grief, its works lying in a corner, like some worn-out disabled steam-engine. The building is dressed around with verdant trees, as for a village festival, backed by a grove of wych-elms. Jackdaws sit perched on the chimneys of the old Slott, now residence of the governor. In the garden centenarian cherry-trees are trained against the gateway; lilacs and spring shrubs in full bloom tower one above the other.

One gatehouse of the town remains, plumed by a lime-tree; and an old turreted mansion, built for Christina Munk, who here took the baths. Beyond this, and a lot of old striped tenements, there is nothing in the world to see at Halmstad—nothing to learn; but we would willingly have spent a week there, all nature looked so joyous.

On arriving at Count Hamilton's the family had just departed. Sperlingsholm stands near the city, in a park of English character. The house is modern, but contains many portraits of the seventeenth century, which may have crossed to Sweden with Hugo; perchance "la belle Hamilton" was among the number—those dark eyes are not easily forgotten. We were weighed, without undergoing which ceremony no strangers can cross the threshold of Sperlingsholm. Whatever be the superstition, our party contributed a most respectable number of stone towards the family prosperity.

We are now truly out of Denmark. (Skåne should be termed Sweden Improper: everything there is

Danish—peasants, buildings, language—all, save the university.) Halland is the land of the birch, the pine, and the aspen, a tree which, according to old tradition, did not shake more than other children of the forest until that awful night when our Lord was betrayed beneath its boughs.* As sinful men laid on Him their unholy hands, the nerves of its leaf-stalks burst with sad dismay, and since then it has ever been—a-trembling.

We mounted a height in the oak forest, commanding a view over the dark pine-woods below, and the distant sea. The ground was carpeted with bilberry and lilies—lilies in the first burst of flower and fragrance; Hydra-like, the more you plucked the more there appeared. Then drove back by the Köping † road to Halmstad.

The steamer remained that night at Halmstad, starting next morn at five. Scarcely are we under weigh when a brazen band strikes up a martial air; we wish it anywhere, turn round, and sleep again. When the boat stops at Falkenberg, of the passengers some are still slumbering. There was just time to discern the site of the old castle, with its foundation walls hidden beneath the turf. When Falkenberg was besieged, in 1346, the foreign commander fired the fortress and fled to his ships. But his sister had gathered together all her treasures, and concealed them in the deepest cellar; there she tranquilly sat down beside them, till the wall of the castle fell, and she lay with her beloved gold buried beneath the ruins. Her ghost, says the chronicler, "may be seen every night, accompanied by a hideous cock, watching over the treasure. The nightly wanderer who beholds them flees shuddering from the spot."

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* Populus tremula. The Highlanders retain a tradition that the cross was made of the wood of the aspen: hence it shivers mystically in sympathy with the mother tree. Gerarde, referring to its restless leaves, most rudely writes,—"It may be called 'Tremble,' after the Frenche name, considering it is the matter whereof women's tongues were made:" then quickly hedging, as if in alarm of the consequences, adds, "As the poets and some others report, these seldom cease wagging."

† Köping (market) answers to our Chipping in English, found in compound names, as Chipping Norton.

All on board rise in time to land at Warberg, a small seaport of fishing-boats and whiting: here we discharge cargo. Well-dressed women, in round straw hats, come down to meet the steamer, whose arrival, twice a week, is the great event of the place.

The tumbledown old castle is occupied by prisoners, maybe condemned to death, since all were engaged in carving tombstones.

Off again. The coast is low and barren. Our course threads through myriads of rocky islets, less dangerous than the quicksands of fertile Skåne. The hills rise more lofty, the rocks more rugged; the day is overcast, the heavens cold and gray as early morn. We pass the Hög rocks, where seals lie crouching in a heap, or swim clustered together, as though supporting an infirm relation. On the small islets cattle are turned out to browse; what they live upon—without water—Heaven only knows. This Scandinavian custom still prevails among their descendants in the isle of Sark—least "cassot" of our shattered Norman duchy. There they toss the sheep up on rocks—out at sea, almost pyramidical—leaving them to their fate, until they require a cutlet or a chop, when they shoot them from a boat.

On, on we steer by one continuous line of rocks—

rocks which on Easter eve at midnight blaze with lighted tar-barrels—hundreds of them, as far as the eye can reach—a custom termed by the peasants "roasting the witch-karl." Imaginary witches—those of flesh and blood met with far worse treatment. They first lost their hands, then their tongues, the roots of which were cauterised with a hot iron, and the amputated member nailed to the church door. Lastly, the unhappy victims were handed over to the purifying ordeal of fire.

After burning the witch-karl the ceremonies of Easter-eve conclude by each man devouring as many eggs as the human stomach can contain.

Various water-birds now greet us on our way: eider-ducks,* sea-gulls,† and guillemots; the great diver,‡ stretched out upon the wave like a cat prepared to spring upon a small bird.

We coast not far from "Danmark's Lilya," fairest of the island group, better known in history as Danaholm, once the boundary-line of the three northern kingdoms—a sort of neutral ground, where in 951 the three kings § met. It was on this occasion that Skåne, Halland, and Blekinge were first separated from the Swedish crown. The three sovereigns dined at the same table, each one sitting in his own dominions; when they parted, the King of Norway held the stirrup, the King of Denmark the reins, of the Swedish sovereign, as he mounted his horse—so say the chroniclers of the latter country. Stones with Runic inscriptions were erected to record this event.

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* Somalena molissima.

† Larus piscus, argentatus, and marinus.

‡ Colymbus arcticus.

§ Emund of Sweden, Olaf of Norway, and Svend of Denmark.

"Between Sweden and Denmark, by twelve men,
Six stones were erected and stand there still,"

says the 'Rhyming Chronicle.'

Now we pass New Elfsborg* Castle, or Göteborg's Brille (spectacles), as it was called when founded by the great Gustavus. Tordenskiöld (we are now in his waters) attacked it, but without success. The hills increase in height as the panorama moves on: to the right appears an ancient watch-tower called the Lion; next Langeborg, a bathing-place of wooden châlets perched on the granite where the sea is saltest; then follow the Dockyard, Arsenal, Carnegie's manufactory, with the schools and chapel of St. Bridget built for his workpeople. This is the only modern church in Sweden bearing the name of a saint; for though the common people put faith in elves, trolles, mermen, and all such hobgoblins, their creed does not include the saintly calendar; they are arch-Protestants, hate Pope and Romanists with a zeal most edifying, naming their sacred edifices after kings and right high-born princesses—as Gustavus Church, Sophia Albertina, and so on.

Small gondolas, with white awnings, fitted with a bulbous funnel, flit across the harbour full speed, like water insects in a microscope; then come timber-yards, piles of planks, and, lastly, shipping; more masts appear in the background, an army of steamboats;—bang goes the overcharged cannon from the vessel's prow—decidedly too much powder—shattering one's nerves. We gain the jetty's side, and first set foot in Göteborg.*

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* Whitelocke, speaking of Elfsborg, says, "The castle is not great, but strongly situated on a rock, and well fortified and provided. This was known by some of our countrymen, who, in King James's time, served under Lord Willoughby (afterwards Earl of Lindsay) in assisting the King of Denmark to besiege it, but were repulsed."

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* The King of Sweden is crowned as King of the Swedes, Goths, and Vandals: hence the assumption of the three crowns, which appear on coins as early as the reign of Magnus Ladulås. The law of King Christopher, 1442, commences, "The kingdom of Sweden has from Pagan times been composed of Swealand and Götaland."

The Gots dwelt south of the great forests of Swea and Kolmord, which extend across the province of Sudermania and the great lake. Gotland, Göteborg, and Got should be spelt by rights without an *h* (the last too ridiculous). The Rune thorn, *th*, was not used in the language of that people. By the term Vandal are designated the inhabitants of Skåne and Blekinge.

LAND OF THE WIKINGS.

(BOHUSLÄN.)

CHAPTER XIII.

Wik, land of the Vikings — Göteborg founded by Gustaf Adolf — Story of Count Wasaborg — Gustaf III.'s letter to his poor cousin — Isle of Sarö — Youthful volunteers — The Viking's grave and eagle's nest.

GÖTEBORG.

WINDING our way along the jetty, we pass by the chief canal to the square, where, mounted on a granite pedestal, stands the Great Gustavus, an effective statue; the broad-brimmed beaver, falling cloak, and long jack-boots tell better far in bronze than the uniform of a modern field-marshal. We are lodged at the hotel Stockholm,* a small establishment, and feed at the

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* Whitelocke complains, when at Göteborg, that "his lodging was between his feather-beds, after the fashion of the country;" nor does he like the stoves. He seems to have chiefly come across Scotch and Dutch people during his visit. His remark that "the town stands on a river, which alone separates Gotaland from Norway," sends our geography a woolgathering.

Ambassadors were "somebodies" in Whitelocke's days. While at Göteborg he never quitted his house accompanied by less than fifty gentlemen of his suite—very different from the secretary of legation and wretched unpaid attaché of the nineteenth century. Two thousand men turned out on the Place to salute him as he left; and "some of the complimental bullets came very near Whitelocke's head as he rode."

Restauration opposite: at first we voted this a nuisance, but soon learned to like it.

Göteborg, like other towns, is much improved during the last twenty years, though, sad to say, the row of trees planted along the canal's bank—last relic of a Dutchman's rule—has been destroyed. Still, if the town has lost its trees, the streets have gained in magnificence; every vista is terminated by the bold hills and blue waters, most attractive to those who arrive fresh from mild woodland scenery. Long avenues of trees have replaced the ramparts; trees, planted in a double row, cut into arches, through which rocks and hills are seen within a leafy framework. In the square, near the harbour, is held, twice a week, a furniture market, where beds, sofas, tables, of polished mahogany and birch, may be had, made by the peasants of the neighbouring villages during the long winter evenings. Save a few Dutch houses, Göteborg is entirely of modern construction; a splendid theatre near the boulevard, and a newly-built church of brick with tapering spire, do credit to the Swedish architects. Wooden buildings being now forbidden by law, everything is of brick—why no man can say in a country where stone abounds. On the Wenern are extensive quarries; but the natives tell you it is so hard to cut—such trouble to draw; so they fetch bricks from Holland and Denmark.

The early Scandinavians piled up boulders unhewn and rough; their descendants still do the same, and will till foreign zeal and capital be called in to their aid. The stones of the first Christian churches were moved by Anglo-Saxon workmen, and in later days, when Gustaf Adolf's Domkyrka was built, they sent to Aberdeen for stone, sooner than avail themselves of that within their reach.

To those who look on Australia and the antipodes as the only road to fortune, it may seem strange to be told that Sweden, geographically so near, opens a good investment for industry and capital. Yet such is the case, if time be taken by the forelock. The value of land has risen, and will rise still: estates which in Skåne sold, not fifteen years ago, for 100,000 rix, have lately fetched four times that amount; and now that a network of railways is about to intersect the country, new tracts will be brought into cultivation. The present commerce of Göteborg is chiefly in the hands of Scotch houses—Carnegie, Gibson, Seton, Dickson, and others—all of whom from small beginnings have amassed princely fortunes. They came, say people, in a lucky time; but the time is lucky for every man in Sweden who strikes out in a new beat—his projects will never be anticipated or interfered with, though his grandchildren may perhaps meet with competitors.

Two hundred and fifty years ago King Gustaf Adolf founded Göteborg. The old city lay higher up the river Göta, by Lödese. It was much frequented by the Dutch, who, jealous of the Öresund, hoped to plan a route through Sweden, viâ Russia, to Persia and the Indies. In 1612 Christian IV. of Denmark took the fortress of Old Elfsborg and destroyed the city; a year later, by the peace of Knaröd, the towns of Sweden were restored; but seven years elapsed before the castle was recovered, and then only on payment of one hundred thousand dollars. Lödese was already partially rebuilt, when the young king, struck by its unfavourable site, on an island of which the Danes possessed one-half, determined to found a city on the continent, near the mouth of the Göta Alf (river). Tradition says, how, when he stood upon a rock, puzzled what site to fix upon, a little bird pursued by an eagle sought shelter at his feet. "Aspice omen!" exclaimed the bystanders, after the manner of the Æneid. Gustavus, delighted at this presage, built the town where it now stands, and, wisely remembering that "two of a trade could never agree," he packed up Lödese and sent it by water to new Göteborg.

The chief citizens of Göteborg were foreigners—Dutch merchants hastened to establish themselves, and a crowd of Dutch boors arrived, doing much by their industry to improve the soil, introducing methods of making cheese and butter as yet unknown in Sweden. Abraham Cabeliau, known in the fishmongering world, from a cod* which still bears his name, was appointed burgomaster. Under his direction the town was fortified after the Dutch fashion by sluices and dam, so that the surrounding country could be inundated at a moment's notice.

These precautions were necessary, for twenty years later Christian IV., jealous of the young seaport—a "Nagel i Ojat" (nail in his eye) he termed it—sent a fleet to attack the harbour. The Danes possessed at that time Kongelf on the same island of Hisingen. Christian endeavoured to sail by Old Elfsborg under Dutch colours: the plan, however, miscarried. He then determined to besiege Göteborg by land, and the Swedes say that, while he stood reconnoitering on the mountain of Ram, the commandant of the town kept discharging two field-pieces, taking the king's body as a mark. Christian never moved an inch, or took the slightest notice of his danger. Gustavus greatly patronised Cabeliau the Dutchman—his family, perhaps, too much, for by Margaret, one of the daughters, he had a son, known later in history by the name of Count Wasaborg.

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* This stock-fish was prepared in a peculiar manner; the bones first extracted and the cod pressed tight into barrels without liquor.

All tales connected with that great great man are of interest; we will therefore pause awhile to tell the romantic story of the youthful son of Margaret and the great Gustavus.

The boy at first bore the name of Gustafson. His father handed him over to the guardianship of Carl Gyllenhjelm,* who sent him to the High School of Wittenberg to perfect his studies and receive instruction in all knightly exercises. The lad showed signs of genius, and, before joining the Swedish army, made a Latin oration on his father's victory at Leipsic. When the corpse of Gustaf Adolf lay in Weissenfels, on its way to Sweden, a youthful knight rode through the town upon a foaming horse, and, bathed in tears, begged earnestly to view the royal remains. The coffin-lid was raised, and the youth, after gazing in deep grief, turned and went his way, first striking his breast with his mailed hand, and exclaiming, "Now is it time that I also should be a man!"—This was Gustaf's son, a stranger in the world, but not without friends. True scion of the Wase, he was ambitious, soon rose to honour, was ennobled as Count of Wasaborg, with a Grefskab of two hundred homesteads, and Baron of so many places we won't talk about it. Oxenstjerna granted him the town of Wilshausen, and the castle of Hundlösen in Westphalia. Like all the "sido-barnene" (natural children) of that family, he bore the semi-Wases* on his shield, as well as the "crowned Cabeliau"—armes a little too parlantes. When Christina, who had loaded him with honours, gave to De la Gardie an office he coveted, Gustaf quitted Sweden in anger for ever. Retiring to Hundlösen, he died shortly after in a burst of passion. The queen caused him to be interred as a true Wasa in the Riddarholm church of Stockholm.†

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* Natural son of Charles IX., and consequently brother to Gustaf Adolf,—of whom more hereafter.

Time rolled on, and with it came the Reduction. His son, not only deprived of his Grefskab, but even of his estates in Germany, lived and died a peasant in a cottage near his old castle of Hundlösen. Of his sixteen children, one son, Anton of Wasaborg, alone inherited the high qualities of his ancestors Charles IX. and the great Gustavus. Anton passed many years a chained captive in Siberia. When peace was proclaimed the Empress Elizabeth, to mark her respect for his valour, gave him the sword she had herself worn on the day of her coronation. Anton, like a knight of old, returned in pilgrim's garb to his castle-gate: the lady Anna, his wife, set before him meat and drink: his hair was long, his beard ragged; she recognised not the husband whom she mourned as dead on the far distant plains of

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* The original arms was a fascine sable; hence the family were called "Storm Wase." Gustavus changed the colour of the fascine to yellow, since which it has been transformed into a wheatsheaf—the present heraldic bearing of the family.

† *The portrait of Count Wasaborg* by Bourdon hangs in the Upsala gallery—a fair, good-looking man, with long flowing sunny locks.

Siberia, till he drew from beneath his cloak the heavy fetters he had worn in the dark mines—smiled, and spoke!—Anton of Wasaborg ended his days in peace on the banks of Lake Mälar, but died childless.

In a small cottage, near the castle of Hundlösen, dwelt a peasant of bad repute, a drunkard and ne'er-do-well; his wife, too, bore an indifferent character, but was known throughout the land as the beautiful Joanna. With this couple dwelt an aged woman, poor and squalid, depending for her daily bread on presents sent from Sweden, and these were small enough. Joanna was daughter of a princess of the royal house,* who, to conceal her shame, had confided her offspring to the Countess Henrietta, sister of Anton of Wasaborg. The girl, spoilt by Henrietta, had come to grief, and ended by espousing the drunken husbandman; while the aged woman was no other than the Countess Henrietta. Baron Munster, hearing the story, visited the dwelling. There, in a small low room, lighted by one window, half rags, half glass, he found a coarse peasant seated at a rude table, while ragged children, dirty and uncombed, stood by the side of a woman, the beauty of whose faded face proclaimed her the fair Joanna. A third figure completed the group—that of an old blind woman of eighty, scantily clad, her whole appearance betraying the most abject poverty: this was Henrietta Countess of Wasaborg, great-granddaughter of the great Gustavus, to whom her wrinkled, careworn features still bore a strong resemblance—Henrietta! before whose feet, in the days of her youth and beauty, Stanislas King of Poland had cast himself and proffered his love in vain; Henrietta, the chosen and dearest friend of his daughter the Queen of France, now suffering need and want in this dwelling of poverty and desolation!

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* Probably Joanna was daughter of a sister of Frederik I., who retired under a cloud to Germany. When the lover next appeared before the king it was in fear and trembling. Frederik nodded to him as he passed by, with a "Bonjour, mon beaufrère." He was right—people who live in glass (bigamous) houses shouldn't throw stones!

Baron Munster wrote to Gustavus III., informing him of his kinswoman's misery. The king at once forwarded her 500 ducats for present use; but what delighted the old lady more than this well-timed help was his signing himself "Your cousin Gustaf."* He further assigned her a pension,—she did not require it long: before two months rolled by, Henrietta had gone to that land "where the weary are at rest." A white marble tablet in the church of Hundlösen marks the sleeping-place of the last descendant of great Gustavus.

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* Among the Gustavian papers at Upsala is preserved the original "brouillon" of the letter to the countess in the king's own handwriting. As a hint to the great and the wealthy how real gentlemen treat their poor relations, the author gives it verbatim, bad spelling and all.

"Stockholm, 21 Jan. 1777.

"Ma Cousine,—Si vous connaissiez toute l'attendue du respect et de la veneration que je porte a la memoire du Grand Gustave, vous pourriez facilement vous figurer l'attendrissment que m'a inspiré l'etat dans lequel le sort vous a reduit. Je regretterai toujours de l'avoir appris si tard, mais je serais inconsolable si vous douttiez un moment l'interest que vous m'inspiriez, et que je prendrais toujours a ce que vous touche. Si votre grand age vous permettait de passer en Suede, je vous offrirois un asile et un soutien digne de votre naissance. En attendant acceptez cette faible marque de mon amitié—elle vous sera renouvellée tous les ans, si vous voudrez bien m'indiquer a que et dans quel androit on doit vous le remettre. Si vous avez d'autres souhaits a former, je vous prie meme les marquer : s'il est en mon pouvoir de les remplier, mon empressement vous marquera les sentimens avec lequel je suis

"Votre cousin,

"GUSTAF.

"A ma cousine la Contesse Henriette Polyxene Wasaborg."

The commerce of Göteborg is now crowded up against one jetty, far too small for its requirements, but the authorities, awake to the necessities of the case, and convinced of the folly of messing matters, have caused a plan to be drawn out on a grand and liberal scale. New granite quays, founded on piles, are already in course of construction; and in a few years there will rise on the banks of the Göta Alf a city of great magnificence. The steamers from Stockholm and the inland lakes will then possess a landing-place of their own. The railway station is a handsome edifice, copied from one in the north of England.

A commercial seaport, its harbour bristling with shipping and steamboats, is a fine sight anywhere, but when favoured by nature, as this is, surrounded by hills and rocks and a vast extent of water, it becomes doubly imposing. Göteborg may already be termed the Liverpool of Scandinavia.

ISLAND OF SARÖ.

The small island of Sarö, at two hours' sail from Göteborg, is the favourite summer resort of pleasure-loving Swedes. Merchants there have villas; nobles come from inland provinces for sea-air and bathing; royalty itself favours the island with its presence; all etiquette is banished; the great unbend; and you see, folks say, more of real Swedish life during a two days' sojourn in Sarö than in twelve months elsewhere. Taking advantage of an excursion-boat, we screwed slowly along till we landed on the little jetty.

Very wild is this island, with its woods of pine and oak growing from out the boulders: oaks of primeval growth, hollow and scathed by the blast like Herne's in Windsor forest; rocks brilliant with golden lichen, tufts of wild pansy, ragged robin, and weeping fern. Following an avenue of flowering shrubs, we wend our way to the hotel, once a manor-house. Detached cottages and villas are sprinkled here and there; clean airy rooms, with open balconies, fitted with light moveable furniture, and cupboards wide enough to lodge a troop of soldiers. Foreigners have the advantage over us in furniture, far more convenient than in England. A bed; what an affair it is to take down a bedstead with us! a man arrives, armed with an instrument fit to draw giants' teeth, called a key, his time charged—3*s.* 6*d.* A wardrobe is with us an article born to live and die on the same spot, unless, like some runaway heroine of romance, it be let down by ropes from an upper window. Here, in the north, if you want a schrank or hanging wardrobe, a set of planks are brought, marked 1, 2, 3; in five minutes it is mounted; even the top, with us as heavy as the architrave of a portico, is dismounted and taken to pieces. In the Great Exhibition of '51 we had very grand things: Queen of Spain's jewels, telling of royal headaches; an Austrian bed, after Othello's taste, enough to stifle the occupants without aid of bolsters; besides raw materials of all sorts and species. But the intervening link was wanting: the furniture, the common household implements of other nations, were missing, and from these we might have learned much.

What is a bedroom? To one in England, compelled to occupy hotels or lodgings of an inferior class,—a stuffy, overloaded, inconvenient chamber, with guillotine window, opening in a housemaid's crack, certainly not, as elsewhere, a room to live in. Here, in Sweden, the bed packs up into a sort of stunted sofa; the mattresses are cushions, easily turned; all is portable, contributing to health and ventilation.

A room in the summer costs 1*s.* 4*d.* per day, and living is cheap. What makes the summer so enjoyable in the north is its shortness; the natives, wearied by the length of winter, cannot do enough to fête its departure.

Mounting a pile of moss-grown rock, into which the feet sink as into an Axminster carpet, we reach the summer-house, and, standing on a ledge, gaze on the scene below—a gloomy pine-forest, scathed on one side, shrivelled by the blast; the little harbour, with its black islands, like stranded whales;—beyond, the boundless ocean. In the foreground lay masses of rock, heaped one on the other like mountains in Grecian story.

Scrambling down we find the linnæa, not yet in blossom; then mounted to a cairn of piled-up stones, the highest point, where, says tradition, a viking lies buried, once lord of this rugged island. From the grave struggled forth a twisted pine and gnarled oak, trying in vain to free themselves from their thraldom. In the boughs of the pine a sea-eagle* has for ages built her nest. It was noted down two hundred years ago. Feathers both large and small lay scattered, and youthful vanity collected them to form an aigrette in a riding-hat.

Do not imagine this island to be without defence.

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* Falco albicilla.

You have read already how in each Swedish school the boys are trained to arms. It is now vacation-time, and here some twenty children, the eldest not yet fourteen years of age, have formed a camp, elected their colonel and their officers; we met the former, distinguished by three rows of lace round his cap. They bivouac under the rocks, sleep under canvas, mess together, and daily go through their drill, under strict discipline, like their betters, with all the gravity of full-blown soldiers.—The very idea almost makes one wish to be a boy again.

CHAPTER XIV.

Marstrand Castle — The "manet," or sea-nettle cure — Jonathan Oldbuck and the Giant's Pots — The "naked maiden" — Thord Bonde, and Erik the Holy — 'The Wave.'

MARSTRAND.

June 18*th*.—TO-DAY we quit Göteborg; our party is au grand complet; the Philistines turned up from London the very day of our arrival; even Vic, the terrier, who must needs go pup at Lund, has again made her appearance; and we are all ready for a start. Göteborg is a delightful place for boys; they can bathe, fish, shoot, from sunrise to sunset, go out and in at all impossible hours; feeding at a restauration, we farm them out at so much a day and hear nothing more about them.

"Have you ordered rooms at Marstrand?" inquired the wife of a Swedish Consul-General on board the steamer. No, we had not; she looked grave, but said nothing. A Swedish clergyman, out for a holiday, who, in open defiance of vestry, had carried off the church chest to stow his luggage in—a chest full twelve feet long, with iron clamps and corners, boasting a key which might serve as a walking-stick—opened his eyes and sighed for very pity; while two artillery officers looked up from their chessboard to the sky, as much as to say, "You see your bed-curtains, and very black ones they are too,"—then continued manœuvring their metal pawns and bishops. All northern chessmen are formed of bronze, silvered or gilded over; in old country houses you may see them of silver-gilt, rich workmanship of earlier centuries: be they of pure or base metal, their heads stick on their shoulders, saving a world of trouble and sealing-wax.

Now Marstrand castle appears in the horizon—very grand it looks too; then passing through a strait, we come to a long quay with wooden houses. Boats with sails wait to be hired; we were about to land, when down came a shower such as is only to be met with in Scandinavia. In England we say it rains cats and dogs; in Denmark, shoemakers' boys; here, more expressive, the idiom is,—old women and devils.

Land we could not, but the consul's wife in the mean time, pitying our helpless plight, had spoken to a Swedish baron, director of the customs, who telegraphed to some myrmidons of his own;—before the rain has allowed us to go on shore our luggage is safely housed. We soon rejoin it in a rabbit-warren of nine small rooms, fresh and clean, in a gray wooden house, with just enough red paint to lighten up its windows' eyes and look becoming. Nothing conducive to comfort is wanting: from tub and arm-chair to washing-stand, termed by the French "Lavabo," I will wash,—as though they didn't do so always.

We feed at the Restauration, perched on a rock among the wood, where a table-d'hôte is provided three times a day for two consecutive hours; people walk in and out as suits their fancy; price on a sliding scale, varying from 1*s.* 6*d.* downwards, according to the number of dishes served. To-day for that sum they gave us calf's-head soup, fresh lobsters as well as eels, veal cutlets, with vegetables, and, lastly, a sort of fruit cake, with vanille ice. The pickled salmon here is excellent, not served in vinegar as in England, but with a delicate white aspic made from a calf's head—a great improvement on our national receipt. Swedish ladies are not above saying their grace in public, ending the short prayer by a deep genuflexion.

To gain an idea of the island we mounted to the castle. It is refreshing, in this land of brickwork, to meet with a fort of granite, machicolated and architectural, but no admittance is granted to strangers,—some fungus ordinance of Magnus Smek still powdering in its mildew. "However," said the commandant, "though I can give no leave, I shall say nothing if you go." So, armed with these credentials, we bravely encountered a Swedish sentinel, full seven feet high, the showman of his regiment, who at first opposed our passage.

The castle of Marstrand, a first-class fortress in its day, is as strong as turret, casemate, souterrain hung with dripping stalactites, portcullis, drawbridge, guns with red carriages, and heaps of cannon-ball can make it: all worth nothing, say the learned under the improved system of military warfare. The building is no longer a prison; the cells in the rock-side were found damp and unwholesome. Those doves perched upon the window's eaves once formed the solace of the prisoners; such was the love borne to them they hanged a comrade on the spot who wantonly killed one with a stone.

The view from the tower's height is glorious: the island, small in itself, is defended on three sides by a natural vallum of rocks, which again rise in double and triple range; on the north side alone it is open. Most striking is this wild scenery, with small fishing-boats, and their white sails, flitting in and out among the channels. Marstrand has stood severe sieges in its day. In 1677 it was taken by Gyldenløve, after a gallant defence of three weeks under the old Scotchman Andrew Sinclair, who was allowed to retire with the honours of war. Again, in June, 1718, it surrendered to Tordenskiöld, an ignominious capitulation, for which the commandant, Colonel Dankwart, lost his head at Göteborg. The chaplain of the fort, Casten Rönnow, son of Parson Rönnow of Åhus, thus notes the event in the church-book:—"In 1718 no marriage took place in the island, on account of the surrendering of the castle to the Danes without any good cause!!! Nota bene!!! nota bene!!!" three times repeated. But if Casten Rönnow felt this degradation, the people were far from doing so. As Carl Gustaf once said to the Danes, "What càn it matter whether your king be called Charles or Frederik?"—so thought they; and it is curious to witness the turncoat spirit of the age. In the parish register all children born before the siege bear the names of Charles and Gustavus, while the governor of the castle stands and signs as sponsor. In July, volte face—Frederik and Christian are the names now—nothing else goes down; and Tordenskiöld himself holds at the baptismal font the offspring of the island blacksmith, and honours the christening festival with his presence.

Opposite to Marstrand, divided by a narrow channel, lies Ko-ön, or Cow Island, granted to the inhabitants for cattle-grazing. As seen from the ramparts, the small promontory on which the bathing-house stands juts out like a cauliflower's head against the waters. This island, a favourite promenade of the bathers, is rich and fertile, and contains several well-kept villas, with gardens open to all comers.

The "manet"* has not yet arrived, the "cure" for which Marstrand is famous. At Sandifiorde in Norway the jelly-fish are of greater size, similar to those we saw expiring on the sands of Skagen. In cases of rheumatism or paralysis they are most efficacious; though, if the limb retains any feeling, the process of friction is most painful, for these sea-nettles sting and burn like flames of purgatory.

Next morning I was accosted by a gentleman, who said, "I am the Jonathan Oldbuck of Marstrand; come, and I will show you the island." So he led me, nothing loth, over the rocks to view the Jätte-gryta, or "Giant's Pots,"† in which, says tradition, the giants cooked their food. They are circular wells, a fathom deep and more, in the granite strata, varying from three to seven feet in circumference, rounded at the bottom; they occur by threes, the largest lowest down in the group, and are scattered liberally enough along the rocky coast. These pots were once under water, for the whole of Scandinavia is rising gradually to a higher level. The old clergyman of Tjörn declares, when he first came to his parish, the tower alone of the church of Stenkirke could be descried from his parsonage; now, after a lapse of thirty years, the roof of the building is distinctly visible.*

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* Medusa aurita—sea-nettle—jelly-fish.

† These "pots" are caused by the constant wearing of a round stone under water. In a tanyard near Götaborg several were lately discovered, with the stones still in their places, polished and round, as large as cannon-balls. At the bottom of each pot was found a greasy substance like tallow, probably decomposed vegetable matter. The owner of the land affirms that the stones when first removed were light, but after exposure to the air became heavy—so heavy are they now, I could not lift them.

The rocks sparkle with mica, save in one place, where nature, in convulsions, has thrown up a vein of trap, volcanic matter, black, porous, and honeycombed, as though perforated by the shell of the pholas, worked by the action of the waves into armchairs and wild forms. The granite rocks are clad in gray lichen, but Dame Nature, who sees no virtue in sombre colours, has strewn the trap with one of a bright orange hue,—a most effective contrast.

The sea catch-fly hangs with her wide-opening flowers to the cliff side. Nakna Jomfru,† the fishers call it; but to discover the maiden you must first strip off her snow-white petals and turn down her green calyx; then she presents the form of a half-dressed female with black cap and outstretched arms; so, at least, says fancy.

"A maiden, in the days of the fairies, vowed fidelity to her sailor lover, about to sail forth on a viking expedition. Prayed she, 'May the elves of the rocks accurse me should I prove unfaithful!' When her betrothed was gone she received the addresses of a sea-pirate, who nightly crossed the channel to visit her, buffeting the waves as did Leander of old. One eve she ran to meet him, and there on the cliff she found, not her expected love, but the bleeding corpse of the sailor, who, on his return, apprised of her infidelity, had watched for the pirate, fought him, and both had fallen in the fray. The maiden stood horror-struck—as the wave rippled against the shore, a moonbeam falling on its crest disclosed for one second the ghastly features of him who had braved the waters for her sake, then closed over him for ever. The elves of the rocks, in punishment of her crime, and as a warning to all maidens betrothed to sailors, transformed her into this white flower, which hangs trailing down, to wait and watch, with arms outstretched, the coming of one who never will arrive to all eternity."

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* The north of Scandinavia is said by Swedish geologists to rise seven feet in the course of a century; the Gulf of Bothnia four and a half; Bohuslan, two; Marstrand, one; Norköping, two and nine inches.

† The naked maiden—Silene maritana.

We clambered to St. Erik's cave and well, where early Apostles preached the faith long before the first island church was built by King Hako. St. Erik's well is still noted for its healing virtues. My companion told me how, when a boy, he was sent by an aged aunt, on St. John's eve, armed with three heavy bottles, to fetch the water, with which she bathed her eyes. Each pilgrim drops in a small coin, or, if poor, a needle, to get at which offering the well from time to time was cleaned out, and so kept sweet. When Tordenskiöld took Marstrand, the islanders fled to St. Erik's Rock for refuge; and in a stone cavern, still called "the lady's chamber," the wife of a rich merchant, Magnus Arvedson, bore a son, who was baptized in the well's waters—a poet known in Swedish literature as translator of Ossian. Hard by grow the dwarf cornel* and other alpine plants. On the opposite heights of Cow Island rise the ruins of a watch-tower called "the Dane's View," mentioned in the Sagas as early as the days of Hako, foster son of our own king Athelstan.*

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* "Cornus svecica." The red leaves are considered to possess tonic qualities, and to increase the appetite; hence its Gaelic name "Lus a chrasis"—plant of gluttony.

Erik the Holy is, above all others, the patron saint of Sweden, a crowned king of the noble house of Bonde, which has given six monarchs to the land.† The founder of the race was a native of Götaland, named Thord. Exceeding in riches and honours all free men of his time, he disdained to assume the title of Jarl, so proudly took the name of Thord the Bonde (yeoman). His grandson was the renowned St. Erik, whose head became the armorial bearings of Stockholm, and whose banner, like the Danish Dannebrog, was alone brought into the field when the country was in danger.

At night, when the moon was up, we again climbed the heights, a fisher-boy our guide, to watch her beams playing over the waters. As we passed by a deep ravine the lad shuddered. "Do not go there," he cried, "it is unholy ground—Steglevic—a sort of gallows-bay;" and he points out a black spot among the greensward where no grass will grow. Here three witches were burnt in the last century; and serve them right too, for, when placed together in the scales, they weighed not 100 lbs. between them—could any proof be more conclusive? Suicides are there interred, and malefactors left to rot—skulls and cross-bones still lie bleaching on the rocks. Having no inclination for such ghostly neighbourhood, we bent our way back again.

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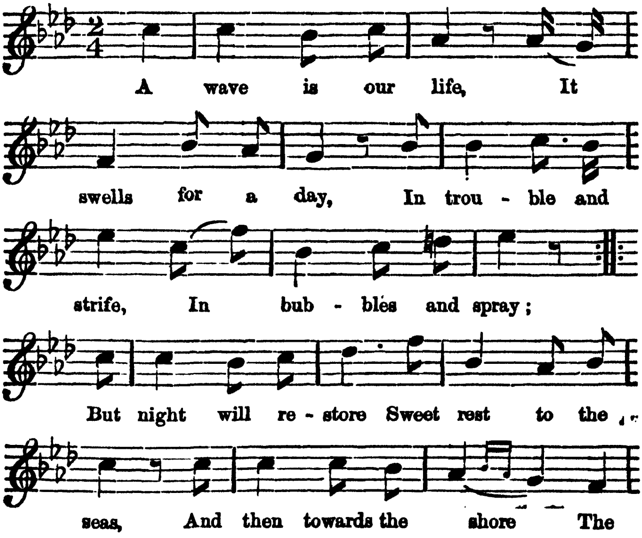
* Harald of Norway, wishing to insult the English king, sent his natural son Hako under the care of an officer to England. The messenger set the child on the knee of Athelstan, and said, "Harald commands you to nourish his illegitimate offspring;" for, says the historian Snorre, "he who educated another man's child was looked on as inferior to him in dignity." King Athelstan was about to slay the boy, but, listening to the better dictates of his nature, he educated the son of Harald, so strangely brought to him, and young Hako's baptism was the planting of the first seeds of the Christian faith in Norway.

† Erik the Holy, ob. 1160; Knud, 1195; Erik II., 1216; Erik III., 1250; John I., 1222; Carl Knudsson, 1470.

The Upsala students had assembled on the promenade below; their voices rose fresh and clear, chanting that favourite melody of the coast, 'The Wave,' a description not of the wild billow of the ocean, but of the sea as it here is, imprisoned among the fiords and islands of the coast of Sweden.

THE WAVE.*


A wave is our life, It
swells for a day, In trou - ble and
strife, In bub - bles and spray;
But night will re - store Sweet rest to the
seas, And then towards the shore The

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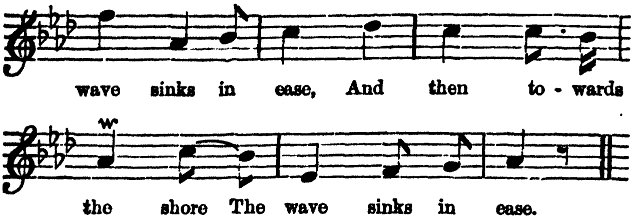
* Translated by C. E. Widell, member for Marstrand.


wave sinks in ease, And then to - wards
the shore The wave sinks in ease.

A wave is our life,
  It swells for a day,
In trouble and strife,
  In bubbles and spray;
But night will restore
  Sweet rest to the seas,
And then towards the shore
  The wave sinks in ease;

And there it will sleep
  At rest in the blue,
Till it rise from the deep,
  As softly as dew.
No more in the flow,
  Though born of the foam,
It reflects the bright glow
  Of God and its home.

"A poor place, Marstrand, a barren rock," said the frequenters of Sarö, quite forgetful of Kö-ön. "A dull little island, Sarö," cried those of Marstrand.—We agree with neither one nor the other.

CHAPTER XV.

Paternoster Rocks — Othorno of Ossian — Fingal and proud Starnö — Alf and the Scots — The burying-place of Thor — Queen Ulrika's gold cradle — St. Olof's voyage — Blåkulla, the Gormaal of Ossian — The fair Walborg — Lysekil — Legend of the last priest of Wiken.

ISLAND OF TJÖRN.

WE quitted Marstrand with regret, a place noted down in Hope's golden calendar to visit once again. Steamed past the Cow's five "Mouths," which, gaping wide, suck in the breakers, as though athirst; pass by the Paternoster* rocks, so feared in olden times by mariners, who, at the sight of them, fell on their knees to pray, forgetful, or perhaps untaught, how "Ora et labora" should be man's motto. Small crosses, planted on the granite, tell sad tales; and, if you care to listen, each sailor will spin a yarn about some favourite tragedy. In the small church of Klädsholm, itself a landmark, hang little models of boats, or pots more useful still.

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* Whitelocke mentions these Paternoster rocks, "so called for that the dreadfulness of them puts the passengers in mind of saying their prayers; and surely, that coast and country, being full of huge, tall, craggy, numberless company of rocks, especially at that time of the year, and scarce anything else to be seen, yielded a prospect full enough of dread and terror. Then stories of monstrous fishes in this sea—some in the shape of giants—rising to the top of the water, coming to a ship's side, and snatching away men from the decks to the bottom of the sea. Then multitudinous tales of witches, and other dismal stories, neither persuade much credit, nor readiness to go thither to inquire into the truth of them."

In churches on the wild sea-waste, far removed from human dwelling, iron and copper pots may still be found, thankofferings from grateful hearts; the church doors stood open, a refuge for those flung shipwrecked on the beach; and fuel was placed beside, that whoso sought shelter might prepare "warm food, and pray for the soul of the giver."

Now comes the *isle* of Tjörn, the Otorno of Ossian—Otorno in Lochlin,* "Land of the Waters." "Island of Waves and Storms" again the poet calls it, and Kumlens O—"Island of Cairns;" while about it he might have said "Scotch cairns," for they are heaped above the bones of his own countrymen.

Here long ago King Alf had his castle upon the Borge Berg, in the domains of Stordal, living for ever in warfare with the Scots. On one occasion they landed near Hummersund, and, advancing towards Alf's castle, endeavoured to storm it; Alf, sallying forth, drove back the enemy to the west, near Hoga. In both these places are numerous cairns, found to contain burnt bones and rusty iron, remains of the hostile Scots. At Hoga there were once eighty, but many have been destroyed; the largest, where the leader was interred, bears the name of Köngs-hugen. Round stones upon the hill mark the flight of the Scots from Hoga to their vessels at Hummersund, where they were again cut down at Mard-rik—the "Land of Murder."†

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* Ossian mentions three kings of Lochlin—Annir, his son Starnö, and grandson Suaran. In Irish annals the Sea-kings are termed Lochlinach. In 852, when Olof King of Lochlin came to Erin, the Northern adventurer submitted to his yoke, the Irish paid him tribute, and he reigned in Dublin.

† Proud Starnö, says an old Scotch song, could not forgive the suc-

The islanders in the days of herring fishery were well to do; still in the peasants' houses are found large silver drinking-cups—relics of good days gone by. In the fourteenth century Alexander III. of Scotland founded a church here; the natives declare Thor to be buried, along with his gold hammer, hard by Märkesten, and tell how, on his grave, there once stood a Runic stone, now embedded in a cellar wall; but Thor, in Scandinavia, has more burial-places than cats have lives. The women are fair; even Ossian sings of "Strinandavine, fairest maid of Otorno:" but they are very superstitious, fear not only the evil eye, but an "ond tonga," which don't signify scandal or words of hate and malice, but kind words coming from a bad mouth. If by chance you meet a comely matron or freshfaced girl, and exclaim, "By Jove, what a pretty

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cesses of Fingal, so he asked him to come over and hunt in the Swedish woods, and offered him his daughter in marriage. Fingal arrived with his men at arms. The son of the snow had already determined on his death, and had set ambushes for him in the forest. Azandika—she of the snow-white heart—saw the hero and loved him. She sighed after him in secret; coming with her melancholy eyes, she addressed the King of Morvan thus: "Fingal, trust not the son of the snow. In the wood lie his champions awaiting thee. Beware! but save me from my father's wrath, oh king of the stormy Morvan!" Fingal, undaunted, conducted his heroes to the wood, the murderers rush forward to seize his sword, but fall beneath the weapon of the hero.

Outside the hill Starnö and the sons of the mountain are gathered in solemn assembly. The eyebrows of the king are as a frowning cloud, his eyes dark as the night. "Bring hither," he cries, "Azandika to the King of Morvan. Her hand is stained with the blood of my people; her words have caused it." The maiden is led forward sighing deeply. Starnö pierces her side with the cold steel; she falls like a snow-flake to the earth.

Fingal looked at his warriors and his men-at-arms. They slew Starnö and his people. Fingal took the pale maiden in his fast-sailing ship; her grave was dug on the shore of Ardwen; the sea roars around Azandika's dark resting-place.—Not at all to the credit of Fingal.

woman!" the husband or mother pursues you with deep alarm, crying and imploring, "Kiss her, sir, do, I beg you, and remove the spell." If you refuse, the husband, in a passion, armed with a club, vows angrily, "You shall not stir an inch till you have kissed my wife;" and you must fain obey.

"Land of thieves" a modern poet might term it, for Tjörn in the last century bore an evil repute, not as yet forgotten. One stormy night in 1720 a vessel from Hesse, laden with the goods of Frederik I., stranded at Herrön, in Klofdedal. Among the valuables was a golden cradle set with precious stones, present from a German princess to Queen Ulrika Eleanora. The natives murdered the crew, plundered and sank the vessel. Michael Kock, parson of the island, not only kept the crime secret, but accepted a richly wrought walking-stick—part of the spoil. This stick he used at Stockholm when there as member of the Diet. King Frederik, recognising his property, proved his right to it by disclosing a hiding-place wherein lay a rouleau of ducats. Kock now confessed how the golden cradle so regretted by the queen had been stolen by a farmer in Stordal. Troops were despatched. The news preceding their coming, the cradle was quickly buried, and they found nothing. Some years later the robber, on his death-bed, confessed where the cradle lay, begging the parson to restore it to the queen; scarce had the clergyman left, when, repenting of his avowal, he rose, and, crawling to the spot, removed the treasure from its hiding-place. After the farmer's death the parson dug for it, but in vain—the cradle still lies hidden. This story is a sore subject with the islanders; and to this day, when a neighbour would chaff a Tjörner, he cries out, "Who stole Queen Ulrika's 'Guld-Wagga?'"

Blown on by the spirit of freedom, a tough one too, the boat dances and gambols, from sheer lightheartedness. Some folk call this motion. Man made the boats, but God the waves. He made those billows for us to ride across sea on—ocean's white horses;—but folks will be sea-sick, so enough. On we go, passing by fishers' huts, the moss and long grass growing on the thatched roofs the only verdure visible. These islands were wooded once—so say the Swedes—until the Danes laid waste the forest: the Danes accuse their neighbours of the same handiwork in North Jutland,—both telling fibs. We reach Kyrkesund, a flourishing village, its greatest house a yellow one; mountains of whiting and cod lie split on the rocks a-drying. On high, above the rocks, stand four piles of brickwork called St. Olaf's Vårdar; there were six once, but two have fallen down. St. Olaf and his brother Harald, making for the shores of Norway, laid a wager that he who arrived there first should be king; but cried Harald, "We will change vessels: the 'Ormen' (Serpent) is so quick, the 'Oxen' she sails so slow." Olaf agrees; off they set; but the saint stayed to hear mass before he started. Harald, sure of victory, exultingly led the way across the open sea; St. Olaf, when he came to Kyrkesund, dashed unscathed across the rocks scarcely covered by the foaming breakers, outstripped his brother, and gained the crown of Norway. He erected the six small watch-towers in memory of the miracle; and if you wish to know more, there is a ballad on the subject two hundred stanzas long.

Further on in our course lies Blåkulla, an island hill apart, called by Ossian Gormaal, a rock of bad repute, whither the witches fly on Easter Thursday to—dance with the devil, who there entertains them till the next Saturday. Horse-taming is the fashion now-a-days, and for ten guineas each man may learn the art; still I doubt if in all London town there be an old woman who knows how to "Rareyfy" a broomstick: she may sit on it astride, tom cat behind; but mount in the air it will not, to Blåkulla or elsewhere, unless she first anoint it from a horn she should wear, as we do flasks, filled with oil of frogs and toads, feet of newts and vipers—an archi-diabolical mixture; this operation over, off she flies up the chimney, through the air—to the moon, if she wishes it.

Wild and stern is the scene around. A stranger points out a hole in the rock where was discovered a viking's hoard. Mounting to the paddle-box, we there take our seats to see the boat squeeze through an outlet; just room to pass—no more.

We stop at Mollsund. Ugh! what a smell! the oil of herrings boiling. Gullholmen next, a village on the rocks, a perfect study for an artist who really paints, and does not splash his colours about his paper in old fogy style, calling it "effect." The houses are of wood, built on stone piles overhanging the water; then there is a red church, surmounted by a vane which knows no rest; and a tree, the one tree of the island; fish of all kinds, stretched on frames to dry, cover even the rocks; fishwives in sombre black clothing; girls in blue aprons and bare legs beating linen; men in tarpaulin hats, coalheaver-cut; boys half naked, fresh returned with their boats full laden—all in full activity.

To the right of Gullmars fiord lies Dragsmark, where a dragon keeps watch over a silver vessel concealed in the Skata mountain; but the spot is more famous for the story of fair Walborg, Ingemar's daughter, of the royal blood of Harald Gille. She was loved by her cousin Sir Axel, and returned his passion. While Axel fought in the army of the German Emperor her hand was sought by Hako, the king's son, who, failing in his suit, procured the dissolution of her betrothal with Axel by virtue of an old law forbidding the marriage of those "related in baptism," which signifies that Axel and Walborg had been held together at the same font when christened. Walborg retired to the convent of St. Mary, with love unchanged; as the old ballad runs,—

> "She took the red crown in her hand,
> And laid it on the stone;
> Now will I ne'er to man be wed,
> But die a maid alone."

Axel served the king who had wronged him, and avenged that monarch's death when he fell. Wounded at Leire, his body was brought to the cloister-gate; once more he saw his love, then expired. Walborg gave all her possessions to St. Mary's church. Her grave, covered by a square stone, is still pointed out in the west aisle of the ruined edifice. From it was taken, some years since, a finger-ring of bronze, adorned with a stone, and the initials interlaced, A. W.* This story forms the subject of one of the most beautiful poems of Ohlenschläger.

At length we near the sea-bathing village of Lysekil, where we land. "Do you want lodgings?" inquires an old lady, in good English. "Are you strangers? Can

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* King Hako, repenting of his cruelty, caused the church of St. Mary to be rebuilt in fair Walborg's honour.

I be of any service? What! going on? Come and see the bathing-house, then; you will have time." So we did, running the gauntlet of the one row of houses, followed by a tribe of urchins, offering nosegays of double pink daisies and förgät mig ej. Lysekil is a small, quiet place; good sojourn for an Oxford youth reading for impending "Little go;" fine healthy air; boating, fishing, and swimming for recreation; duck-shooting, too, if he have skill and leisure—we counted four-and-twenty eiders, with their black young, on a neighbouring rock. Lobsters are here in plenty; a cutter moored in the harbour will sail to-morrow, laden therewith, for London.

Coasting by Malmö, whose quarries furnish granite for Göteborg and Copenhagen, we again come to "fast land," and by Gräfvarne fiord pass cutters laden with bricks, and mackerel-boats by the hundred just put out to sea. The villages now have an air of great prosperity, with small harbours of their own. A new chart of the coast has been lately planned; cocks, initial letters, and other strange devices are painted on the rocks—hällristningar for future ages, if not washed away. We then steam through the Sote fiord by a small Dannemark, stopping under a beetling cliff at the village of Fjällbacka, the home of many sea-captains,—a little port, which sends every year some thirty vessels laden with oats to England.

Hard by is a reef of rocks called Skärjärd: when the sea is calm one small crag now rises uncovered above the water, but when the waves run high you see it not: this is called Gudmund's Reef, and thereby hangs a story belonging to the time when Romanism was first suppressed in Sweden.

A hard wind was dashing the waves against the shores of Fjällbacka, as the Roman Catholic priest called Gudmund stood in a sailing-boat near the beach, about to quit his native land for ever. A countless multitude had assembled on the shore to hear his last sermon. When he had stowed away his riches in the boat, and everything was ready, he stepped ashore and delivered his farewell address, cursing Luther, defending the sanctity of the Pope and the only true Church,—finishing his sermon with these words:—"If the doctrines which I have preached to you be not the true ones, may I be crushed against the very first rocks I come to!" Then Gudman embarked with all sails set. But lo! it happened that the boat struck upon a sunken rock not far off, and he perished in a moment before the eyes of the people.

Having stared at rocks and sea for wellnigh nine mortal hours, I now fell asleep until we arrived at Strömstad.

CHAPTER XVI.

Norway — The rod of Good Friday — Frederikshald, the death-place of Charles XII. — Opening of his coffin — Opinion of the learned — Everlasting, stained by the king's blood — Tale of the Dal.

FREDERIKSHALD.

June 21*st.*—THE Philistines wished they had been in Norway, "just to say they had been there;" so, mindful of Sheridan's advice to his son, and fearful they might adopt it, we again embarked and made for Frederikshald. Scarcely had we left the bay of Strömstad, and passed by Koster isle, renowned for its shipbuilding, when the coast of Norway richly wooded with pine and birch appears in view—we enter the Swinesund, Norway on one side, Sweden on the other. Vessels of large calibre sail up this Sound to Frederikshald, for great is the depth of water.

Stunted and lowly the dwarf birch struggles forth among the rocks, as from a shoe which pinches; the very breezes whip off the buds, searing its twigs from spite; the cattle tread it under foot; all nature seems in league against it. Once the tree rose proud and stately, a golden queen, far outtopping in height and grandeur the silver rival which has since usurped her place—until that fatal day when the rod with which our Lord was scourged was plucked from its branches; from that time it creeps dwarf-like along the ground in wild moors and barren places, ill-treated alike by cattle and by elements—the accursed "Lång Fredags ris," or rod of Good Friday.

As we go on, two curling streams of smoke rise from a saw-mill, one blue, one white, science adding by her steam propellers a new colouring to the landscape. Boatloads of peasants float by in their barges, singing songs, not very melodious, about the "mermen of the fiord," who, unlike the syrens of the open sea, are harmless and innocent: when taken by the fishermen they are mute, and only show their longing for their native rocks and waters by sad looks and the big tears which stream down from their large round eyes: on this account men do not torment them, but quickly cast them back into the fiord. Frederiksten now appears towering to the right behind an island, round which we circuit and land on the pier of Frederikshald.

We climb to the castle, a fortress of vast extent—once the frontier defence of Norway; and walk through the courts. Above the gateways appear the ciphers of the Danish kings: Frederik III., who gave his name, and nothing else, to the loyal city of Halden; Frederik V. in bas-relief, of white marble, all laurels and trophies; then, later, Christian VII. The Swedes, unlike the French, with their Places Louis Quinze, Nationale, Royale, Impériale, their Bourbon-Vendée, Napoléon-Vendée, and Vendée something else, have too much dignity to change the name, or erase ciphers and crowns. "You built it," say they; "so much the better for us; we've got it, and are satisfied." From the rampart's edge the view is glorious: over those two pine-clad islands where the three waters meet, the Swinesund, Dal river, and the Ide fiord, later elongated into that winding lake called the Bullar, which looks like an eel upon the map. A sugar manufactory sends forth volumes of black smoke; below shine the snow-white tents of the soldiers; in the distance appear shipping and timber yards, piles of planks, merchants' dwelling-houses and gardens; islands of sawdust float collected in the water, a right of certain mills vainly protested against, and greatly injurious to the harbour.

Leaving the fort, we pass through a small ravine to the spot where—now surrounded by a half-moon of horse-chesnuts and white-painted seats—Charles XII. fell by the bullet of a murderer. It was on a dark night in December (1718) that the king was discovered lying on the ground dead, his hand grasping his sword's hilt as though about to draw it. No sovereign was ever more beloved, save by a certain party. Among the peasantry of Bohuslän his memory is still adored as that of a demigod. He had all the fine qualities with which man could be well endowed, but they had run to seed; his valour had become foolhardiness; his firmness, obstinacy; he fought for an idea, without thinking of the consèquences. His singleness of heart, his piety, his love of justice, all must admire; but he ruined Sweden, lost her fairest provinces, decimated her population—a desolation from which she only now begins to recover. Charles XII. had one fault,—he did not belong to his times; he came into the world 500 years too late; should have lived in the days of Peter the Hermit—have fought for the Holy Sepulchre. What a Cœur-de-Lion poivré he would have shown himself!

Modern Swedes, forgetting after the lapse of years the torment Charles had proved himself, love not the idea that their great king should have fallen a victim to the hate of a wearied nation. Last year Fryxell, anxious to decide the oft-mooted point whether the king had fallen by the hand of a murderer or not, demanded permission of his present Majesty to have the coffin opened. The request was granted; and in the presence of Charles XV., Prince Oscar, a large party of ministers, men of science, and others, the sarcophagus was unclosed, and the body of the hero exposed.

An examination had already taken place in 1748, but the account given by the surgeons of the day was not considered satisfactory. After remarking that "the body was clothed in a coarse linen sheet," that "around the head of the king was found a crown of faded laurels, the hair brushed up on both sides erect (like his picture), the top part of the head bald," it went on to state that "beneath a large piece of plaster, very difficult to remove, was found on the right side a hole which ran sloping to the back of the head on the left side, where the temple was shot away, and by which the ball must have passed out."

The state of the body was found to correspond with this description. Nothing new was discovered beyond a particle of bone sewn up in a blue silk bag, which proved to be an exfoliation taken from the foot of the monarch at Pultowa. The surgeons, after due consideration, decided unanimously that the wound was caused by a spent ball from a musket, or some other weapon, fired from the fort, and proclaimed Sweden everlastingly whitewashed from the charge of murdering her greatest hero.

No sooner was the matter settled than the doctors came to loggerheads with regard to the course of the ball—whether it entered his head on the right or the left; and the Swedish public is well-nigh worn out by the never-ending quarrels on the subject. Various books have been published, one containing some awful engravings of the king's skull, the wound represented from every point of view, enough to puzzle any mortal not a born anatomist.

Learned military men have also discovered traces of a ditch lower down, bolt in front of the castle, which they now assert to be the real spot where the king fell. They therefore removed lower down, in a circle hollowed out for the purpose, the stones which marked the earlier site, placed there at the time of his death by his soldiers, according to old Northern custom.* Henceforth strangers will be told, "Here is the place, and there, from the castle, bang came a ball, and over went the king." Quite natural; if they choose to believe it, let them; I shan't for one.

Baron Djurklou discovered lately, in an old book, some memoranda in the handwriting of Neumann, the physician of Charles XII. After entering into many details about his service, he writes, "On the 30th November, 1718, did I dress my king at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and the same evening undressed him a corpse. God rest his soul!" Continuing further—"He was struck by a ball at Frederikshald, in Norway, on the left side, through both temples, in the night-time, in bad and dirty weather. God only knows whether the ball came from the fortress, or where it came from."

That suspicions were aroused in the mind of Charles's surgeon is evident. The arguments of the learned men who examined the king's body may be unanswerable; but why, if proof is so positive, must the site of the murder be changed only a few weeks previous to the installation of a monument erected by the Swedish army to his memory? There is not a peasant in the neighbourhood of Frederikshald who will not show the old place as the spot where the hero fell; will tell you how their grandfathers have pointed it out, and knew it as such before them. All which sounds very like "cooking" history.

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*, The same was done at Lutzen on the death of the great Gustavus.

Here on the fresh greensward the rose-coloured haresfoot* grows of a hue far deeper than elsewhere, dyed with the blood of Charles XII., says the peasant. His body was borne past the old powder magazine, still standing on the eminence behind, to Tistedal, thence by Uddevalla to Stockholm.†

On entering Norway the cleanliness of Sweden is exchanged for dirt and extortion: the hotel of Frederikshald is nasty as dear; there is nothing fresh about it, save the doormats, twisted of the bright green trailing masses of the club-moss.*

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* Gnaphalium.

† In 1725 a false Charles XII. made his appearance. One Bergen Dusten, a journeyman goldsmith in Wiborg, reduced to poverty by the disbanding of the militia, came to Upsala, where he lodged in the house of a retired soldier, to whom he declared himself to be King Charles XII. He moreover showed marks on his body answering to those supposed to have existed on that of the deceased monarch. One day he sent the soldier with a paper signed by him, "Carolus XII., E.N.S.," ordering the Governor Cronberg to attend at his lodging, "as Charles XII. had returned from Bender." The governor arrived, and, finding the man violent, caused him to be arrested. Dusten, on his removal to Stockholm, managed, by means of a servant-girl, to despatch a gardener to rouse the Dalkarlar to his rescue. The paper was read in several parishes *before* the messenger could be arrested. Five persons were condemned to run the gauntlet, and to be afterwards executed, for participation in this affair. Good-natured King Frederik let them off with a whipping. Dusten, after standing in the pillory for three successive days, with a paper pinned to his breast, was sent off to a mad-house. "If he is not mad he ought to be," said Frederik.

We walked by the Dal river to the falls, which come tumbling over from the Fem Sö lake, glorious in the abundance of water. But the smallpox was raging in the place; upon every door was marked a cross, pointing out where the disease had entered; and children loitered about with their seamed faces, by no means adding to nature's attractions; so we mounted to the highway and returned home.

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* Lycopodium clavatum.

CHAPTER XVII.

Midsommer Waka — The Neck and his pupils — Charles XII. and the hällristuingar — Strömstad — Jogging seats — Ship's forms — Old Viking navy — The Domaring, or judgment-seat.

June 23rd. — THE eve of St. John — Midsommer Waka—is the greatest festival of the year among the peasantry. On the hill behind the town booths are erected, and ranges of tar-barrels placed in dark array to blaze all night. Strange; but a thread of water separates the two countries, still customs differ. On every height in Norway, as in Denmark, the Wolmar fire burns bright, while in Sweden the Majstång—our English maypole—is dressed in each village, a cross, hung with green and flowers, ribbons, and garlands, round which the peasants dance and drink, drink and dance, till the night wanes and they too often can drink and dance no longer. The fiddler of North Bohuslän, known through the country for his talents, travels far and wide to attend weddings and village festivals. The Swedes have a superstition that those born near a waterfall are endowed with a natural talent for music; for when first the Christian faith dawned, Odin, his skalds and minstrels, took up their abode under these bright cascades, and when, as you listen, you hear a certain music among the splashing and the spray, 'tis not that of the waters, but those ancient bards are twanging their harps and singing pleasant songs of the great day of Redemption and their own hopes of salvation—for they are Necken now; some call them Stromkarl. In return for the sacrifice of a black lamb they will give lessons in music. "Strike the same note that I do," the Neck cries to his pupil; and whoever does so correctly, and plays after him as directed, becomes, from that day, master of his violin and renowned throughout the country.* But the tune he has learned of the Neck is one he must never repeat. Should he try he will be unable to stop, and must play himself to the infernal regions. There is no chance of escape, unless, when foaming at the mouth, in wild convulsions on the floor, a friend cuts the strings of his instrument;—in this way alone he can be saved.†

We quitted Frederikshald and drove to the Swinesund ferry. On either shore is a house and flagstaff, from which wave the separate banners of Norway and Sweden—that of Norway the brighter far; in the centre of each is the letter T, surmounted by a crown, standing for Tolbod—custom-house.

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* Though happy to instruct, Neck won't stand boasting. A fiddler at a marriage ceremony in Nerike played so divinely, the audience, enchanted, cried, "Father Kont, we never heard the like." "No," answered he, "Neck himself could not play better." It was a cold winter's night. As the fiddler mounted the hill on his way home he met a damsel clothed in white. "Play me a polka, Father Kont," cried she. He sat down, and passed his stick over the strings, drawing forth such tones !! On went the fiddle-stick—he could never stop. Perspiration ran down his face—faster and faster he played. At last he cried, "May the saints have mercy on me ! A pretty plight I am in." Then the bow fell, the music stopped. As he crossed the bridge over the water at the foot of the hill he heard a mocking laugh, and knew it was Necken. Father Kont never could recollect that polka, though he tried by night and by day; each tone from the instrument sounded discord to him. Before spring came he gave up his fiddle and died—a warning to all musical boasters.

† Ole Bull, folks say, learnt of a river-sprite.

How to get three carriages across the ferry was the puzzle. The boat is too large for one, scarcely big enough for two: 'tis the old story of the fox, goose, and cabbage. One vehicle is embarked, and then a second, but the horse tumbles plump into the water; at last we reach the other side, and again pass into Sweden. Our road of to-day, though beautiful, affords but little variety,—rock, forest, dale, and vice versâ. Gray squirrels gambol and jump among the pine-branches. Before reaching Högdal we pass a stream covered with the flowers of a small white arum,* new to me, though common enough in Sweden. The butterwort,† with its purple flowers and star of sickly leaves, grows on the morass, shaking its bells to the breeze.

On the frontiers of the three kingdoms, near the frightened church of Skee,—wisely dedicated to the three patron saints of Scandinavia, Olaf, Erik, and Knud, —have been found hällristningar engraved on the rocks, but no man could tell us their whereabouts. The common people, who here ascribe all wonders to their venerated hero, declare that "Charles XII. made them when he had nothing better to do;"—had he stuck to hällristningar instead of arms, 'twould have been better for Sweden. Though, in antiquarian justice, we must deprive Charles of the glory of these scratches and this droll perspective, he did, in the year 1718, what was more wonderful far,—he caused to be transported across this very country, then scarcely intersected by roads, his entire fleet, from Strömstad (the apple of his eye) by Skee to the Ide fiord. This bold plan was first suggested by Swedenborg the visionary, and at once carried out (no committee reported upon it). The first transport of two galleys and seven large boats was superintended by Charles in person; the rest followed later. What energy the man had! if only well directed, what might not Sweden have become under his auspices!

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* Calla palustris.

† Pinguicula grandiflora.

Leaving Högdal, we pass near Warwic, run by a lake caused by the inundations of this last spring, and again drive into Strömstad.

The maypole was decked in the Place, but there was no dancing, for the rain fell in torrents; and as there was no dancing, there was no visible drinking; so, for once in a way, good came out of evil. Strömstad—the Strömstadium of the pedants, not contented with plain honest Scandinavian—was a strong fortress once, and has a history of its own, mixed up with Charles XII., Tordenskjiöld, and other parties. The castle is replaced by an avenue of trees, planted crescent-wise around the great square. Here, of a morning, the bathers walk and talk between their glasses of mineral water, quaffed at the apotek's: those too lazy to take exercise jog themselves up and down on "chamber-horses" beneath the trees,—a favourite recreation of the Swedish nation. Before my window a corpulent Danish justice-raad, wearing an order, sits shaking down his last draught calm and with dignity. Up comes a talkative lady friend. "How does the justice-councillor do to-day? Has he yet drunk his Pulna?" But justice-raad, who begins to feel—not quite comfortable—grunts a reply uncourteous; whereupon, in revenge, the indignant lady plumps down on the plank with such force as to make it dance sky-high, shaking the very vitals of the rude councillor, who effects a hasty retreat. Now comes a student, then a lady and two daughters, later a general and a country pastor; they bid each other "good morrow," and jog on; shake, shake, bump, bump, all in good time and measure,—grave and sedate as judges in long wigs, and —quite as ridiculous.

This province of Bohuslän belonged in early days to Norway, when it was called Wiken, or Land of the Vikings. All the squabbles about the Norwegian crown began in this country: he who boasted most influence over the rude jarls and peasants was sure to gain his end; hence the old proverb, "It is a good thing to have a friend in Wik."

The rock-bound bay of Strömstad is wild and stern, a fashionable resort in summer; still, as a watering-place, it pleased me less than many others; Swedish bathing too, unless you take a boat and swim out, is a bore; men are confined, like women, in a basin hung round with canvas,—decent but tiresome.

Having a day to spare, we drove in country carrioles termed "kärra" to Blömsholm, a village on the Högdal* road, in the ninth century called Wetteland, much spoken of in the Sagas, where lies, or rather stands, the largest and best preserved Skeppssättningar† in Sweden. This monument, in form oval, consists of forty-seven upraised stones, varying at the bows and prow of the vessel from twelve to eighteen feet in height, gradually diminishing towards the centre. The measurement of seventy ells in length, fifteen broad midships, is supposed to be that of the "Drake" in which the viking sailed. Beneath a mound in the centre, now rifled, the hero himself lay buried: it is a glorious relic, and well preserved,—as regards its history all is darkness.

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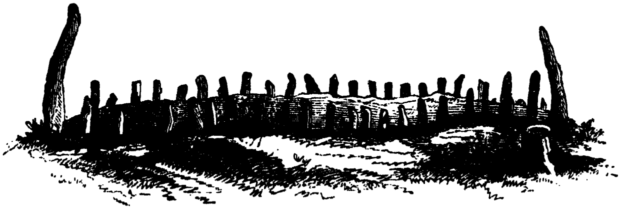
* Drackenberg, the Norwegian, who lived to the age of 146, under seven Danish kings, was a native of Högdal. His portrait hangs in the farm-house of Wetteland. See 'Jutland,' vol. i. p. 84.

† These stones, set up in the form of a ship, must not be confounded with those in which the vikings were buried in their drake, of which remains have been discovered at Håtuna, near Upsala.



Ship's form.

We have many accounts of these early ships both in Tacitus and the sagas. The Skateblade,* Odin's ship, was the finest of the day: in this he crossed the lakes with a rapidity quite miraculous. On reaching land the vessel was folded flat until again wanted, much as we do now a caoutchouc tub—it is supposed to have been formed of leather.

The vikings of old were as coquettish about their craft as members of the R. Y. C. are in the nineteenth century. The vessel presented by Harald Haarfager to his son's foster-father King Athelstan of England is described as having sails of silk; that of Prince Helge when he went a-courting to Denmark had sails embroidered in gold; the masts were gilt, and the rigging of a purple colour. St. Olaf caused the dragon's head and tail of his 'Long Serpent,' which was one hundred and forty-eight feet in length, to be covered with plates of pure gold. King Rolf ordered a pirate ship he had taken to be painted in yellow, red, blue, and green, the dragon's head and tail to be covered with scalework of gold. There was no sparing about the vikings—of other folk's property.

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* Skidbladner.

These vessels were divided into three classes—Dra-ke (dragons), Karve (cutters), and Sneckas (shells). The first-class vessels bore the head of the reptile at the prow, the tail at the stern; so that when the sails were set the ship really bore the appearance of a winged serpent. The head was moveable: a viking struck his dragon, as a sea-captain now does his colours, in token of surrender. Sometimes these vessels bore the figure of Thor, or some pagan divinity, as a mark from whence they came; but after the introduction of Christianity no vessel bearing the image of a heathen deity was permitted to enter a Christian port (if they could prevent it). When a vessel was about to sail she mounted a shield on her one mast. Signals were early in use; that of St. Olaf was a white flag bearing a serpent in the centre. His men bore on their helmets a white cross as a crest. A Norwegian chief who came to visit King Frode signalled his mission of peace by a white shield mounted on his mast. A red shield marked hostile intentions. The vessels were boarded over at the prow, as well as at the stern; here stood the "look-out" man. In the cabin below was kept the "arm-chest;" beneath the stern was the king's cabin; in the middle of the vessel slept the rowers under a tarred canvas, lowered by day. These drakes had sometimes as many as seventy benches, four rowers to each bank of oars, while the crews amounted to five and six hundred men. The sails were usually blue and white striped, sometimes a patchwork of various colours.

The Karve, which came second in rank, had never more than fifteen benches; they were ornamented with the heads of wolves.

The Sneckas were built like shells, and in war-time used as transports for horses.

Though the large ships had but one mast, sometimes in the "ships' forms" you find two and even three Bautastens * raised at measured distances within: that we have just visited had but one; the place remains, though the stone has flitted.

Passing a bautasten which stands upright, pointed towards the heavens, we gained the forest, where, situated high among the rocks and pines, is a Domaring, or ancient place of justice, consisting of ten large massive rocks placed at equal distances in a circle, with an eleventh in the centre for the judge, such as Agamemnon sat upon when he sentenced away the armour of Achilles; beyond the circle lies a smaller stone, maybe for the prisoner. All is so fresh and wild, you have only to people the forest in your mind's-eye with long-bearded Lagmen and wise councillors.

On our way home we passed a Jätte-gryta, or giant's pot, of large dimensions, worn in the granite cliff.

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* Upright stones, generally planted in the centre of a stone grave.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Green mud-baths of Grebbestad — King Walbret, or the Scotch descent upon Wik — Triangular grave of Kuse — Vikings buried in white clothes — The Knight's Leap — Origin of bridesmen — King Walbret's grave — Black Death — Blue cat — Hällristningar — Rane and the Queen of Hudt — Sten of Svarteborg — Wolves of Qviström.

GREBBESTAD.

THE wind blew strong; the boat danced vigorously till we landed in the rock-bound harbour of Grebbestad, a small bathing-place. Herr Smith, the master of the one inn, was there to meet us, and, as is usual when ten in party, we are lodged in different houses, vying with each other in cleanliness and needlework. Talk of Penelope, Dorcas, or Queen Matilda! commend me for needlework to a Swedish housewife. Why, it would take an English matron a whole lifetime to adorn bedclothes as these are! the sheets all hem-stitched like pocket-handkerchiefs, and pillow-cases done over in patterns looking like guipure lace. Women here embroider for nine months preparing for the guests of their short summer season, thus whiling away the long winter nights.

Some people in this world describe what they have never seen nor felt, trusting not to be found out—a great want of principle. For the last ten days I have had hanging over me a certain Gytta Bad, a treatment which is said by united everybody to be admirable for rheumatic affections and such like.

The bath is of green mud, nature of the substance a question as yet undecided—some call it vegetable matter decomposed, others declare it to be produced by fishes, while a third party pronounce it the refuse of boiled-down herrings—be it one or the other, it is very nasty.

This treatment is pursued at Marstrand and at Strömstad, but the mud of Grebbestad is considered more rich and unctuous. After much hesitation I determined to undergo the process, which is carried on by old women. While sitting in the outer room half-undressed, and feeling somewhat shy, in marched an old Scandinavian witch of sixty, wrinkled and grinning, followed by her familiar spirit, a yellow dog of doubtful pedigree. In a second she whipped off my pantaloons, and, having first poured some warm water over a wooden settle, to make it comfortable, she beckoned me to follow her; then, as I sat thereon, wishing I had only the courage to tell a fib, commenced daubing me all over with a green greasy substance, plastering my body from head to foot, grinning encouragement as an old bathing-hag does to a child frightened at its first dip. "Very fine mud this," chuckled she. Very fine indeed—quintessence of rotten eggs and all corruption. Having seized a brush, she proceeded to scrub it well in, then, hopping upon a wooden platform, with leather hose in hand, first taking aim, she pumped at me as though I were a house on fire, making me turn round and round, as if on a pivot, before her. Then graciously leading me to the bath, she commenced a second brushing, after which came a cold douche; next doing me up in towels, she finally dried and dressed me. All my spirits were gone at being pulled about by so hideous an old woman. Over at last, after handing a dollar, one-fourth for herself, at which she grinned her ghastly thanks, dropping curtsies three or nine, some number mystical, I escaped, awfully disgusted with green mud and Scandinavian witches.

This rock-bound coast of Wik, from which the vikings derive their name—that race who, says the Saga, "never seek shelter under a roof, nor drain their drinking-horn at a cottage fire"—with its islands and creeks, all recall to memory tales of war, bloodshed, and pirate expeditions. Each tract of moor, each hill, scattered over with bautasten rising from the centre of stone-paved circles,—with ättehög,—and hällristningar carved on the rocks,—all bear witness of a land once famed in warlike story. You have already heard how the Scots from the earliest days found their way into Sweden with their wares, long before the warrior band took arms under the great Gustavus. Here in the land of Wik we again find traces of them, not, however, as pedlers, or brave men at arms, but as marauders, ravagers of the land, like sea-kings on the coast of Scotland.

It was, according to an early Saga, in the days of the petty kings, that a band of Scots, led by their king, Walbret, and his general, Kuse, landed at Greby, in Tanum parish. Leaving their ships in the very harbour we now gaze at from our windows by the bright moonlight, they made their way up towards the Bullar lake, plundering and laying waste the country. Then the Smaakonge, alarmed by the flying peasantry, gathered together their followers, and hastened to the rescue. The Scots tarried on the way, allowing the kings time to entrench themselves at Langewall pass, where, having removed all boats from the Bullar lake, they waited the arrival of the invaders. The passage was defended with obstinacy; the Scots retreated, pursued by the kings; a battle took place between Nawerstad church and Ostad krog, where seventy cairns * bear witness to the slaughter. When at midnight the storm roars across the heath, the Bullar peasant still listens, and cries, "Hark! 'tis the war-cry of the Scots, and the clash of their weapons from the battle-field." The Scots would then regain their ships, but the passage, where Tanum church now stands, was barred by the kings of Hudt and Wetteland, who dealt death around them. The rivulet, stained red with blood, has ever since been called Blodbäck. Walbret was cut down in his flight at Prest-myren (bog) and buried there. The battle terminated at Greby.

This evening, towards sunset, we walked by a path among the rocks to the battle-field, where still stand full forty bautasten, each planted in the centre of a grafhög, surrounded by a circular pavement of small stones. The graves number one hundred and twenty; they are gray with lichen, some pointed like thunderbolts, others snapped off short, some falling down, while others, like the Scots, lay their long length upon the moor, fragrant with thyme and heather. These mounds lie close cramped together, surrounded by bare rocks, and a wide morass, in which grow rare plants, treasures to the botanist; the smallest of the cranberry tribe † was here,

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* Grafhögar.

† Vaccinium oxycoccus.

with its delicate pink flowers, succeeded in due season by a white and red berry, found ripe when the first snow has melted.

Wild and mysterious is the scene around, in keeping with the Saga's history. Some few Scots, Kuse among the number, fled to the sea-shore, where he fell. His grave, by the village of Kusered, which bears his name, may be seen to this day. We clambered across rock and hill down to the beach, where, in a plateau hollowed out by nature, a small child showed us the grave—of triangular form—in the centre once stood a menhir (it lay overthrown by the field), from which diverge three pavements of small stones, meant to represent the human body—one, the legs joined together, the two others the outstretched arms—at the end of each is placed a small upright stone. An old history of Bohuslän declares this form of sepulture dénotes the occupant to have been interred alive—a theory upset by learned antiquaries, more the pity, for it sounds spicy, and acts as sauce piquante to the old story.

This land-locked bay of Kusered is charming. Boats once in sight, each man, woman, and child embarked, and in one second were afloat, paddling about the creek; so I wandered on alone across the rocks, in a cavity of which the ring plover * had made its nest, or rather laid its spotted eggs—for nest there was none—four in number, tastefully arranged, with the points turned inwards. Then came to the Munke Kyrke, a cave with a natural stone altar before it, still pointed

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* Charadrius minor, called by the sailors Nordvinds Pibe. They believe it to fortell the approach of the north wind, by its plaintive note, "Kirv, kirv."

out by tradition as a place where the first Christians met to perform their services in secret. It is said that the Christian faith was known in Wik long before it became the acknowledged religion of the country. The fierce sea-kings, in their travels, were ofttimes baptised for the sake of new clothes,* or at least had the sign of the Cross made on their foreheads; bringing back to their native land the knowledge of the Hvide (white) Christ, as the term was; hence the small crosses found in funereal urns belonging to the earlier ages. They seldom professed Christianity until on their death-beds, when they suffered themselves to be baptised, and were buried in white clothes. Sometimes, on old Runic stones, you see inscribed the words—"Han dog i hvita wadum."† Ægil, Earl Walgöte's son, is so described as making a good end. Many Runic stones throughout the land bear inscriptions to that effect.

"Ingelief raised this stone to Brune, her husband; he died in Denmark, clad in white clothes. Bale cut these Runes." The stone-mason, as in the present day, never neglected to let his name appear conspicuously on the monument.

The guide now told me of a place further on, called the Knight's Leap, and the Bridegroom's Grave, from traditions not unfrequent in these once lawless districts; for know that, in olden times, a Scandinavian warrior disdained to court a damsel by fair means; he waited until she was on her way to church an affianced bride, then, rushing with his armed followers, he brained the bridegroom, knocked over the father, beat the mother-in-law, and carried off the bride by force. Hence the custom of the bridegroom's men, in modern parlance "best men;" for, fearful of such an occurrence, the bridegroom selected, as a guard, the stoutest warriors of his friends. Birger Jarl first put an end to this custom among the Swedes,* ordering all arms to be deposited in the Wapenhus, as the porch at the entrance of the churchyard is still called. Does not history tell of one of our early kings courting a Countess of Hainault much in this manner, beating her black and blue?

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* On one occasion so many Normans presented themselves before the Emperor Lothaire to be baptised, that there was not a sufficient number of white robes for the neophytes. A chieftain, disgusted at the coarse texture of the garment presented to him, exclaimed, "This is the twentieth time I have been baptised, and I have always received a fine white robe: such a sack is fit only for a base hound, not for a warrior. Were I not ashamed of my nakedness, I would cast it at your feet."

† *i. e.* He died in white clothes.

If you like a quiet life at three shillings a-day, a rugged coast full of old romance and story,—to breathe a fresh bracing air,—shoot ducks, fish, boat, bathe, botanise, or take mud-baths; then stop on your way at the small seaport village of Grebbestad.

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* This enactment is one of the "four peaces" of Birger Jarl, first enforced by his son Magnus Ladulås in 1285. First, peace of the church; second, peace of woman; third, peace of going to a Ting. He who attacked a man on his way to parliament was fined far higher than he who attacked a person taking a constitutional. Fourth, peace of the house—*i.e.* punishment for those who attacked people in their own houses. These peaces are called the Alnre law, from the Isle of Adelsö, where King Magnus had a summer palace, and from whence he first issued the edict.

The church peace was very necessary: a high fine is levied on those who "place their helmets and gauntlets upon the altar during the performance of mass."

TANUM.

We started early next morning for Tanum in eight "kärras." As we approach the station of Hede the rock's base is bordered by a fringe of trees; fields appear, and some slight cultivation. The destruction of the forests, which had again become dense, after the Digerdöden,* is ascribed to the Scotch, who here plied the herring trade.†

We walked to Tanum church, and, turning by the Blodbäck, now pure and limpid, strolled down the glen to Prestmyren, where stands the cromlech—in Swedish Dyrhus—of four rude stones capped by a larger one, under which the Scottish king Walbret and his squire lie buried. An old barefooted woman sat tending her flocks; she stamps her foot,—a hollow sound echoes from a cavity below; then points out the finger-marks left on the granite by those who raised the cover. Some of these Scots, say the Håttars (Highlanders) of Bohuslän, were taken prisoners, and remained as slaves; their descendants are still found in the country. "You may know them," said our peasant guide, "by their 'ugliness.'" According to tradition, after the Digerdöden there remained in all Tanum parish but one boy and girl, all others fell victims to the pestilence; these two grew up almost as savages, and married; from their children the present Håttar race derives its origin. Traces of this great plague may be discerned here, as in the long winding Ale Mose of North Jutland. When the country was again explored, churches were found o'ergrown, hidden by trees, villages buried in the forest's depths; even now clearings in Bullar parish are still left uncultivated. In defiance of this legend, we came across two lads with crops of carrots such as are rarely met with save in the land of cakes.

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* Black Death, the great plague of 1350, at which period the whole population of Bohuslän was nearly destroyed.

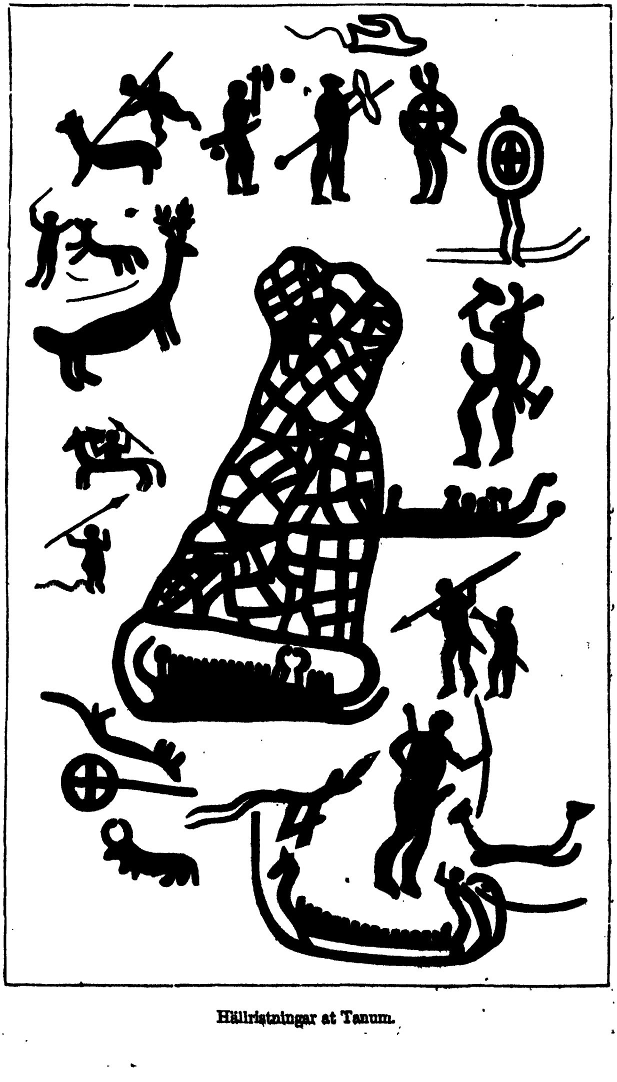
† It was in Tanum prestgård that Baron de Göertz was arrested after the death of Charles XII., conveyed from thence to Stockholm, and unjustly executed.

Hällristningar abound in Tanum parish: but no one knew aught about them, till we laid hands on an aged peasant, who told of a serpent carved upon a rock; so we drove off the high road to a water-mill called Utangs Qwarn, and there by the rushing stream he pointed out, on a slanting rock, a serpent.

"A serpent—that's a watercourse!" blurted out somebody. I frown reproof—such disrespect to the ancient Scandinavians! though, to own the truth, until with a parasol's point we had poked out the moss from its head and fins, doubts still existed in my own mind as to the reptile's identity. This serpent was traced curling and coiling like one of Laocoon's; the stream had, in the course of ages, hollowed out what was once a scratch, save where the coils rise most rampant, to a depth of three inches;—it really was a hällristning.

The Håttar tribe now astir: one promised ships and vikings, another battleaxes, with oxen carried off, and ladies. We accepted those nearest at hand, and, if by chance a reader should go that way, he may like to know their whereabouts.

Three English miles from Tanum, on a hill's top, stands a farm-house, with gateway leading to the right, called Sotorp-gård. Look, and in the distance you



Hällristningar at Tanum.

see another lofty hill, surmounted by a flagstaff, from which, to the left, runs a ridge of cliffs, green at the top and bare below; the water oozes over the black stone, and glistens in the sunshine. By the window of the farm-house sat a splendid blue cat,—not that she served as a landmark. It seems a marvel how such skins have not got into the furriers' hands. Turning off you gain the slippery rock, on whose sides are sculptured, or rather scratched, the hällristningar—ships in full sail, with dragon-heads at the prow, laden with vikings and their warriors fighting, all discernible. We had imagined ourselves well up in this "figure-drawing;" thought we knew all about the Norrense, Stenfolk, and Bronzefolk; but soon found our lately acquired ideas are quite out of fashion.

Not many years ago a skull turned up in Ireland; then a second in Bohuslän; a third was brought from Carthage,—just as a curiosity. By some means or other the three skulls met, and the learned declared them to be all three of the same race—Phœnician. Add to this a dozen reasons, proofs of interment, relics found, and so forth. Such is the new theory, upsetting the Norrense and the Men of Bronze. What a Turk's head broom of an idea! how it sweeps down cobwebs, long since forgotten, from memory's lumber-room! To think that dragon-prowed vessel—topheavy with sails full set, sewn in squares like an old patchwork counterpane, of Tyrian purple, dyed from the Buccinum and chequered with white—may have borne to the Viking-land some cousin of dear Queen Dido's, who knew all about the pious Æneas and his bad doings, and may in its course have encountered that blundering navigator, old Ulysses, homeward bound for Ithaca,—a ten years' voyage! Who ever thought to find Queen Dido's friends in Bohuslän?

Three of the party having come down croppers on the slippery rock, our zeal cooled down; so we drove on until we reached the hill on which stands Svarteborg, when our Håttar boy commenced a story:—

Here lived the warrior Rane. The Queen of Hudt, enamoured of his brave deeds, offered him her hand in marriage. Rane accepted; but when the bride arrived to fetch her bridegroom, he'd forgotten all about her, and was gone out hunting. The outraged queen, in revenge, fired his wooden castle, and, as the flames burst forth, exclaimed, "Raneborg was thy name, be thou henceforth called Svarteborg" (black castle), then went her way. When Rane returned and found his castle a blackened ruin, his rage knew no bounds. Pursuing the queen, he overtook her by a spring called Godtakälla;—she had just taken off her crown and sat down by its side to drink—for it's hot work burning a castle. With one blow Rane dashed out the queen's brains, while his men fell upon her warriors, who took flight. The Queen of Hudt lies buried by Svarteborg, at Stenehed, where ranged in a straight line are nine stones, the largest in Bohuslän.

Svarteborg stands on the loftiest point of these high lands; below lies a lake, where Rane himself is buried, and in the adjoining bog grow many rare plants; the young leaves of the bog-myrtle crush fragrant beneath the foot, and the sundew,* from whose rough hairs Jungfru Maria wove herself a sieve, catches flies and glistens in full luxuriance. The village consists of a few cottages and a large church, its ceiling painted over with all the Bible history. The rooms of the little inn are hung round with faded garlands of evergreens—flowers crammed into every vacant spot—relics of Midsömmars Waka. A very temple of the winds is Svarteborg; to-day we could hardly stand. Some natives of this village trace their descent to the daughter of a mountain sprite, and are most proud of their origin.

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* Drosera.

Sten of Svarteborg was a crack marksman. One day out hunting he beheld a beautiful damsel, whom he fell in love with, but, fearing she might be Skogfru, "the Lady of the Forest," who announces her coming by a whirlwind, Sten casts his "steel"* between the maiden and the mountain, knowing that, were it Skogfru, she would scream and fly, turning her back, which is hollow as a kneading-trough.—Woe betide the hunter who is seduced by her blandishments!—But Sten heard only loud laughter; 'twas that of the mountain sprite, father of the maid, who asked him, "Will you marry my daughter?" "Yes," answered Sten, and straightway led the maiden to a church to be baptized. "Wait," cried the father; "if you marry my daughter,† you must on your wedding-day carry twelve barrels of beer, the flesh of four oxen, and a good supply of bread to my abode." Sten did so; when at the wedding table the guests proffered their bridal gifts, the roof was lifted up and a large bag of money cast through the opening. "Here is my present," said the mountain sprite; "and when you come to fetch your wife's dower, bring to the mountain your largest cart harnessed with four horses." Sten obeyed, and received among other gifts many copper pots and kettles of curious workmanship, which are still preserved, and may be seen in the farm-houses among the descendants of the mountain sprite's daughter.

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* Steel, in any form, is the great charm against witchcraft, as will be seen hereafter.

† These cross marriages seldom succeeded, the offspring are so vicious; as in the case of King Helge, who, enticed by a mermaid, became father of Skulda—a damsel as fatal to Scandinavia as Helen was to Troy.

At last the horses came. Our new peasant driver was quite a chronicler of kings and heroes, knew all the hällristningar and giant's caves by heart. We drive by a river-side, halt at Qviström, where we spent the night in a small well-kept inn, hard by the Ting-house, a sheltered spot, the resort of anglers for trout and salmon, both of which abound in Qviström's Elf or river, and may be caught by anybody. What nonsense English folks do talk about fish and fishing! Go to a sea-coast town in France, you hear men who are living (and not always paying) on eighteenpence a day, exclaim, "No good fish to be got, all goes to Paris;" just as though they eat daily a turbot or a sturgeon for their breakfasts; quite overlooking smelts, mackerel, brill, orange soles (best of the kind), scallops, to be had for next to nothing. Then from travellers you will hear, "No fishing to be got in Scandinavia, all hired out." Why, here in Sweden there are a hundred streams, like that at Qviström, where a man may while away his time with rod and fly (though not killing ten salmon per day, perhaps) to his heart's content, live well and cheaply. There is something about the British nation, when once they cross the Channel, which leads them to "talk big:" the women go on sighing after "English comforts," turning up their noses at clean floors and well-ventilated rooms; when nine times out of ten those comforts consist of a back bedroom looking out on a yard, with a dingy four-poster, and two inches of "flue" beneath it;—once abroad, they look on themselves as exiled duchesses.

This inn at Qviström was once the scene of strife and bloodshed in the war of Gyldenløve. The peasants tell of a commander who showed the white feather. After the battle he was missing. On the soldiers seeking the body among the slain, they discovered him crouching beneath a rock: dragged from his hiding-place, he was disgraced and cashiered.

These rocks round Qviström abound in garnets, which stick out from the granite like currants: the natives declare they are too soft to polish. Most likely they have never tried them.

Wolves afforded good sport at Qviström during the last century, but not for all men; certain farmers held the privilege of taking them in snares, but none have been set since 1840, when an old woman, enticed by a leg of mutton, in her eyes far too good to be used as bait, crept one winter night to the trap, was caught, and the next morning found strangled, dead as the mutton she would have stolen.

We were off early in a pouring rain, changed horses once, then approached the Hafstensfiord. A building not unlike a Moorish palace turned out to be a cotton-factory. Drenched with wet, we drive into the city of Uddevalla.

CHAPTER XIX.

Dutch founded city of Uddevalla — Fossils — Baths of Gustafsberg — Meetings of Kongelf — Fragment of the true cross; paid by tithes to the clergy — Taking of the city — Bohus castle — Legend of the foundation — A peasant funeral.

UDDEVALLA.

THE exuberant waters of the Bafje river flow through a narrow canal, planted on each side with limes, into the harbour. A square to which the peasants bring their wares for sale—huge pines ready barked for masts; a church-tower on the hill's top, the body of the building at the foot of the rock; a few streets all in confusion: such is Uddevalla. Of one advantage it can pre-eminently boast, and that, its situation. The town is now rising afresh from two fires which, last year and this, have reduced it to ashes. Our hotel escaped —more the pity, for it's dirty beyond hope of reformation. In England an "awful fire" consists of three or four houses; in Sweden whole towns are consumed at once, and will be till more solid buildings are erected; some are of brick, but many fresh wooden ones are in progress. Stone is so hard to cut, home-made bricks are so bad—won't stand the climate—mortar, too, will fall out—what can the poor Swedes do? improve the brick-kilns—find out the reason of this shortcoming? impossible! so, as wood only burns, and insurance is not dear, they stick to it, and will never

UDDEVALLA.

give it up till forced by law, as is now the case at Göteborg. Uddevalla was founded by Dutchmen (we will pass over Odinsvold), that queer people who on dry land appear like goldfish on a gravel walk. According to custom, they sought out a handsome quagmire with strong mephitic vapours, drove in piles, then built the city, and built it well.

The horrors of war and repeated burnings did much to destroy its commerce, as did the opening of the canal, and, lastly, the long, sad adieu of the herring tribe. Still it boasts a sugar manufactory as well as the palatial cotton-mill.

At a mile distant lies the stratum of fossil shells for which the neighbourhood is celebrated, in some places fifty feet in depth, chiefly the barnacle tribe.* Then, continuing your course among the rocks, you arrive at Gustafsberg, a nest of wooden houses planted in a garden of deciduous trees by the sea-side: beyond lies a rocky pine-clad hill, cut out in shady walks. The scenery of Wik is wilder far than that of this sheltered spot, but to tired travellers a calm repose of shade, with bees humming their morning song, is drowsy and delightful; we passed the day at Gustafsberg, bathed, and sat on the seats a-jogging. In England or France small shopkeepers and children would have pressed us to purchase fossils or garnets from the rocks; here people are too utilitarian to think of such things. The only stall was for sweetmeats, in which the Swedes excel. The itinerant venders were —first, a man with birch rods, stripped of their peel; next, an old man with rakes; then a woman from

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* Balanus tulipa, Uddevallensis, &c.

Halland, that knitting land, laden with worsted ware, putting us into a very fever; lastly, a boy with brushes.

Bands of youths, clothed in sailcloth, ran scampering about; orphans, educated as pastors, in a school founded, in the last century, by a merchant of Uddevalla. In the woods, under the pine-trees, blooms the linnæa in all its glory.

At Uddevalla we part company—womankind and belongings starting in karras across country for Trollhättan, there to have a ten days' rest: self, bound by sea for Göteborg, steam by Svanesund,—a pink painted bathing-house perched on a rock,—as well as several places of names unknown, and so reach Göteborg.

KONGELF AND BOHUS.

July 1*st.*—A small steam-gondola starts from the Göta stairs, bound for Kongelf and Bohus. This is the first day of duck-shooting; Swedish youths, tall and strapping of thew and sinew, and fresh faces, such as one loves to see, have donned their jack-boots, and slung their gun across their shoulder.

We ripple by the spot where old Göteborg once stood; pass Keiler's brick-works; at Sürte, on a small jetty, millstones lay set out to sell, waiting for customers. The splendid ruins of Bohus appear in sight. Leaving the Göta, we enter the Norder Elf, which, joyful to run free and unshackled, divides into two streamlets, cutting a figure of eight round the islands, on one of which stands the castle. This first exuberance over, it flows on quietly.

We land at Kongelf, a great place once,—the meeting-place of kings,—in these degenerate days renowned for gingerbread.* The old city stood lower down the river, which, save where the mud has collected, is navigable for large vessels to the sea.

The royal residence was at Castelgård, where the first "möte" on record was that of Sigrid† with Olaf of Norway, who wished to marry her, but, as she declined becoming a Christian, the king, in his wrath, struck her on the face with his mailed glove, calling her "a heathen she-dog" and "old wrinkled-skin." She had her revenge later, marrying King Svend of Denmark, while Olaf lost Norway, crown, life, and everything. Queen Sigrid was a she-Tartar. A rich and blooming widow, many små konge sought her hand: this bored her; so, inviting her wooers to a great feast, she made them drunk, and, while they slumbered beneath the tables, set fire to the banqueting-hall. All perished in the flames—"I will break these petty kings of wooing me," said she.

Here was the meeting between Olof Skötkonung and St. Olaf of Norway, at which the kings played at dice for the isle of Hissing. The King of Sweden cast sixes, the King of Norway did the same; when the Swedish king had again thrown sixes, the attendants thought Olaf the Holy must lose, but he cried, "God may still grant me success." He rattled the dice; one die sprang into two pieces, showing seven dots, and he obtained the prize.

Again, in 1078 Knud the Holy and Olaf of Norway planned together the conquest of revolted England,

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* Its earlier name was Konghalla—Kingshall—the residence of kings, like our own hall of Westminster.

† Sigrid Störrada, mother of Olof Skötkonung.

Olaf agreeing to furnish sixty ships to aid in the enterprise. In 1120 Sigurd Ring* built a wooden fortress in Kongelf. Every child in Wik was compelled to furnish five stones and five pointed poles of oak, to serve as javelins for its defence. The wall was of stone and turf, surrounded by a moat; within was a splendid hall of wood, and a church built in form of the cross. To this church the king gave an altarpiece of copper and silver he had brought from Greece, and the far-famed missal, printed in gold (Liber Plenarius), a present from the patriarch of Jerusalem, which Sigurd in a passion tossed into the fire. More costly far to the country was a bit of the true cross, authenticated both by the patriarch and King Baldwin, only obtained by Sigurd on taking an oath that his subjects should pay tithes to the clergy—a debt not yet liquidated; but the king neglecting to send the holy splinter to repose, with the bones of St. Olaf, at Tronyem, as he had promised, he placed it in Kongelf, for which crime, six years after his death, the devoted city suffered.† There was, say the Sagas, a general feeling of approaching evil. Subterraneous noises, as of armed bands, were heard on Easter-eve;—all the dogs of the town went mad. On Ascension-day, thirteen vessels, laden with frightened citizens, set sail for Bergen; in vain Anders Brunsson from his pulpit implored the people "to trust in God, amend their ways, and not abandon their beautiful city." They started—but not one reached the coast of Norway. On Lammas-day the brother-in-law of Anders burst into the church, crying, "A fleet of two hundred and fifty sail rows up the river, and a host of armed warriors ride towards the town." The terror-struck congregation, grasping their weapons, rushed to the bridge, where they beheld Kettibur, King of the Wends, with his army, already beneath the town-walls. The Saga tells how the wife of Anders fled to rouse the country. Coming on a marriage-festival, she implored the guests to rush and aid the town; but they refused, saying, "It is no good, we shall all be cut down ourselves." Then the bridegroom, Olfwer Stormund (of the wide mouth*), grasping his shield and battle-axe, cried, "To arms, my good men! let's be up and aid the burghers; 'twere a shame for us to fill ourselves with beer while brave men are fighting." And when none rose he set forth alone, "hoping he might knock some heathens on the head before he died." Scarcely arrived, he was attacked by eight Wends; two he brained with his battle-axe, two more he cut off with his sword; then hotly pursued the remaining four: two fell dead by a morass, in which the survivors, together with our hero, all got bogged together. There they stuck until the companions of Olfwer dragged him out, when he killed the last of them. Notwithstanding the heroic defence of the citizens, Kongelf fell and every soul perished. "In these days," says the historian, "'toothpicks' are set up to celebrate each skirmish under a princely leader. No stone, no monument, tells the tale of Kongelf's daring; but some few years since, when the bones of her defenders were disinterred by Castelgård, they were gathered in heaps and shipped off, as manure, to England."

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* Sigurd Ring—Jorsalafarare he was called, on account of his voyage to Jorsala, the ancient Scandinavian name for Jerusalem.

† 1135.

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* So called from his boasting tongue rather than from the size of his mouth.

A brewery, with the guest-house and the church, forms the square of the modern town; under the rocky heights runs a long street of houses with hanging gardens. Such is Kongelf, a place decayed but beautiful, where strangers come to fish for perch, pike, trout, and salmon. A Lieutenant Thomson, now gathered to his fathers, was ten years since here taken in, well fed, and done for, in a private family, for the sum of 200 rix * per annum, grog alone extra.

We climbed to Bohus, a "fästning" † famed in northern story as the Tower of Wik. The site is glorious, on a rocky island, defending the narrow entry of the river. One tower alone, with extinguisher roof, remains intact; it is called "The Father's Hat:" the pendant, "Mother's Cap," of less durable materials, fell down some few years ago—rotted by too frequent washing of the storms and the clear-starching of the winter's frosts. In the large court is a wide well, of depth unknown, arched over, and walled round with long slabs of granite placed lengthways. As the river rises, so rises the water, which is now at three feet from the well's top. On the hill opposite, at Fontin (the old Gothic word for fountain), is a pure source, where the women of Kongelf mount the rock-side to fetch spring water.

Never were the rocks more beautiful than this season, —the mosses of brilliant green, the stonecrop glorious in its cloth of gold, the wild-brier redder than usual;

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* About 11*l.* sterling.

† Fortress.

BOHUS CASTLE.

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while the sedgy marshes are covered with pluming cotton-grass and gay yellow iris.

According to tradition, a murderer once took refuge on Elf Backe. To him appeared an old man from the waters, saying, "Go to the King of Norway, and order him to build a fort on Elf's Backe,—never shall it be taken by sword, nor fall into the hands of the enemy, provided a powerful dog drags to its place the first corner-stone of the building:" hearing which, the king founded Bohus.*

At Yttaby (extra muros) is a stone church, founded by St. Olaf on his way to Norway. Beyond a rude carving of its patron saint, Halfward,† nothing of note remains. The beans smelt sweet as we drove along —untidily sown, not planted in ridges. Many of the buildings are roofless; so long was the last winter, the farmers were compelled to feed their cattle with thatch.

A rustic funeral wends its way through the valley; the coffin, striped over with white linen towels, has been carried a distance of twenty miles; on no account would a peasant allow the corpse of a relative to be drawn to its last resting-place by horses. Two girls follow as chief mourners, decently clad in black, with white aprons, gloves, and black handkerchiefs pinned across their heads. Behind ride aged women, in solemn garb and studied attitudes, like moving epitaphia. Each man, woman, and child carries a prayer-book rolled in a white pocket-handkerchief. The scenes of drunkenness which once disgraced a Swedish wake are now of rare occurrence.

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* The origin of this legend may be thus explained. Count Jacob of Halland, outlawed for the murder of Erik Glipping, took refuge in Norway, when, struck by the position of this island, he counselled King Hako to build a fortress of wood (1308) for the protection of the frontier. In 1448 this castle was replaced by one of stone, for which every male in Bohuslän above fifteen years of age furnished a granite block of given size, already cut and fashioned. When the boundaries were altered, Bohus, no longer a frontier fortress, lost its importance, and was turned into a prison.

† A merchant of Dramnen, cousin to St. Olaf, was murdered and cast into the river Drams; the corpse refused to sink; he was therefore pronounced "Holy," and his relics placed in a splendid shrine on the high altar of Opslo cathedral. Many churches were built in his honour, and the 15th of May chosen for the celebration of his mass. Bishop Brynolf did not think much of him, but it was difficult in those uproarious days to find a saint of home manufacture.

On gaining Kongelf we hail the Stockholm steamer, and ascend the Göta for Trollhättan.

ELFSBORG-LÄN.

CHAPTER XX.

Ant-baths — Kong Gösta's courtship — Falls of Trollhättan — The Robbers' cave — Custom of lying in straw on Christmas Eve — Skalds of Odin — Poor Snip the tailor — The tribe of the Huns — Tradition of King Ane — Thor's beetle — Herb Paris, a plant of ill omen — Wallhall and the family clubs — Last of the bears.

TROLLHÄTTAN.

As we steamed along and munched our gingerbread—a heart with a golden crown—my mind ran over the dynasties which have passed away since the first "meeting at Kongelf;" then to the revolutions at this time brewing, and the fresh crowns a-baking; wondering if any of the batch would prove of more solid stuff than the "pepparkakor" I was eating. Having finished the heart, I handed over the gilt crown, which looked unwholesome, to the nearest baby, at which the mother smiled and entered into conversation, singing the praises of her offspring: "It had such a constitution, though where he got it from Heaven only knows, not from her, she was a poor weakly creature now on her way to baths near Wretakloster*—maybe I had heard of them; ant-baths—so good." "Ant what?" I shriek, creeping all over; "bathe in an ant's nest?" "No, not quite that," she explained; "but a pailful of the insects is poured into scalding water, which boils out the formic acid, yielding a strong perfume like smelling-salts, most beneficial (she spoke English) to folks 'debilitous.'"—Green mud, sea-nettles, now ant-baths! these Swedish remedies seem far worse than the diseases they are meant to cure.

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* The baths of Medewi in Öster Götland, good for all diseases, say the Swedish doctors. Wonderful miracles occurred there in the early ages, before ants were ever thought of. There exists in the Vatican a letter to the pope from the monks of Wadstena, written in the thirteenth century, mentioning how they had discovered a "sour spring" of great healing properties at Medewi. The peasantry accuse the monks of

Passing by Gamla Lödese, we reach the first lock at Lilla Edet—the falls one broad mass of water rolling over most composedly. Small girls await the arrival of the steamer, bearing saucers of mountain strawberries, which two dirty Swedes pour out into their snuffy red cotton handkerchiefs. We steamed by Torpa, where in times gone by "Gamla Kong Gösta," as the people called him, arrived and asked in marriage fair Catherine Stenbock; the maiden was affianced to Gustaf Roos; but kings are scarce; so to please her friends she married the old man, handing over her first lover to her sister Cecilia;* Catherine never forgot him. It is told how one night, speaking in her sleep, the king heard her breathe these words: "King Gustaf I hold very dear, but Roos I will never forget." Then the king, feeling how wrong he had been, issued a statute forbidding a priest to unite in nuptial ties young people with old.

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having ruined the virtues of the well, out of spite, at the time of the Reformation.

* The lover, says an author, was provided with a wife "de la maison des Roses." This was an old trick of Gustaf Wasa (see Stockholm). He was three times married: first, to Catherine of Saxe Lauenburg; secondly, to Margaret Lejonhufvud; and thirdly, to Catherine Stenbock, who survived *him* sixty-two years.

The banks now become more pine-clad and precipitous. Quitting the Göta river, we stop at the entrance of the first "sluss." It is curious to see this staircase of basins raised one above another, to watch the ships and steamers rising with dignity, as from a court curtsy, till the two waters are on the same level—then the sluss opens. Tedious and long is the etiquette of this rocky pass imposed by the genius of engineering. But so it goes on; morning, noon, and night, masts and sails are rising everywhere; the slusswakt has no sinecure. After wondering at this colossal piece of engineering we bend our steps by the canal side to the inn of Trollhättan. From this hostelry you hear and know little of the Falls; from my window the rocky banks rise erect, moss-grown and pine-clothed, studded with châlets; the Göta calmly rolls by, huge piles of planks ranged on every side; a blue stream of smoke curling from a factory; saw—saw—saw—is the business of the day; planks and sawdust the staple commodity. The Göta is ever gay; ship succeeds ship, steamer follows steamer through the locks. Last night the sluices were unfolded fifty-three times.

Leaving the inn, you cross the ever-open bridge of the canal; nine times out of ten you find yourself a prisoner on the wrong side; you turn by a paper factory: in the loftiest story are logs of pine wood; on the basement, rolls of newspaper; you can, if curious, inspect the intervening process. An iron bridge leads to the island of Toppö. The waters seem eager to swamp the bare rock, where one poplar-tree, and a few withered firs, dying from want of nourishment, have contrived to take root. Here the Göta divides asunder, and—tearing round the Gullö, another small islet, on which a wooden cross markes how in 1858 men got there when the water was scarce and low—comes tumbling over between it and the saw-mills. 'Tis like a scene by Ruysdael, but of a wilder character; would be better painted still by Everdingen, who understood so well this Northern scenery.

Heavens! what a tumult of the waters is there! a raging warfare of the snow-white foam, fresh-engaged, never-ending — torrent against spray — splash, wildly battling stream—drop, braining bubble, all roaring, screaming, tumbling in confusion—a watery hell: so it goes on, and will till all things pass away.

Cut in the black cliff, from which the mountain ash and juniper, the gorgeous sedum and the dog-rose, pale with affright, look down, half curious, runs a flight of steps, once leading to a rocky cave, long since fallen. Here, says tradition, there dwelt, long before the saw-mills e'er invaded the river-Neck's kingdom, a band of robbers. They had carried off a woodman's daughter, whom they kept prisoner. One Julafton the maiden prayed so earnestly to visit her relations, that the chief consented, first making her swear a solemn oath never to reveal by word the robbers' hiding-place.

The girl spent a few hours with her family, then quitted the festive board, having resisted all entreaties to reveal the secret; but on leaving she carried off a truss of straw, according to old Swedish custom, which enacts that on Christmas Eve each family should strew the kitchen floor with straw, upon which, men, matrons, serving-girls, and farm-labourers all lie down and pass the night together;—an old superstition, originating from the birth of our Lord in a manger. This strange custom still prevails in Halland and other provinces. The girl, as she went her way, scattered the bundle wisp by wisp, until she regained the cave; next morning the peasants, tracing her path, surrounded the place, and captured the robbers, all save a few, who cast themselves into the abyss.

Well can you understand how the aged and wearied Skalds sung to their harps some wild exciting strain of heroes and their deeds, then cast themselves into the foaming torrent, where they now dwell—no longer aged men, but river sprites, such as the sawyers declare are heard on moonlight nights, their music rising above the roaring of the waters. The Neck of the Falls is, too, a good Genius, who punishes all misdoers in Trollhättan.

Continuing our route by a sawdust walk, we now tread under foot what has served as food for men, baked into bread, and that right often in Sweden.* We come to the spot where, in a sort of natural armchair, each sovereign has caused his name to be carved —Gustaf III. and his mad son Gustaf Adolf, Bernadotte, old Queen Eugenia, Oscar and Josephine—then reach the Island of Felicity, where, if felicity consists in noise of roaring water, one has enough of it.

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* The peasants are ready prepared for famine, and know how to act when the time comes. No Soyer is required here; in an old book are printed as many as thirteen receipts for what is termed "need bread," commencing with bark. This material is dried in the sun, then beaten, and baked in the oven for a day and a half; next ground, and placed in water, which is changed daily for six days, then baked with a little meal to give it a relish. Bone bread, answering probably to much of the baker's bread supplied to the deluded English public, requires no famine to develop its mysteries. Grass bread does not sound tempting, though the cookery-book states the herb should be young and tender. Straw bread—a choky idea—sour grass (sorrel) bread, bran bread, Iceland moss, lichen, and, lastly, of all horrors, furze bread—the remaining four have escaped the author's memory; but in case of a famine he will again hunt them out, and be happy to furnish the receipts to the English Government for a consideration.

The best view over the entire Falls is from a sort of eagle's nest, a lofty crag called "Skräddareklinten." A tailor wooed a maid in Trollhättan, who turned up her nose at Snip, looking upon him as only the ninth part of a Scandinavian. In order to test his love (or possibly his pluck), she cried, "Go then to the point of that projecting cliff, sit there crosslegged as tailors do, while you cut out and make our wedding clothes; when they are finished I will marry you." So faithful loving Snip climbed up on high, with thimble, scissors, sewing-thread, and wax; there he cut, stitched, and sewed away (his was no slopwork), embroidering the seams with hearts and other sentimental devices. Nights there were none, for it was early June; he never left his post until the wedding suits were finished; then in his joy he jumped up from his seat to cut a caper, but his joints, stiffened by long and arduous sitting, refused to perform their part,—missing his footing, he fell headlong down to meet a watery grave in the raging torrent below. From that time the spot has been known by the name of the Tailor's Rock.

A two hours' drive leads to Dunhede (heath), celebrated in days of Starkodder; but if you please we won't go quite so far back in Scandinavian history, the names are far too crackjaw. Beyond the heath, Hunneberg, a large round basaltic mountain, rises abruptly from the plain below. It contains slate-quarries, and on its heights are three-and-twenty lakes. If you love puzzlement, you may read about the ancient tribe of Huns, who there entrenched themselves, and were driven out by the "club-bearing" natives; about Odin, the Scythians, and the Finns; and lastly a ballad on the same subject, making confusion worse confounded.

From the plateau above extends a wide view over Lake Wenern and Wenersborg; far to the north extends a wide tract of heath, where, says tradition, lies buried King Ane, who reigned at Upsala a thousand years ago. Instead of roving as a fierce sea-king, he stayed at home and cleared the land. The peasants called him "Father," and old men are still alive who, taught by their parents, on passing the stone under which he lies near Anestad, uncover their head, and say, "Rest in peace, King Ane."

In the year 1600 some sacrilegious monster dug up King Ane's copper coffin and sold it as old metal in Göteborg. But such things should never be mentioned; a woman of the village declares she received a sound welting as a girl from her father merely for alluding to the tale: he feared it might bring ill luck to the family.

King Ane was a father to the people, but not to his own offspring. At one hundred years of age he sacrificed his eldest son to Odin, to prolong his own life ten years; then a second; and so on, until of his ten sons there remained but one alive. The old man, now in his hundred and ninetieth year, lay in a cradle sucking nourishment from a horn like an infant; still he would not die, but ordered a tenth sacrifice; this the Swedes would not allow, so Ane expired of old age—an end much despised by our forefathers, who called it Anasot.

The summer has now set in, as Horace Walpole said, "with its usual severity," for the weather is far from settled. Butterflies have at last appeared: the black-veined white, small blues, and skippers—

many, too, of the beetle tribe crawl along our path. Our boy-conductor, seeing one sprawling on its back, turned it over right again. He called it "Thorbagge," a creature in former days sacred to Thor. The peasants in some parts still hold to the belief that by setting this insect on its legs again they atone for seven sins. In the jumble of early creeds Thor was looked on as a redeemer, an intercessor with "all Father, the Supreme God;" now in some parts they call the insect Thordjefvul—Thor's devil.

Leaving Hunneberg, we passed through the gardens of Baron Eriksson, the well-known engineer; then drove to Halleberg down the valley which separates the two mountain ranges. At the entrance of a field stood a Domaring of eight stones: an inscription tells how King Frederik and his queen Ulrika visited this spot. The ascent of Halleberg is short but steep—the view extends across the Hunne and its blue lakes; among rocks, oak, and stunted juniper, thick with moss, springs that odd-looking flower, Herb Paris. Not for gilded gold would a peasant gather a sprig of this most diabolical green-flowered, blue-berried, out-of-the-way-place-growing plant. Each province calls it by a bad name.* In the days of the Trolles, Processes, an old woman accused of witchcraft, was discovered to have nine berries of this plant in her possession—no need of further proof—she was burnt to a cinder, and her nearest relations cried, "Served her right!"

Beyond rises a perpendicular basaltic cliff, like those of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway, called "Wallhall," from whence in Pagan times the worn-out heroes, longing for "Odin's Isle," cast themselves into a small lake below, now half blocked up, called Odin's-damm or Källa. They were right: filial piety was not then the fashion, and, when a man became no longer good for anything, his children and descendants, dancing in a ring, banged him to a jelly with huge weapons called "family clubs," of which one does or did still exist not many years since in the parish of Trollerum, in East Götland. These mountains were once a royal chase for hart and red deer, but the deep snows of 1700 exterminated the race; and the last of the bears is said to have cast himself down from the Wallhall rock, after the manner of the ancient heroes.

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* Paris quadrifolia—wolf's poison. The French call it Etrangle-loup; the Dutch, Wolf's-bene; the Italians, Uva di volpe. Every part of this plant is poisonous, and consequently much used by homœopathists; an overdose will cause delirium and convulsions.

WESTERGÖTLAND.

(WEST GOTLAND.)

CHAPTER XXI.

Ladies of the Lake — The Dalbo hound — Leckö Slott — The Bishop of Mercy — History of the "Reduction" — Princess Maria Euphrosyne's letter — Salle of the Thirty Years' War Generals.

FROM ELFSBORG'S TO SKARABORG'S LÄN.

TEN days have rolled quickly by; we are once more under weigh. The banks of the Göta are flat and fertile; we pass a lock at Stallbacka,—further on the ruins of Edsborg, once the stronghold of Argantyr, one of those early Scandinavian gentlemen we altogether decline stirring up. Then the last sluice of Wassbotten uncloses; in a few minutes we are moored off Wenersborg, a regular well-built town, one of the numberless phœnix tribe found in Sweden, of late years uprisen from its ashes. We stay but one half-hour, have time to shake hands and talk with Mr. Lloyd, whom we found waiting on the jetty—to witness the arrival of a boat decked with boughs of trees, like an arbour gone afloat, manned by ten girls, true "ladies of the lake,"—and, just before starting, to wonder at the huge proportions of a Dalbo dog, a very lion, but most sociable. Then off again.

This Dalbo race of hounds is said to be the original source of the St. Bernard tribe. In the seventh century a colony of Swedes from Wermeland settled in the valley of Martigny, and carried their dogs with them. There was also another species of bull-dog, now almost extinct, in Bohuslän, such as is found depicted in the hällristningar; from a mixture of these two races the dogs of St. Bernard are supposed to derive their origin.

'On we sail; later in the evening lie down, until at half-past two the barbarous steamer turns us out adrift upon a rocky islet most barren of all the group at Eken; some people grumble—'tis in vain I talk Latin about the early morn, Aurora and her rosy digits,—they only yawn; and when told how the scientific had lately found a vast hole connecting Wenern with Lake Leman, a sort of caoutchouc tube through which the lakes signalise their mutual intentions, storming and raging away at the same moment—they only wonder "where we shall breakfast."

We alight on a wooden jetty. Of five boats which lie in the small islet's creek three are without bottoms, not promising, but the steam agent procures us solid barks. As we row on, the morning dawns—the sky gallooned in stripes, and spangled o'er with gold, such as you see in some well-got-up Christmas pantomime, and exclaim, simply because you are a lay-a-bed, "How pretty, but how unnatural!" and the moon, she looked, oh! so pale after her last night's raking. Threading our course among the pine-clad isles, a navigation difficult as dangerous, we more than once bump against something under water. In one of the creeks a brace of white wild swans,* with a full batch of cygnets, disport themselves in an early bath; then all at once Leckö Slott, with her grand slate-spired towers, planted on the cliff's edge of Kallandsö, burst on our view—a grand site, admirably chosen. Here we land at half-past three o'clock, and sleep beneath the trees until the world's astir, and we can visit the castle.

'Twas in the days of old King Inge that Magnus Barfod founded a "Skans" (fort) on Kallandsö, which after a time came into the possession of Skara's bishops, who much affected it, rendering it both beautiful and strong. Here dwelt Bishop Bengt (a Bonde), the wealthiest prelate known in history; his great riches came not so much from tithes as from the legacies of kings and nobles. Though he built churches throughout the land, gave bells and Bibles, and was so charitable that he gained the name of Mildheds Biskop (Bishop of Mercy), he left at his death so much "in silver, horns, furs, and garments, that twenty horses were unable to draw the load, although in the best sledging season." Gustavus Wasa at the Reformation took Leckö from the bishops of Skara, who, disgusted, retired to pass their summers elsewhere.†

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* Cygnus Ferus, or Hooper. It is very rare for these birds to breed south of Lapland. The mute swan (Cygnus olor) is only found off Falsterbo. In the 16th century swans' skins are mentioned as of no value. A hundred years later they formed part of the emolument of the Governor of Skåne, and continued so to do as long as periwigs, powder-puffs, and swansdown tippets remained in fashion. Of late years, since ladies have taken to powder their faces, and men their chins after shaving, there has been again a slight rise in the swan market.

† Diedrich Slagheck had no time to regret Leckö—he was burnt at the stake shortly after.

Later Skara was erected into a Grefskab by Gustaf Adolf for Jacob de la Gardie, husband of Ebba Brahe. It again became a royal possession at Charles XI.'s Reduction,—about as popular an act as if the Queen were to call in Woburn, Stratfieldsaye, and Blenheim.

It was a sad affair, that "Reduction," and one which reflects little credit on the memory of Charles XI., for he carried it out without either reference to law or justice. The word has been sufficiently aired, so I may as well tell you all about it.

In England we are matter of fact, humdrum sort of people; content ourselves easily with the devil as the author of all evil; his shoulders are broad; it saves, too, a vast deal of trouble. The Swedes, of more painstaking nature, like to ascertain the real why and because of all matters. Historians have satisfactorily discovered that the original blame is to be set down to the old pagan god Frei, who by will bequeathed the crown lands to the heathen temple of Upsala, thereby setting a bad example to all future sovereigns. Be that as it may, kings gave away the royal possessions right and left,* and, by the time that mad spendthrift Christina had graciously ridded the country of her eccentricities, Sweden was pretty nearly bankrupt.

This Reduction had been meditated since the days of Gustaf Wasa. When Charles made known to the diet the urgencies of the state, the nobles replied that they were prepared to make any necessary sacrifice required,

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* It is told by Henry Fleming, in his memoir, that when he brought news to Carl Philip of the ratification of peace with Russia, the duke, jumping up, exclaimed, "Thou art a worthy man, and bringest welcome tidings. Choose any estate thou wilt, and it shall be thine." Henry modestly selected three, and got them.

"I, for one," said Erik Sparre, "am owed twelve years' salary by the crown; let the debt be cancelled, and henceforth let us serve the state for nothing." King Charles, much obliged, meditated something more effectual. A paper was introduced, no one knows how, into the Chamber of Peasants, proposing the drawing in of the crown lands, and advising what answer they should make to the king's letter. So the three estates voted together unanimously the ruin of the nobility. Charles himself declined entering into the affair:—"he really could not interfere, the diet must settle the matter;" but when the bill was passed he gave directions that the "Reduction" should be carried out in the course of that self-same year. No favouritism—stern, rigid justice was his motto. He had read the story of Brutus, and, like the Roman, commenced with his own relatives, on whom the blow was made to fall most heavily. Magnus de la Gardie, Count Carlson (his natural brother), the Brahe family (Count Pehr's daughter was his aunt by marriage), Count Wasaborg, grandson of the great Gustavus, were the first to suffer and to be reduced to the most distressing poverty. But Charles cared little,—that hard man; you may read it in his face,—in his face even as a youth—his was a brow to concentrate itself on one subject, to follow out that one idea and wear it threadbare.

Poor Princess Euphrosyne! her letters to her nephew are still preserved; Charles refused to read them: and though the "Gunstling" De la Gardie had been endowed, nay overwhelmed, with lands, counties, and farms by that reckless queen, there were other possessions of the family which Charles had no right to touch. When De la Gardie's ancestor, Pontus, in

1580, espoused the natural daughter of King John III., she received from her father, as dower, the estate of Ekholm, which he had inherited from the Stures. The commissioners declared these lands to be private property; but Charles was inexorable,* and shortly after we find Princess Euphrosyne writing, as her last prayer, to beg the king "will allow a sum sufficient to enable her children to bury their deceased father, as well as herself, daughter of the Rhine Count, John Casimir;" for Magnus, the splendid mignon, lay in his last shroud, as yet uninterred; "let it only," she continues, "take place on the 17th of September next, after which I will lay down all my worldly state, with which God has for forty years endowed me, and at once become a poor Rhine Count's daughter, married to a Swedish gentleman, who has no refuge in this world but in God, the comforter of the widow and the helpless, who will aid me to bear my cross." Later she again writes "to beg a little aid in the sad position in which it has pleased God to place her."

The letters of John Casimir's daughter, breathing a true Christian spirit of resignation, are worthy of perusal, though her nephew refused to glance at them;

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* Christina presented De la Gardie, in the days of his favour, with her portrait, surrounded with large diamonds, to remain an heirloom in the family for ever. Charles had it back again, with interest simple and compound, and the miniature, bereft of its sparkling setting, may still be seen at Drottningholm. So great was the poverty of De la Gardie after the Reduction, he was compelled to sell his chairs and tables to buy his daily bread. His secretary, Laurin, writes: "The servants cannot go out, for their clothes are in rags; I myself have often suffered from hunger, and my smallclothes are so threadbare and worn I dare not bow gracefully when in the drawing-room for fear I should crack them."

—he had work to do. Twenty-five counties, eighty-three baronies were already called in, but "l'appetit vient en mangeant," and those three Estates who had sown the wind, like the authors of the revolution of 1793, themselves reaped the whirlwind. Reduce—reduce was the order of the day. The burgesses were attacked; the towns plundered of all royal grants; the clergy compelled to refund every sack of corn gathered into the tithe-barn over and above the estimated value of their cures; crown farms, held for centuries, were called in; the bonde sent forth homeless to seek his fortune. Charles himself declared that royal edicts and promises were not binding, and, in cases of what the French call "urgence," could be recalled. Spies made their fortunes by searching out cases for the committee; the ancient friends of the king were now no longer spared. Wachtmeister says openly, "Unless the king has his mind diverted from this mania by war, we shall none of us retain wherewith to feed ourselves." On,—on the fever spreads. Livonia and the conquered provinces of the Baltic now came in for their turn, and lands were called in which never had been the property of the Swedish crown.

By such means the army was well paid, the navy re-established, the finances restored, the king's coffers heavy with gold at the expense of his plundered subjects. The money thus obtained was well employed, but it was as though a robber gave alms in charity. Charles at length, in his rapacity, proposed to the council the reduction of the recompence money awarded, at the peace of Westphalia, to the heroes of the Thirty Years' War, with back rent and interest. At this suggestion a solemn silence pervaded the assembly, until

Stenbock rose and spoke: "Your Majesty may do with me what you will, but he who has advised such a proposition is no honourable man." The idea was then abandoned. But on they went reducing; squeezing, cheating all men, high and low, till, in the year 1697, King Charles XI. was gathered to his fathers,* and the people sang "Te Deum," glad to be rid of him.

If we could but suppress all memory of this Reduction, so unjustly carried out in defiance of law and right, no sovereign would tell better in history than Charles XI. of Sweden. The treasures he left were badly administered during the minority of his successor, for a Minute of Council records, in most unparliamentary language, "It was lucky for Baron Hamilton that Charles XI. was not still alive, or the devil would surely have got him for so mismanaging the property of the crown."

In the reign of Charles XII., about the year 1700, a commission of inquiry was instituted to investigate the claims of those who had been unjustly despoiled during the Reduction fever. This commission terminated its labours Anno Domini 1825, after a sitting of 125 years.

The idea of a reduction found favour in the eyes of the English parliament during the reign of William of Orange.† A project was mooted of calling in the estates granted to the ducal offspring of King Charles II.: but precedents are dangerous;—the Russells trembled for Woburn; the favourites of Orange himself, Portland, Ginkel, and others, richly gifted by the crown, taking warning from Swedish example, refused to sow the wind; and the matter dropped soon after.

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* Old writers declare (without reason) Charles to have died from the effects of a powdered diamond administered to him in the form of medicine. The art of healing was at a low ebb in Sweden; for we read so late as the last century of Charles XIII. hanging round his neck, by order of the court doctor, "a piece of German soap, sewn in oilskin, as a certain cure for an ulcer in his leg."

† 7th February, 1698.

The cocks began to crow, the world to stir; an old woman, routed out from her cottage in a wood, rubbing her eyes, proceeded, with a ponderous bunch of keys, to unclose the gates of the castle. Passing through two square courts, one with a loggia, above which the royal cipher appears, as well as the heraldic bearings of Skara's bishops, we mount the staircase, wander through long suites of unfurnished rooms, many commanding from their windows a view most exquisite over the purple waters of the Wenern and her dark pine-clad islets. Below lies a small terrace,—a wilderness of weeds—still termed Ebba Brahe's garden. From the ceiling of the splendid Riddarsal, divided into compartments after the fashion of the day, hang pendent Cupids, while, throughout the whole castle, may be seen, on the lofty stone chimney-pieces, the arms of De la Gardie and Brahe, some wise "saw" inscribed beneath, —most excellent, no doubt, if acted up to.

The portraits of the Thirty Years' War generals, which once decorated this hall, were removed in the present century to Carlberg, now occupied by the school of cadets; more the pity, for no one looks at them—here they possessed an historic interest as companions of De la Gardie and the great Gustavus. Small medallion views of the different cities of Germany "under siege" still remain above the doorways, not interesting as works of art, but the whole belonged to that epoch, and should never have been destroyed.

The property attached to Leckö is of great extent; the government have given directions to plant the forests with oak, the destruction and consequent scarcity of which tree has caused uneasiness among the dockyards of Sweden. Again embarking, this time in a large cutter, we cross the bay, and all sleep soundly for three hours, until aroused at Hellekis.

CHAPTER XXII.

Viking Helle and the lady of Wettern — Baron Fuchs and the gipsy — English Baron Robeck — Kinno Kulle — Sprites of the mountain and church bells — The enchanted garden — The Rune Thorn — Jungfru Maria's flowers — Laws of West Götland — First painted on panels, and sung by the Lagmen — Husaby — Legend of St. Sigfrid Archbishop of York — The abbot and the farmer's wife — The bride's bath.

WE landed in a small creek, on one side of which rise walls of Cyclopean thickness, a natural limestone formation. Near the jetty were stone-cutters busily chipping away at grindstones; large heaps of rocks, ready hewn, lay there untouched, so far does the supply exceed the demand.

Here once the Viking Helle had his nest. He wooed the damsel Kisa, and bore her off from Lurö in defiance of the lady of the Wettern, who had loved him in vain, and now, with her attendant sprites, endeavoured to wreck his six vessels. When first the lady put forth her blandishments she appeared combing her long golden locks on the cliffs, whither she had mounted to bleach her garments and to feed her milk-white kine. The viking knew her; producing his flint and steel, he struck fire, upon which she fled screaming away (for since Thor hit the evil spirit with a flash of lightning, demons lose both courage and power on seeing sparks of fire, or hearing thunder*). Helle brought his love to land; from these two lovers is derived the name of Hellekis, where they lie buried side by side. In the manor-house hangs the armour of Helle taken from his giant's chamber,—two long swords, such as early Normen bore; his spurs, cuirass, horse's bit, and the long banner staff—a real pine-tree. Without cavilling it must be owned that on the point of this staff appears a double 𝕮, telling of Charles; but kings of that name are numerous in Sweden's early history—lost in the twilight of ages.

So, leaving the antiquaries to fight out "the battle of the banner," we wander on, passing through the garden of Råbeck, from which family estate the English naturalized baron derives his name.

In 'Jutland'† allusion has been made to the "rakke," and the horror entertained by the peasantry of performing the offices allotted to this outcast race. Baron Fuchs, a young cavalry officer, having lost a favourite charger, ordered the animal to be opened, hoping thereby to discover the cause of its death. No servant would touch the carcase, so he sent for a rakke, who, having dissected the animal, went to regale himself in the kitchen. On the young baron asking how much he was to pay for the operation, the gipsy named a small sum. Fuchs inquired in jest, "Cannot you do it for less?" "We have a regular charge," answered the man. "But I helped you, surely you'll take off something for that?" "I had quite forgotten it; pay me only so much," naming a still smaller sum. On Fuchs presenting the gipsy with a note far above the demand, the rakke seized his hand, exclaiming, "I thank you, brother."

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* It is said that the sprites have numerous offspring, but most of their children die in the thunder-storms. Hence the proverb, "If the thunder did not crash, the sprites would lay waste the world."

† Vol. ii. p. 187.

A look of consternation ran round the assembled household; the young baron fraternising with a scavenger, one of the accursed race!! The story got wind, and on his joining the regiment not one of his comrades would either speak to or do duty with him. After fighting several duels, finding it no use to contend against popular prejudice, the baron threw up his commission and quitted Sweden for ever.*

Though the broad lands of Råbeck have long since passed away from the Fuchs family, the descendants of the outcast baron, who espoused an heiress of the Fitzpatrick family, are still flourishing in Wales—the land of their adoption.

Leaving Råbeck, we came to some wonderful grottoes, freaks of Nature's sandstone, seamed in lines, and split into dice, bearing the semblance of Runic characters. We mount to the châlet, a small place where students and pedestrians may lodge a night and rough it, then after breakfast proceed to scale the far-famed Kinne Kulle,—a mountain in Sweden, a hill elsewhere,—remarkable for its stone-quarries, as well as for the variety of strata† of which it is formed; granite, sandstone, trap, and what not, all which tends to give it a flora most remarkable. Among the moss peep out the pale, sickly flowers of the small winter-green;* a miraculous cure for rheumatism, termed by the peasant "Stat up ach gatt," Rise and walk. Also a new club moss.† But it is getting late in the year; the beauty of Sweden's flora is already over. The view from the top of the hill extends over the Dalbo-sjön and Kinne bay; old Leckö castle shining out bright and glistening amidst the black pine forest. A stone here announces how Queen Hedwig Elizabeth visited the place A. D. 1814. Our guide led us to the spot where once blazed a now extinct volcano,—so say the wise; a cavity filled with rocks piled anyhow, which, if not what they imagine, is at any rate own brother to Chaos.

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* This anecdote was related to the author by Baron Fuchs, Captain in the Artillery—head of the Swedish branch.

† Kinne Kulle consists of five wavy strata on a foundation of red granite; 1st, sandstone; 2nd, burnt slate, containing alum; 3rd, limestone, abounding in fossils; 4th, a layer of slate and clay; 5th, trapstone of a greenish hue.

We asked about the Trolles and mountain sprites—the legends of Kinne Kulle: he looked grave, and answered "How, since the building of Medelplana church, they had retired deep into the heart of the mountains, and were no more seen, for sprites love not the sound of holy bells; but before that time many old men had seen them; and a few years since, a maiden returned one morning, very pale and tired, telling how, while walking on the brow of Kinne Kulle, she had found herself, towards midnight, in a lovely garden filled with fruit-trees,—apples rosy red like those in Dudu's dream—how she had eaten her fill, and clutched at them for more, until the sun rose, when she found herself fast in a bog, her gown all green, and her stockings dirtied."

There are many of these enchanted gardens in Sweden—one near Solberga, by Linköping. On Thorsdag evenings alone is this garden open to the public.

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* Pyrola minima. Six species of the pyrola are found growing on Kinne Kulle.

† Lycopodium complanatum.

A porter stands at the gate by the high wall, inviting strangers to enter and pluck the apples and pears of gold, the cherries of rubies—like those in the story of Aladdin.

Young maidens should be careful before they enter, for evil is at hand. Let them ask the gardener for a flower of St. Brita's Lok (onion), St. Henry's Wort,—any plant named after a holy person, or bearing the name of Jungfru Maria,—of which there are many in Swedish botany—and the spell will at once be broken.*

There is an old tradition of church bells keeping off sprites. In bygone times it was a popular belief, that as far as the sound of prayer-bell, from belfry or cloister, was heard, so far was the country protected from the power of evil, and churches were built so close together, to stop up all interstices, that later they fell into decay; these buildings were called Ode Kyrkor, or desolated churches.

Leaving Kinne Kulle, we drive through villages now in the course of demolition, owing to the passing of the new and salutary law by which the common lands possessed by each parish have been divided

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* In case travellers should not be up to this, we here give a list of those plants dedicated to Our Lady :—

Alchemilla vulgaris	Jungfru Marias Kåpa	Our Lady's cloak.
Cypripedium calceolus	Marias skor	Our Lady's shoes.
Galium verum	Marias sänghalm	Our Lady's bedstraw.
Drosera rotundifolia	Marias hår	Mary's hair.
Orchis maculata	Marias hand	Our Lady's hand.
Primula veris	Marias nyckelknippa	Our Lady's bunch of keys.
Polygala vulgaris	Marias lin	Mary's linen.
Scutellaria galericulata	Marias skor	Mary's shoes.
Splachnum luteum	Marias barnmössa	Mary's child's nightcap.
Thlaspi Bursa pastoris	Marias nåldyna	Mary's pincushion.

The mention of any of which will prove serviceable on Thor's night. All these flowers were the property of the pagan Freia until the introduction of Christianity.

among the peasants according to their several claims. Land is not scarce in Sweden, but that of the communes was badly managed, the industrious toiling for the benefit of his idle neighbour; hence the soil became neglected. By the new Act, each villager is compelled to dwell on the portion allotted as his share, and now, possessing something he can really call his own, he labours with greater energy. A stranger travelling through the country can at once discern the difference. In one parish you see scanty crops, stony ground, with agriculture unworthy of the Georgics; in another, the fields are cleared, each boulder blasted, every stone removed into a heap, wherewith later to build walls; all around thrives and flourishes; the crops improve; drunkenness decreases; and though not quite as in those palmy days the poet sings of, before

> "England's griefs began,
> And every rood of land maintained its man,"

there is still a vast improvement in the morals and well-being of the population.

The earliest code of laws extant is that of West Götland, dated 1220. Concerning the laws of Odin, said to be wise and just, written in Runic characters, no one knows anything. In the West Götland code one rune occurs not used in the old Gothic tongue. Any one who has dipped into Domesday Book must have remarked a sort of great overgrown þ occurring in every line, looking quite out of its proper place: this is this same rune "Thorn," answering to our Th; þing, so written, is pronounced Thing. The Th was of more general use in former days than now. In early Bibles the articles den and det are written then and thet.

The Swedish laws were divided into "Balks" or panels, so termed from the custom of painting them on the walls of the Ting-houses. There was a balk for the church; a criminal balk; one for inheritance, called "Arf," from the old word arrow; the weapon of his father being, in former times, the first thing that a man claimed as his patrimony. Perhaps the balks were tables like those of Moses, only, in his days, people did not require so many of them.

In the West Götland law it is ordained "that, should a poor man steal a loaf of bread from necessity, he shall not be punished until convicted three times of a similar offence." Though a parricide can purchase grace by a fine, yet a thief is condemned to "be boiled in burning tar."

The Lagman, who, in the earliest times, was son of a "bonde,"* had to sing aloud the law to the people at the conclusion of each Ting. Unlike our own code, composed to be misunderstood and to cause more quibbles than the cases themselves, the ancient laws of Sweden were written in metre, some few fragments of which are still preserved. In the balk of theft, after enumerating the offences for which a criminal is amenable, the judge sums up with the words "for theirs is the doom—

"To be beheaded or hanged,
To be killed and dead;
Let no man complain
If it falls on his head."

The game-laws, more liberal than our own of the same date, were as follows; but the Swedish kings repealed them later—

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* Peasant—odalbonde, yeoman.

"He may have the hare who takes it.
He may have the fox who hunts it.
He may have the wolf who traps it.
He may have the bear who kills it.
He may have the elk who fells it.
He may have the otter who snares it.

Though no longer sung to the people, the law of Sweden is simple and perfectly understood by the bonde, who seldom employ a lawyer—a contrast to our order of things, which says, "He who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client;"—when a poor man in Sweden appears under legal advice, it is a sign his cause is bad. Every sale takes place before the judge of the district. A child of fourteen may appeal against a guardian who neglects his duty. In case of bankruptcy the wards have a prior claim over other creditors. Old people are fond of mortgaging themselves upon a house or estate, retaining the right of rooms and edibles from a farm during their lifetime after the estate is sold. Peasants often give up their farms to their married children under the same conditions. An aged woman attended one day before a judge of my acquaintance to have registered the list of conditions under which she made over the farm and stock to her daughter upon her marriage. All was clearly and neatly drawn out by the mother herself. She was to receive "annually" from her son-in-law—

1. Certain rooms therein mentioned to dwell in.
2. So many pounds of butter.
3. Ditto milk.
4. Ditto bread.
5. Ditto meat.
6. *A decent burial.*

The judge suggested the last item was not looked upon as an "annual" requirement.

After an hour's drive we roll down a hill. Before us, to the right, rise the ruins of a stone-built convent, while in front stands a church with three lofty spires peeping out from a framework of trees. Here we stop, for this is Husaby, a place once famous in early Christian days; but as few perhaps have heard its name, it may be as well first to relate the legend of St. Sigfrid.

Olof Skötkonung—Lap king he was called, because he was elected when an infant to succeed his father—finding how the Christian faith softened the habits of the Swedish people, wrote to King Ethelred, begging him to send some pious men to preach the new doctrine in his dominions.* Ethelred assembled the clergy, hoping to find men ready to set forth upon so holy a mission. None offered, for the news of Nithard,† lately slain in Sweden, had cooled their zeal. Jon alone, most powerful of the English hierarchy, proposed to go. The king was sorry to lose him—his best friend—but would not oppose his wishes; and Jon, now called Sigfrid (no one knows why), accompanied by his three nephews, Unaman, Sunaman, and Vinaman, started for Sweden. Some say Sigfrid was Archbishop of York,‡ others a monk in Gladestone. They landed at Calmar in Småland. When at Östrabro, nowadays Wexiö, the missionary in his slumbers saw a sight of holy angels, which so comforted him, he vowed to build there a church and found a convent. On arriving at Husaby he instructed the king, queen, courtiers, and life-guards, all in the Christian faith, and later baptised them in the spring under the rock-side still known to all men as St. Sigfrid's Källa. To commemorate this event the Lap king caused his palace to be transformed into a cathedral church, the first ever founded in Sweden.

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* The reason assigned for the selection of English apostles to convert the Swedes was the similarity between the "språk" of the two nations. It is said that, when Adelsward preached at Sigtuna, he was perfectly understood by the people; "an honest and learned man, under whose rule the Church increased in numbers." The respect entertained for him induced the king to summon him to Norway, from whence he returned home laden with presents. These he employed in the ransom of 300 slaves.

† Nephew of Anscarius.

‡ In the Church history Sigfrid is called "Archbishop of York"—it sounds better. Virdaland, where he settles, is described as "a very promised land—overflowing with lakes full of fish, honey, fruitful fields and meadows, rich mineral mountains, and all kinds of birds and game—harts, deer, hares, elks, and other animals."

Entering the churchyard, an avenue of trees leads to the square tower, from which spring two small round turrets, each capped by a spire, which once formed part of the royal castle; on either side are placed, before the doorway, the sepulchral monuments of Olof and his queen Astrid; both of carved stone with arched roofs, a cross headstone at each end. On that of the king a frieze of ancient sculptures tells the story of his baptism and conversion.* The interior of the church has suffered perhaps not less from restorations than from burnings. Within its sacristy are preserved many relics, among which the image of the saint appears with his well-known emblem, a pail containing three heads, of which elsewhere (at Wexiö).

An aged gentlewoman, bent with years, on a visit to the grave of her brother, a former pastor, taking us in hand, did the honours of the church, quite putting aside the woman with the keys, who no doubt trembled for her fee. She pointed out the first bishop's chair, of capacious size, resembling those called abbots' chairs in

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* A.D. 1001.

England; next the rich carved cabinet of oak, containing piles of old dusty books; a pair of tongs, used by the monks for shaping the holy wafer, engraved with six round medallions, each bearing a different device, and the date 1110; then sharply seizing me by the arm, our guide opened a cupboard crammed with old stoles and vestments. "Here," says she, dragging forth a figured velvet, "look at this torn garment. An abbot in olden times was wont to visit the wife of a farmer—for no good I'll be bound. When the story came to the husband's ears he imagined it was some gay junker who had adopted a priest's disguise; so he spread a hare's net before the doorway, and the monk, on sallying forth, was caught, like Mars of old ('twas evident she had received a classical education), within its meshes." Then the old lady, firing up, tore with vehemence a shred from off the garment, and gave it me, exclaiming—"There, take this, keep it, and thank God! As you are a Christian, you are not a Romanist."

St. Sigfrid, Archbishop of York, Husaby Church.

The lines of the German poet Logau, written at the end of the Thirty Years' War, rose, I trust not [illegible]ritably, to my memory:—

"Luth'risch, Papstich, und Calvinisch,
Diese Glauben alle drei,
Sind vorhanden, doch ist Zweifel,
Wo das Christenthum denn sey!"

As regards the old lady's story, it is true; for Charles XI., when he came to Husaby before visiting St. Sigfrid's Well, first inspected the tattered garment of the captured monk, and shook his sides with laughter. Behind the altar, together with an early font, still stand a pile of lances (blosst'stångar), which, fitted with torches, were borne before the bridegroom by his best men on his way to the church, a custom of the olden time, when weddings took place by night. The Fästnings Ohl, or betrothal, was in former days a grand ceremonial throughout Sweden. The young pair sat on a raised platform under a canopy of silk; behind them was placed the bridal bench, where, arranged on a silken cover, were exhibited the wedding presents of plate, jewels, and money. Another old custom, now obsolete, was that of the Brud-bad (bride's bath), taken by the fiancée in great state three or four days previous to the wedding.*

Husaby once formed part of the De la Gardie Grefskab; the arms may be seen in all directions. Leaving the church, we visited the spring, St. Sigfrid's Well, o'ershadowed by a rock, from which a stunted ash extends its branches. Around the broken stone runs an inscription; a poor-box is placed by the side.

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* The last bride who took the brud-bad was Ebba de la Gardie, the betrothed of Magnus Stenbock. The ceremony was performed at Rosenbad, on the Södermalm, at Stockholm, to which place she proceeded, attended by a large concourse of noble ladies both married and single. The bath was followed up by a grand banquet and ball at the De la Gardie palace. Fifty years since the custom still prevailed in [illegible]. The bridal couch was dressed in a chamber called the "wed[illegible]ll."

When some years since the source was emptied out, many early Anglo-Saxon and English coins were found —gifts of pious pilgrims who were wont to visit the well on St. Sigfrid's day, Feb. 18th. All here bears the saint's name—St. Sigfrid's Meadows, St. Sigfrid's Road; for the king gave the whole village "till Staff Och stol"—in gratitude, says the chronicler, that "Sweden's soul was in this place rescued from heathenism."

We each quaffed a glass of water from the holy well; then dropping a small coin in the iron-bound box for Bishop Jon's sake, again started on our way. Before the ruins stands the maypole, in these parts wreathed with leaves and hens' eggs, not with flowers. Upon a breezy heath studded with pines and juniper stand two lofty Runic stones: when one of them fell in the last century, twenty pair of oxen could scarce raise it up again. The setting sun reflected on the lake shone in one continued pillar of fire, such as guided the Israelites through the wilderness; the eye scarcely dares to gaze upon the Kinne waters, so bright are they and dazzling. We pass through gates innumerable, at last roll into the newly built city of Lidköping.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Lidköping — The Bell War — Cathedral tower of Skara — The Folkungar — Tournament of the Kettle-mender — Domkyrka — Tomb of Erik Soop, the saviour of Gustaf Adolf — Bishop Brynolf and his 'Rhyming Chronicle' — His English predecessors — Beggars unknown in early times in Sweden — English sweating sickness — Journal of Charles XI. — Its pious conclusion.

LIDKÖPING.

BUILT where the Lida-ån discharges its waters into the Kinne bay, Lidköping commands from her long jetty a glorious view of Kinne Kulle over the deep blue waters. This town derives some importance from its corn-trade; the streets and squares are wide; there are many handsome houses newly built, and more in course of building. The new brick church, with buttresses of Kinne limestone, picked out in black and white, Florentine fashion, with a lofty black slated spire and gilded finials, is as a whole most creditable and effective. An older building on the same site fell a prey to the fire which some few years since reduced the city to ashes, destroying everything, even to the great bell, of which old people still love to tell stories, chuckling as they relate "How in the 'Bell War,'* when Gustaf Wasa ordered his bailiffs to carry it to Lödose,* the bell became so heavy no team of oxen could move it; but no sooner had the men left it than the townspeople hoisted it up light as a feather to its place again! where it pealed merrily till cracked by the last fire."

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* Gustaf Wasa owed a large sum to the Lubeckers; until this was repaid there was no hope of free commerce for the country; so in 1530

From a threatened conflagration more serious still, in 1561, Lidköping escaped by the stratagem of parson Olof in Harened, who, when the troops of Christian IV. drew nigh, caused fires to be lighted throughout the adjoining forest, and ordered the townspeople to beat drums by day and night. The Danes, imagining the Swedish army to be encamped in the woods, retired, burning Husaby and Skara on their way, but leaving Lidköping unscathed. These early clergy were plucky fellows, and endless are the anecdotes of their spirited, not spiritual, doings.

In the centre of the great square stands the small townhouse, where, if you love to study character from men's portraits, some good, more only daubs, and all sadly wanting cleaning, you will find hanging on the walls the sovereigns of the Wasa dynasty, beginning with King Gustaf; his son Erik, splendidly dressed, as was his wont; when once a king he was only too glad to have done with his father's economy, his patching and turning; in him are repeated the features of Gustaf, but not his stern character. Then follows his brother

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he determined that the church bells should be given up and melted down to supply the deficit. This ordinance was most distasteful to the people; an insurrection broke out in Dalarne; and the very men who had aided the king in his wanderings when a fugitive, now rose in rebellion against him. This rising was termed the "Bell War."

* Kings are six of one and half-a-dozen of another. Henry VIII., playing at dice with Sir Thomas Partridge for the bells of old St. Paul's, lost them at one throw.

John, with pointed beard, and face false as a Valois. The great Gustavus, the hero of Protestantism, in a buff jerkin, most unwieldy; Christina, fair, but deformed in bust, and thus depicted always—strange that painters should have so little flattered a sovereign!

Lidköping was little more than a small fishing village till Queen Christina gave it to De la Gardie, who rebuilt it, doing much to improve its commerce, founding fresh schools, and eighteen churches in the country. Charles XI., at the Reduction, writes word to the burghers, "How, understanding the town now bears on its shield the arms of De la Gardie in conjunction with those of Sweden, in place of a Skara bishop in pontificalibus, he begs they will for the future content themselves with the shield borne by their forefathers, for this must no longer be."

We passed one night at Lidköping, and next day drove to Skara.

SKARA.

Its grammar-school is the most ancient foundation in the kingdom, for the Lap king, after his conversion, had Anglo-Saxon teachers from England to instruct the Christian youth. At a later period the Benedictines took charge of the school, but were so lazy that Pope Innocent IV. had to set matters right by his bull called 'Collegium Canonicorum.'

On walking through the streets of Skara, an old cathedral town with bishop, droning bees, and sycamores, you wonder why King Olof should have chosen for the capital of his new diocese* a site so far removed from lake and river. According to olden writers, lake Wenern was at that time connected by the Lida-ån and a string of small lakes with the Hornborga Sjön, between which Skara, then a town of vast importance, lay midway. This fact is attested by relics of ships and anchors often dug up when ploughing the fields.

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* Husaby was appointed a bishopric pro tem. till Skara Domkyrka

As to its antiquity, don't mention it, unless you love to plunge into a slough of Gothic kings—Skarin and such like. We'll only talk of Skara Christian. Here in West Götland we come across a new line of kings, the Stenkil and the Sverker dynasty, for ever at loggerheads with the Folkungar, that powerful race who, ancient authors declare, were spoken of in England long before Folke Filbyter (freebooter) first appeared in Sweden, in the days of the Lap king. Wherever they came from, they were a proud race, despising all other nobles, only mating with kings' daughters, whom they carried off by force when fair means failed.* The Folkungar are said to have introduced a new system of mining into Sweden.

These sovereigns of the early Christian faith had a

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was completed. Thurgot was first bishop of Skara: the new chapter bore as their arms one big star surrounded by twelve little ones; and Skara, in defiance of Lund, proclaims herself the most ancient bishopric of Sweden.

* Independent of the abduction of the cloistered nun fair Ingred, mentioned elsewhere, Sten Folkeson carried off King Sverker's daughter. King Magnus had set a price on the head of Tune Fonte, a proud Folkungar, who defied his power; disguised as a peasant the outlaw accompanied the court to a grand hunting party in Tiweden. It chanced that the king dismounted from his favourite Spanish palfrey; then Fonte, jumping down from his horse, sprang into the king's saddle, spurred, and rode away; but the king caught him after a time, and cut his head off. When the pursuit was over, the king, blown, rested on a large stone which still bears the name of the outlaw.

great affection for West Götland, in which they possessed many castles—one at Skara, called Jarlaquist, of whose ramparts some remains are still seen.

This castle has witnessed great sights within its walls, and dark deeds too. Here the Folkungar, jealous of King Magnus's favourite Ingemar, forced the gates of the castle, and murdered him. Magnus, concealing his anger, invited the Folkungar to a banquet. Like fools, they went; but scarcely had the meal begun when armed men, rushing in, seized them, and cut off their heads.

In Skara's early history you will find accounts of meetings and grand doings: how here King Magnus Ladulås*—we know him better as the "Kettle-mender"—held a great festival to celebrate the nuptials of his son—that horrid Birger—with Margaret, daughter of the Danish Glipping. The Danes, Germans, and Swedes outboasted one another, each vaunting the valour of his countrymen. Magnus Dusevald, a Dane, provoked all comers to the tilt, offering as the prize of victory his chain of silver; but Ehrengiste Platen, of the house of Brahe, a native of Skara, knocked him clean over at the first onset.†

Add to these few events some five or six burnings of the city by the Danes; in one of which Christian IV. was nearly taken prisoner, but escaped, thanks to the treachery of the Swedish Colonel Mattson Krus, whose fingers, folks say, itched at the sight of silver;—and you know quite enough of Skara's history.*

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* This name of Ladulås—"lock of the barns"—sounds Ossian-like, but has nothing poetic about it;—plain English "barn." King Magnus, by his edicts, so ameliorated the condition of the peasantry that they looked on him as having put a lock to their granaries, and dubbed him "Ladulås."

† Here, too, Queen Margaret, in 1396, before the assembled council, changed the name of her nephew Henry to that of Erik, as more pleasing to Scandinavian ears.

Our first visit was to the cathedral,† which stands apart in the midst of a horse-chesnut grove. It is built of fine sandstone—of a quality superior to that of Kinne Kulle—brought from a quarry on the other side of the Hornboga Sjön. The style is partly Rundsbåg, partly "first pointed;" but the church has suffered greatly from burnings and later Vandalisms; and within is literally "swept out" of all fittings ecclesiastical. Calvin would have rubbed his hands with joy!—Luther would have looked sad! It was the Danes—all the Danes, said the "Klokker;"—last year it was always the Swedes who did the mischief. The sole monument of note is that of Erik Soop, a hero of the Thirty Years' War, who saved the life of Gustaf Adolf in the fight of Weissenberg. A Croat was about to slay the king, when

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* Whitelocke complains of the inns on his road to Skara, "whose best refreshment was lusty fires;" his gentlemen lay in straw, and when they had eaten their beef, "it was whispered that this beef was of a rotten cow that had died in a ditch." At Skara he found matters not much better. The school which he visited contained 400 scholars in one long room; "some of them at the upper end were bearded men of thirty years of age, just as much subject to the rod, if they offended, as the young boys among whom they sat."

The schoolmaster informed him that "Goth, servant to Abraham, married one of Sarah's maids, and brought her into his own country. Having grown rich, he built a city in this place, and gave his wife the naming of it, who, in honour of her mistress, called it Sarah; but now, by the people's rough pronunciation, this has been corrupted into Skara."

† It was the custom in early times to submit to the pope plans and drawings of the cathedrals previous to their foundation. A very large collection of these drawings is still preserved in the library of the Vatican. During the revolution of 1848 and 49, a Swedish artist resident in Rome gained access to the archives, and found the originals of Skara, Upsala, Tronyem, and other great northern churches, together with those of the most celebrated ecclesiastical buildings in Europe.

Erik rushed to his sovereign's rescue, and at one blow cut off the trooper's head. Erik lies by his wife (the lady Anna Posse) under a canopy of marble; both figures are in alabaster. This tomb is the work of Peter Keiser, of Amsterdam. In an adjoining chapel stands the metal coffin of the hero, guarded on either side by colossal statues of Mars and Bellona!! At the very time when saints were looked upon as objects of disgust, heathen gods and goddesses were tolerated in sacred buildings! When Skara's church was founded by King Olof, the peasants, as usual, paid the piper. Bishop Brynolf,* who in the thirteenth century wrote a small rhyming chronicle about his predecessors in the see, not always very complimentary, says—

"When Skara's Domkyrka was built
Each peasant gave towards it five pennies blue." †

"Skara Domkyrka vigde han tä,
Hvar bonde gaf ther till fem penninga blä."

Brynolf was afterwards canonised.‡ At this period the bonde could well afford to contribute to the good work; for, when Christianity was first preached, the Swedes possessed great wealth, brought from foreign countries by their ancestors; and their young sons still went away early every spring, as merchants or vikings, bringing back goods and money to their father's house. The labourers were cared for when old and decrepit, both clothed and fed by their employers. Beggars were unknown; and when a rich lady in Upsala, taught by the priests that she might please God by giving alms, bequeathed on her deathbed all her possessions to those who lived by charity, none could be found in Sweden to claim a share of the gift, so the money was sent to foreign countries, where beggars were in plenty. The Varangian guard, too, on their return from the East, brought much wealth into the country,*

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* The earlier bishops of Skara were mostly Englishmen. Adelsward the younger arrived from England to find the elder on his death-bed. "He deserved," say the chronicles, "the gratitude of the Goths." Rodulward, his successor, is described "as the worst of all honest men," whose efterträdare (after-treader, i. e. successor) Rikolf, except that he was an Englishman, no one knows anything about. Herward first ran away from his wife and children, came to Skara, and then, having enriched himself with the bishopric, returned to England—"not at all a shining light of God's Church."

These notices are chiefly derived from the chronicles of Bishop Brynolf, who, "having sucked in poison with his mother's milk," bore a life of torture with more Christian forbearance than he seems to have shown towards the memory of his predecessors.

† These "blue" pennies, constantly mentioned in history, valued at 12 skillings Danish, were stamped on one side with the flag-bearing lamb (the arms of Wisby), and on the reverse with a lily.

‡ Brynolf was one of the eleven sons of Algot, Lagman of West

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Götland, a Folkungar. King Magnus, jealous of the power and riches of the family, put to death seven and banished the others. Brynolf was expelled his bishopric, but the king, fearing the clergy, consented to a reconciliation, which took place in the cathedral church, King Magnus imploring the bishop's pardon on his kness. Brynolf was renowned for his avarice. When the crops failed, and one-third of the population died of famine in the course of six months, he took refuge at Leckö, leaving the people to perish. His father, Algot the Lagman, collected the starving peasants, and embarked them in long boats, carrying them across the lake to Leckö. The bishop beheld with astonishment the arrival of his father, heading a host of ragged men, women, and children, with whom he surrounded the barns of the manor. Then the Lagman appeared before his son in his princely hall, and after solemnly upbraiding him that he, the shepherd of his people, and the wealthiest man of the country, should refuse bread to the poor, commanded him to feed these miserable wretches, who must else die of hunger; adding that he himself would support the rest. The peasants had a hard time of it in those days. By the Wenern's banks are still shown the "hunger stones," on which the lord of Agneholm fastened both men and women naked, exposed to cold and famine till they did his will; and if they were stubborn,—why, they died there.

* Ragnar Lodbrok compelled all younger sons to expatriate them-

for many Swedes joined it (as well as the English Danes) under the Swedish prince Eilif.* This state of things was not of long duration; no sooner was the doctrine promulgated that crimes might be atoned for by almsgiving, than many women devoted their lives to feeding the poor, and beggars multiplied so that sufficient lodgings could not be found in the villages during the winter. Then Archbishop Birger Gregerson ordered a poorhouse to be built in every village: these were the first known "fattighus" in Sweden.

This cathedral rests on eighteen thousand piles of aspen, a wood said to stand the wet and damp better than any other.†

"Mind you visit the veterinary school when at Skara," said everybody; "'tis the oldest and most remarkable in Sweden, and was founded by Gustaf III." So we made acquaintance with Lector Forsell the director, who kindly showed us the museum, where, among other queer objects in bottles, are the skeletons of sundry cows, horses, and dogs, blessed with an undue number of heads, tails, and legs. In the stables were some forty horses, afflicted with various complaints: one poor brute had just undergone an operation—his neck laid open; there were oxen not up to their work, and invalid dogs,—all very interesting to surgeons and

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selves, in order to get rid of the turbulent youth for whom he had no employment at home.

* Brother of Gyda, Duchess Godwin (of the Sands), mother of our English king Harold.

† This may be true, for the aspen from time immemorial has been used by the sabot and patten makers. In 1464 the "patyn" makers petitioned the Crown to repeal the statute of Henry VI., which forbad them to use the wood of the aspen-tree, "as being that used by the fletchers (butchers) for skewers, as it was the best wood to make patyns with."

anatomists, but not to the ignorant. The school is well conducted, and the director enjoys a first-rate reputation throughout the whole country.

In the library, a most effective building lately completed by a pupil of Brunius, is contained a museum, yet in its infancy, well stocked with reliquaries from Warnhem kloster—Trolles' horns, Rune staffs, portraits of kings and others from Leckö—Ebba Brahe, in the days of her youth and beauty—Bishop Svedberg, father of Svedenborg, who was born at Skara.* The library above is extensive; the books, as customary in Sweden, are lent out. Maybe the long winter nights make the Normen greater readers than ourselves, for in well-nigh every country village is a library the property of the commune. On an ancient seal hanging from some document (abbey charter, or royal grant) was depicted Skara cathedral as first built with slender spires. A parchment dated 1529, "when the Engelska Svetter grasserade" put me in a passion, just as if the sweating-sickness was of English origin—why, their own clergy denounce it as a judgment on the people for adopting the new-fangled doctrines of Luther.

Beneath a glass-case lay two almanacs dated 1693-6, with annotations in the handwriting of Charles XI., noting small nothings of every-day life—one likes sometimes to catch monarchs in déshabille with their crowns off.

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* Bishop Svedberg lies buried in Warnhem kloster. Among the most celebrated bishops of Skara was Erik Emporagrius, for many years curate of the great church of Stockholm. He boldly preached against the bad morals of the nobles and the court of Queen Christina. The Swedes knew him by his book—'The Simple Interpretation of the Catechism'—which had great success till some one accused him of saying that "woman was to be considered only as the principal of man's properties and moveables." No sooner was this buzzed abroad than Queen Hedvig Eleanora, at the head of the whole female community, rose up in arms, and never ceased their outcries till the book was prohibited.

Charles writes how, March 18, "His Majesty," so he terms himself, "and the Prince Royal went in a sledge on the Bruns Viken to Ulriksdal. When we arrived we heard a citizen of Stockholm had had the ill luck to drown himself some distance from land, on the side of the lake opposite the palace; the house to which the body was conveyed caught fire at two o'clock, but was extinguished. That same day the son of Lehusen was baptized and received the name of Carl Ulrik from his godfathers and godmothers, the King's Majesty, the Queen Dowager, and Princess Hedwig holding the child. The Countesses Beata, Stenbock, and Sparre, with other grand folks, were present; but, shocking to relate, Anders Grönberg, master of the ceremonies, arrived too late, when all was over."

On the last day of 1693 the king thus piously concludes his diary:—

"May God be eternally blessed who has brought us to the close of this year in peace and tranquillity; may God console me in my sorrow, in my great grief and sadness; and may He grant me, whenever it be His gracious will, a good ending of this life of toil! this I ask through the merits of Jesus Christ His Son. God will hear my prayer. May God preserve her Majesty the Queen, my brother,* and my children, from all ill, both of body and soul, for Jesus Christ His sake. Amen."

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* Gustaf of Zweibrücken, born 1670. One hears little about him, save that he entered the Emperor's service, and became a member of the Catholic faith, which prevented his election to the throne of Sweden after the death of Charles XII. He divorced his first wife, married a second, and died without issue 1711.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Phantom castle of King Inge — Bishop Ofeg and the gold-mine — The heathen bell and her baptised sisters — Gudhem Kloster — The Black Death — Warnhem Kloster, and its royal tombs — Legend of Anselmo the hermit — Birger Jarl in missionary costume — Charles XII.'s recruiting sergeant — Oglanda, the road to Odin's Isle — Sköfde and St. Elin's Well — English names of Scandinavian origin.

THE weather is piping hot. We leave Skara at daybreak, drive through a rich and well-cultivated country—waving fields of corn, peas, and potatoes, not one boulder to be seen; these are church-lands, or have been so in earlier days—hence their fertility. In the background rise pine-clad hills; to the right, the waters of Hornborga-sjön, a place noted in history, for here, on an island, King Inge had his castle of Ingetorp. While the sun is above the horizon you may seek in vain, but it stands beneath the water, and, on bright moonlight nights, oft appears above the surface of the lake—a phantom castle, with towers of red, and roof of silver. The poor fishermen of the place tell long stories about the fierce knights and beauteous ladies seen upon the battlements and on the balconies.

King Inge lay buried in the church of Hauge, near Gudhem kloster, where, writes a chronicler, "his tomb is shown to all comers, not of splendid workmanship like those of modern days, but a polished slab, with a cross at the head and foot.* The small river which runs into the lake is known by the name of Guldkroken (gold hook), from the gold sands it washes up. Folks talk of a gold-mine; for Ofeg Bishop of Westerås, in 1574, writes in his day-book: "I would tell more about this gold-mine if I knew God would allow it, but I call to mind the death of Christ, and reflect how the Sala mines call men to Satan daily."

Bishop Ofeg had far better have held his tongue. He set treasure-seekers mad in the last century. A ruined alchymist contracted with a peasant to work the mine and to share the profits between them. When the man had expended twelve specie, the gold produced six dollars; so the enterprise was abandoned In this same river, now called Hornborga Aa, is shown a deep place, called "Klock Hole," concerning which there exists the following tradition: "The village church of Hornborg had three bells; two were rightly christened Christina and Catherina; the third had not been baptised when the prohibition against the christening of bells† was published by Gustaf Wasa; it was therefore called Margaret without any further ceremony. The giant of the Brunhemberg carried off Margaret and cast her into the 'Bells-deep.' Over her sisters he had no power. The peasants still sing of these three bells, 'Kirsten and Karen,' they play with golden chessmen; but Margaret lies at the bottom of the river."

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* Inge was later removed to Warnhem kloster.

† In the last years of popery in Sweden the consecration of the churches, and everything they contained, gave rise to much superstition. The people generally believed that the power of Heaven had been communicated to the stones of the church, to the lead in the church windows, and to the very nails in the doors and locks. When the hunter procured a little church lead, and mixed it with the lead that he used to make his balls, he became a free-shooter; that is to say, he never missed his mark, and the Lady of the Forest had no power to entice him. A nail of church-iron, made into a hook, was thought to procure successful fishing. As for the free-shooters, many of them knew a kind of incantation by the help of which they could prevent the powder in the guns of their enemies from taking fire. This art is still known to old hunters. (?)

"Kirsten och Karen
De spela gulltafwel
Men Margaretha ligger på sjöbotten."

We did not visit Gudhem kloster, for the remains are small. It was founded by Queen Gunhild, who, after many years of married life, was discovered by a Hamburg archbishop to be more nearly related to her husband, Svend Estridson, than the laws of the Church allow.* The royal pair were separated, and Jutta retired to Gudhem kloster, where she ended her days in good works and lies buried. Gudhem was a celebrated place of heathen worship in pagan times; wondrous are the tales of the great temple which stood there, with a hundred gods, and human sacrifices quite unpleasant to read about. When the black death raged through the land the bonde called to mind the old customs of their forefathers, and resolved to make "a strong sacrifice." Two little beggar children passing by were selected as victims. A grave was hastily dug, and the children seduced to enter it by a piece of bread and butter; they were told to sit quietly and eat their smörgås. The people then commenced casting the earth over them: "Look!" cried the little boy to his sister, "see how the dust falls on my bread and butter;" but their voices were soon heard no more, and the grave was filled up.—The black death pursued its course as usual.

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* Up to a later date the Swedish Church refused to countenance intermarrying of cousins even to the fourth degree. The peasants love it not either, and have many tales to tell on the subject. Bonde Nils, from Mora parish, wishing to espouse his cousin Ingeborg of the third degree, took her to Westerås, and, after declaring before the bishop they were only distantly related, he married her. "Are you not afraid of——?" asked her friends when she returned home. "No," laughed Ingeborg; "Nils tells me the devil is dead." As the words escaped her lips, the bystanders observed her turn pale. From that day she grew thinner and thinner—fell away, till she became a living skeleton, and could no longer close her mouth, but walked about fleshless night and day; no priest could be found to shrive her before she died.

Passing through Axevalla, where every year a royal camp is stationed on the heath,—a site historical enough to drive you to your wit's end,—you feel quite glad to look at the Halfkors' graves which stand on the moor, and thank your stars that people only know they are occupied by Stenfolk. As you drive on, butterflies flit round: Camberwell-beauties, Swallow-tails, and a startled Peach-blossom moth. Perched on an oak-tree sat a Roller, poising his prismatic wings in the sun's rays. At length the spires of an old church appear from among the trees at the foot of the Billingen range of hills; this is our destination—Warnhem kloster.

A lych-gate leads to the church through a fine pointed doorway, surmounted by the De la Gardie arms. The building consists of nave, aisle, and transepts, supported on round-arched columns; the vaultings of the roof spring from three pillars; the whole terminated by a round apse with external gallery: it was quite refreshing again to feed our eyes on so much beauty. Well might Gustaf III. have exclaimed—"It is too beautiful for the provinces and deserves to be sent to the capital." Though the king packed up whole towns of wood at a moment's notice, abbey churches of solid stone were too cumbrous, so the building remained in West Götland. This kloster was founded by King Sverker[*] for Bernardine monks from France,[†] and first called Bernhardshem. It was twice burnt down; first, during the war of Queen Margaret's time,—for it was at Axevalla that she quarrelled with King Albert, about a right of way, or a cow, or some nonsense, neither choosing to give in; and again, in 1566, by the nobles of Frederik; after which it remained a ruin, until De la Gardie, a hundred years later, rebuilt it, and restored the tombs of the sovereigns interred there. King Sverker lies at Alvastra, another of his numerous foundations; they did him no good; he only got murdered on his way to church, one Christmas morning, by his groom. First among the tombs comes that of Knud, son of the holy Erik; next, Erik his son, with his queen Richissa of Denmark—both sovereigns of the great house of Bonde; then the tomb of Erik Läspe,[‡] the Lisper, who died, some say, by poison; lastly that of Birger Jarl, worth the rest put together. The monument of each king is placed in a separate chapel: the stones were renewed by De la Gardie when he rebuilt the church; the sides alone, carved with five pointed crowns, such as kings wore, belong to the period. The decorations of Birger Jarl's chapel set me off laughing—all Cupids and garlands—not at all his style, if one is to credit the portrait carved on the Castle of Tawastehus, in Finland, where he is represented preaching Christianity to the natives.

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[*] Twelve miles from Lund dwelt the hermit Anselmo. One night, as he knelt and prayed, the heavens were opened to him. He saw the Holy Bernard enter the abodes of bliss, and heard the melody of the saints in sweetest tones exclaiming, "Oh, thou spirit of Bernard, the good thou hast done amongst men is hidden from mortal eyes, but we know it!" Then there stood before him a monk, of tall imposing figure, with long gray beard, saying, "I am Bernard; see how the angels adore me! See how I am repaid twofold the good I did on earth! I am now an angel." Thereupon the holy man vanished. All which so edified the hermit Anselmo, that he seized his staff, trudged off to King Sverker, who, only too charmed at the recital, soon after laid the first stone of Warnhem kloster, placing his own daughter, or somebody's widow—I am sure I forget whom—as first abbess of the convent.

[†] 1150.

[‡] Erik Läspe had no children by his wife, and was the last sovereign but one of the house of St. Erik (Bonde). The people regretted him; no one knows exactly how he died, whether by sickness, poison, or the sword. If old lays are to be trusted, he was killed by his own natural

Birger Jarl* stands clad in full armour; a steel cap on his head, with ten feathers; on his shield he bears three roses; in one hand a rod, in the other a knotted whip with three tails; on the ground a chalice and a burning faggot—most persuasive arguments. The De la Gardie chapel is rich in monuments, heraldic bearings, and banners taken from the Russians; the busts of Magnus and his princess spouse stand before the vault, the lady of the well-darned linen gloves we have seen already at Löboröd. In the sacristy lay idle the long sticks tipped with a knob used by the church-pushers at Warnhem till within these last five years; —obsolete customs linger longer in abbey churches than elsewhere;—these sticks would still have been in use, had not a cross old beadle aimed at the women's caps

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twin sons, whose mother he had deceived and had mocked in her distress.

* Birger Jarl married the Queen Dowager Mechtild of Denmark, daughter of Adolf of "the milk-can," and widow of restless King Abel—the lady who, in a royal tantrum, tore up the archives of the realm. She did her best to cause a war between the two countries, and, not succeeding in this, set the whole of her stepfamily by the ears; but then she was a saint's daughter. Henry III. of England was on good terms with Birger Jarl (see Rymer, Fœdera), accrediting three monks to treat with Sweden on commercial matters.

and knocked them off on purpose, when they only closed their eyes against the light and were not sleeping or dreaming of it; such quarrels ensued at the church-porch after service, that the custom was abolished. On leaving the kloster the man with the key, grateful for his tip, pulled me back: "See, here is something worth looking at;" and he dragged out the headless mummy of a recruiting-sergeant sent down by Charles XII. in the last year of his reign.* The peasantry rose and killed him. Having told his story, he added, "Wait whilst I get the head." We did not, but drove off from Warnhem kloster.

We mount the Billingen ridge, a Krono Parken, or royal park, where Hakon the Red, and other kings, hunted the elk and bear, wolf and wild swan. Turning round, the view extends over Walle Härad, and some, not all, of its 365 lakes. There are many places of interest around;—mounds where kings were buried in half-pagan times, and good Jarl Ulf, who sleeps in a silver coffin, in the Viking-bol, by lake Ymsen. Above his grave flourishes a grove of oaks, still called Ulfeke. Eighteen royal castles belonging to this neighbourhood are mentioned in history. Half a mile to the right lies Oglanda, an English-sounding name, another of the places from which the ancients cast themselves to Odin's Isle. Suddenly, on descending, we come upon the city of Sköfde, where the railway has a station. Sköfde is the smallest of towns—a square, with a fountain; a church, with one fine round-arched doorway, supported by monsters—apocalyptic lions, "couchant et snarlant," with heads between their paws; the church is surrounded by a sweet-smelling graveyard, shady and pleasant, where ladies sit at work, and men do gossip. There is now a fine hotel, too large for the little place. This town, in its day a place of note, is mentioned in 1164 as under the special patronage of St. Elin.

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* Four hundred thousand men fell in the wars of Charles XII.; at his death there remained only 350,000 of the stronger sex in the country. The immense wealth of his "reducing" father was dissipated—a debt of 240 millions of dollars. Heroes sound very well in history, but are very troublesome people in everyday life.

St. Elin was a Christian lady, rich and respected. "If," says the chronicler, "all saints were like her, they would indeed deserve honour." Her daughter espoused a pagan, who, ill-treating his wife, was slain by the people. Elin, suspected of aiding the murder, in her grief took staff and wandered to the Holy Sepulchre. On her return she built the church of Sköfde, and there prepared herself a grave. While on her road to church she was attacked by assassins, who killed her, then hid her body in a wood hard by, where it was found minus one finger; for this her friends searched in vain, until a light led them to a juniper-bush, on which it was found hanging by a blind man, who saw for ever after! A deep well sprang from where her body lay; a rippling streamlet from the bush on which reposed her finger. Most famous they became, curing all sorts of evils. And soon there arose a chapel, at which the devout made offerings. This well excited the ire of Archbishop Abraham, who went on a crusade throughout the land, filling up all the best springs, mineral or pure water, as Popish, anti-Christian, and what not besides; he stopped St. Elin's well with stones, clay, mud, all sorts of rubbish,—apostrophising it as he went his way, "There, see if Mrs. Elin will now clear you out again!" The indignant waters bided their time; scarce had the archbishop departed, when, with a laughing joyous bubble, they burst through the corner stone of the desecrated chapel. The saintly finger of St. Elin, surrounded by a misty halo, was seen to point the way; then running clear, bright, and sparkling, they followed their old course, where you may see them this very day.

West Götland loves her memory, and in her night-watch mass sang:—

> "Hail spotless and pure! Pride of West Götaland;
> Crowned St. Elina, who, blessed from God's bright abode,
> In mercy protects our land of Svea.

Sköfde stuck to St. Elina, and caroused at her Gille, "Stæ. Elinæ convivium."

We might, had there been time, have visited the ancient wall of Svendrup, which trails its length betwixt Wettern and Wenern;—built, says tradition, by the West Gothic kings to protect the country against their neighbours—a Swedish Dannevirke. Some, however, declare it to be a natural formation, a heap of sand and stones—it is now termed Getryggen, or the Goat's-back.

The novelty of English names in Scandinavia has almost worn out; still to-day on the map I came across a Russell, bakke;—read of a knight of Båsing; and find a Bishop Thynne, once of Linköping, in an old history of the provinces.* An hour's steam brought us to

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* Before quitting the subject of English names it may be as well to give the list of those found in the Battle Abbey and Leland's Rhyming Chronicle which can be easily traced to a Scandinavian origin.

Anguilliam	Angurlam—saga of.
Amund-Amoundeville ..	Amond-ville.
Asperemound	(derived from) Emound.
Bardolf	still exists.
Beer	

Torreboda, where the canal meets the railroad. Here, by ill-luck, we had to wait a day and night. The hotel is not yet completed, and you find only "Rum for Resande," which don't mean spirits, but rooms for travellers. Next afternoon the boat arrived, and we embarked therein.

Steaming along by banks of weeping birch, we reach the place where an obelisk marks the highest point of the canal twixt Stockholm and Göteborg, then squeeze into the Viken, studded with pine-clad islands; one castle, that of Ryholm, stands boldly waving its flag. As the lake narrows, it becomes more exquisitely beautiful, so soft, so calm, with châlets and factories on its banks, and small islets, scarcely natural,

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Bonde-ville	Bonde.
Brand	
Baldewine	Balder.
Estrange—Strange	Stran-ge. (The Vigorous.)
Fitz Raulfe	Rolf or Raulf.
Fitz Braune, or Brun	The squire of Harald Hildetand, at the Bråwalla fight, bore the name of Brun.
Lave	
Latymer, or Ladymyr	Ladomir — later corrupted into Wladimir = Waldemar; invaded Russia, became king, and drove out the Tartars.
Fliot	Icelandic.
Toker	
Ryg	
Rafe	Raven.
Grimward	
Rolf	
Rawnald	Ragvald.
Hayward	Haward.
Voulund	Volund—saga of.
Löring	Lö (lynx).
Byn (gard)	
Liof	Leaf.

more like some fancy Norwegian lakelet in a suburban villa, planted with larch and juniper. On its waters float the white water-lily,—here called neck-rose,—for the sprite loves to nestle beneath its snowy petals. Tufts of white ranunculus, with heads erect, as though on a voyage themselves, duck under as we sail by, reappearing afresh upon the surface. It is Chaos, softened by the blandishments of old dame Nature.

The navigation is dangerous. Brooms and buoys mark the hidden reefs; we wriggle through a passage almost impracticable, and halfway up meet a huge vessel laden with timber. Steam must give way, so the boat backs, causing an hour's delay—then on we go, and bid adieu to the lovely Viken. Crowds of old women and young children surround us at every lock, bearing strawberries and bilberries in small birch pottles, sweetmeats, and melons; and all men eat in one day more trash than they elsewhere devour in twelve months.* At last the stern towers of Carlsborg arise—a fortress in the centre of the kingdom built against Russian invasion. We enter, and steam across the Wettern by the pale twilight—Wadstena castle is faintly visible—then comes a black-spired church, shipping, a quay. Stopping at Motala, we land on the shores of Östergötland.

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* The Swedes eat wood-strawberries medicinally. Linnæus declares himself to have been cured of a violent attack of gout by eating this fruit; every year he ate as many as his system could bear. Once, when suffering from gout, a pupil arrived from Canada loaded with new plants, the sight of which delighted him so much he at once rose and walked. It is evident gouty people should be amused.

ÖSTERGÖTLAND.

(EAST GÖTLAND.)

CHAPTER XXV.

Wadstena Slott — Story of Fröken Cecilia — Prince Erik's letters — Imprisonment of the count — Letters of Gustaf Wasa — Queen Elizabeth godmother to Cecilia's child — Duke Magnus promised the hand of Mary Stuart. His madness — Story of the mermaid.

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WADSTENA.

WE set off early, and drove to Wadstena. The road ran near the Wettern's banks; purple emperor butterflies flitted about, the prismatic colours of their wings rendered more brilliant by their wildness; on the poles of the electric telegraph sat kestrels and large birds of the falcon tribe, like parrots on their perches; lastly, a raven of enormous size, centenarian at least,* a bird looked on with awe by the peasants; for, say they, "The Rammen contains the soul of a man laid secretly beneath the sod by undiscovered murderers." We drive by the square, in which stands a gabled church-tower, and reach the hotel, near the castle.

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* In 1817 a raven of uncommon size was shot on the Mälar, in the beak of which was found a small copper plate, bearing date 1747. The beak of the bird, which is preserved in the Museum of Natural History of Stockholm, is slightly deformed in consequence.

Wadstena Slott, a fine specimen of the Renaissance period, surrounded by moat and flanked by two lofty cupola-capped towers, now almost a ruin, is undergoing a restoration at the king's expense, and well does it deserve it; for few buildings are of greater interest as connected with the house of Wasa.

Crossing the bridge, we enter the courtyard, and, mounting the winding staircase, wander through long-deserted chambers and corridors, wading knee-deep, not in mud, but in corn, for the palace is now a granary. In the great Riddarsal still remain, painted in the window recess, gigantic figures of armed sentinels; a wise precaution, for these casements, in the days of Gustaf Wasa and his offspring, had need to be strictly guarded. A few ruined doors of marqueterie, some chimney-pieces, with ciphers and emblems belonging to that royal house, nothing more remains to tell the former splendour of the castle. The chapel, which forms the centre of the building, is high vaulted, and pierced by one rosace.

Waldemar, son of Birger Jarl, had a Kongshus here, called Susenborg. The present building was erected by Gustaf Wasa from the plans of Jacob Wee, an architect of note in Sweden. Here the old king married fair Catherine Stenbock, and to this castle belongs that sad, sad history of Fröken* Cecilia, in which affair her brother Erik showed such bad judgment, blazoning the story abroad. Strange it is, but nine times out of ten, when a woman's honour is at stake, her reputation is compromised by some hot-headed, ill-judged male relative, who "acts for the best;" which, in plain English, means, he gives way to his own temper, regardless of the consequences. Erik, when his rage was over, by way of patching up the matter, had a medal struck bearing the effigy of his sister as the chaste Susanna.

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* As in England, the daughters of our Plantagenet and Tudor sovereigns bore the title of "Lady," and "les filles de France" were termed "Mademoiselle;" so, in Sweden, "Fröken" was the simple denomination of a daughter of the Wasa dynasty. When Germany swamped Sweden, as she did our country, the title of "Princess" was first used by the Royal family.

Cecilia had accompanied her newly married sister, Catherine, to Wadstena, and there, forgetful of her honour, received visits from Count John of East Friesland, younger brother of her sister's husband. Erik, informed of the fact by Carl de Mornay, caused them to be watched, surprised, and the count arrested, thereby causing great scandal.

Old Gustaf, heart-broken at the news, exclaimed—"You write to me, but what can I do? I am like the reaper when the corn is cut."

Prince Erik gives an account of this sad affair to his brother, Duke John, then in England:—

"When we came to Wadstena, and stopped there some time on account of the bad weather, Count John showed his gratitude for the benefits he had received from our father, his Majesty. During the night, notwithstanding the watch, he crept into the maiden chamber of our sister Cecilia, and then out again, for three or four nights, and we knew nothing of it; for although the watch saw it, they did not dare to tell us until they could keep it secret no longer. Then they told me what they had seen. I took the matter in hand, and consulted with our brother Duke Magnus, Bjielke, and Carl de Mornay, to whom it seemed advisable 'to take him by the neck.' At first we thought

I and Magnus should go there; but they knew, if we had found him, he would never have come out with his life. Our servant, Carl de Mornay, offered to go; and when they had watched for three nights, by means of a ladder they went and found him there . . . and I have had him put in the tower. Folks say I have done this to bring my sister into disrepute, which God knows is a lie. H. M. the King is not well pleased, he having understood this matter in its worst meaning."

King Gustaf was very angry with his son for bringing a scandal on his sister; and though Count John was kept in Örbyhus, it seems he met with better treatment than his servants. Duke Magnus writes to Bjielke, who did not at all enjoy the office of gaoler, and wants to be replaced:—

"You ask, as the count is permitted to leave the castle, and go out hunting, whether his servants are not free to follow him? H. M. is by no means disposed to grant this request; let him have as many servants as H. M. gave orders at Westerås. You ask if Count John's 'dräng'* is to be released. H. M. is surprised, as the count has not desired it himself, and you know what trickery and roguery he has committed in the service of his master."

So the count hunted in the forest whilst the dräng pined in the prison of Westerås, and the rest of the valetaille were closely incarcerated.

This account scarcely agrees with that of the Friesland historian, according to whom the treatment of Count John at Örbyhus is too horrible to relate. If true, the hot-headed Erik, during his own long and weary captivity in that same prison—a captivity terminated only by death—had leisure enough to repent his brutality. Moved by the tears of the widowed countess his mother, many German princes sent ambassadors to solicit the count's release. After having publicly declared upon oath the innocence of the princess, and having promised never to avenge himself on her brother, he was set at liberty.*

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* Page.

The account given of the boy's first meeting with his mother on his return from Sweden—how in an agony of grief and shame he cast himself sobbing into her arms—is most affecting. From this time he led a retired life, never again casting eyes on woman. When later Cecilia visited Friesland, her early admirer withdrew from the court of his brother.

This affair made poor Princess Catherine quite ill; Gustaf writes her, "Keep a good diet." He is afraid she lives as she did when a fröken, and eats all sorts of trash and trumpery, apples, frozen nuts, confectionary, and such like, which ruins the stomach. "You must be more careful, unless you wish to bring on yourself some lengthy illness, which God forbid!"

Stern-hearted old king! did it never enter into his head that the disgrace of a sister, and fear for the life of a young brother, may have injured the health of a tender-hearted woman about for the first time to become a mother,—more than the eating of trumpery and frozen nuts?

The king writes to Erik:—

"You answer me that Carl de Mornay did according to your orders—you are wrong in taking the blame on yourself when you might avoid it. As you wish your sister and the count excused, you were very inconsiderate, ordering C. de M. to take with him a drawn sword, and treating your own sister as though she were a common harlot, and throwing her lover into prison as though he had seduced a royal daughter, and before the sight of all men in the whole land. We do not know what you mean to say about the event, and upon whom the blame is to fall. Is it on Carl, or Cecilia, or John? or are you yourself to blame? As you accuse me of not having thought prudently, or treated the count rightly or well, your sister should have been with us, that we might have guarded her as we did formerly; therefore we sent our wife to fetch her back. You know your sister has falsely accused us when she fell upon her knees before you, saying we had struck her, and torn her hair out from her head, which was not true. *Her hair fell out of itself!!!* as many can testify; so is it not right that you should place faith in her, as you answered our wife before hearing me. We hope we have never killed any one but those who have deserved it, and much less the children of our own body."

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* 1560.

On the 9th of April the heartbroken old king, whom no one accuses of eating trumpery, writes to his daughter Catherine:—

"We cannot conceal from you, dearest daughter Catherine, we are sick both in head and stomach, more from care than anything else; particularly as we see that all our fatherly anxiety as regards our children has not been successful as we expected. We must complain to God Almighty that we have found in our children only enemies."

To wind up this sad history, Sven Ulfson, the secretary, writes:—

"The cause Duke Erik had for imprisoning Count John I will not talk about, although there was no good reason for so scandalous a proceeding; but the sorrow he caused his father has been inexpressibly great, as King Gustaf would rather Erik had tried to silence the matter. It happened some time after, I was written to come to King Gustaf, and when I came the king stood speaking with the queen about that 'd—d affair of Wadstena,' so violently and sorrowfully, I saw large tears run from his eyes and down his cheeks, not because he was weak, but so agitated at heart by it that speaking on the subject drew tears."

Still the old man's heart yearned after his first-born. In June he wrote,—"We beg you, dear Erik, not to believe all men say on the subject. Come here, as we desire; it will give me great pleasure."

But his son refused to come.

The hand of Cecilia was afterwards sought by many, the Czar of Russia among the rest. She married a Margrave of Baden; her eldest son, born in England, was called Fortunatus—lucky child! he had Queen Elizabeth for his godmother. In the correspondence preserved in the royal archives of Stockholm are three letters from Queen Elizabeth touching the visit of Cecilia and her husband to England. A coldness had arisen between Erik (now king) and his flame; two years had elapsed since he last wrote, at which Queen Elizabeth is evidently piqued. 25 Feb. (1563): "she never writes to people who don't write to her;" still his letters may possibly have been lost or intercepted; therefore on this occasion—the proposed visit of "your sister Cecilia, that most illustrious princess, endowed with all the ornaments of virtue, we write to say how great pleasure it will give us to receive her not only into our dominions but our palace. And as in these times of trouble and war it is dangerous to travel both by land and by sea, we will beg our brother the King of Denmark to give her a free passage through his dominions.

Not to do things by halves, the queen also writes to Cecilia to express her very great pleasure; and on the Fröken's arrival in England she is met by a very pretty letter, penned in a caressing style, as from one lady to another, "to her dearest sister—sister and kinswoman Cecilia—sister to our dearest brother Erik"—saying how, to alleviate the difficulties of the voyage, she has sent from her own bedchamber and side the Lady Cobham, wife of Admiral Lord Cobham, to conduct her dear sister to London. (Dated, Windsor, August 30th, 1565.)

Cecilia travelled to England, attracted, she said, by a "desire to contemplate the talents and virtues" of the Virgin Queen. Young, beautiful, and witty, she appears to have fascinated her dearest sister, who, writing to Erik by the hands of Thomas Knapp, "our subsidiary in Sweden," says, "The opportune arrival of your sister affords me the greatest happiness; she is endowed with every gift of Providence, sweet in every relation of life and society:" adding something about her great "Prudentia," with a big P (wily woman! as though she had never heard of Wadstena)—"we will give her our answer" (matrimony was on the tapis). Queen Elizabeth —besides standing godmother to Fortunatus, who, if he did live, is represented to have turned out "le plus vilain et le plus méchant prince" who ever existed—

granted Cecilia a pension which the princess enjoyed till the day of the queen's death.

The court of Erik was very light, and many ladies far worse than his erred-against young sister were to be found there. Though Cecilia never forgave his conduct, she undertook the education of his daughter by Caritas, and they lived outwardly on very comfortable terms. At the splendid tourneys on which Erik wasted so much money, "Cecilia, the fairest of her sex," was selected as the lady of his thoughts. Later she joined with Duke John in his intrigues against their brother.

Cecilia's end was sad,—all her children turned out ill, save Charles, a Knight of Malta, who, disgusted at the bad life his mother led, determined to remove her from Antwerp. Spite of her screams, he dragged her by her once golden locks from the house; treating her with such violence as to dislocate one of her arms. Folks say that he died of remorse two years afterwards. Cecilia lived on, husbandless, childless, in poverty, and despised, to the age of eighty-seven; and though history notes her death as occurring in 1627, no one knows where the fairest daughter of King Gustavus died, or where she lies buried.

Wadstena Slott became the property of young Duke Magnus of Östergötland. Above the entrance stands the inscription "Magnus Princeps Ostrogothiæ," his shield, and motto, "Auxilium meum a Domino."—Heaven knows he needed aid from above.—He was the best and gentlest of Gustavus's four sons.* In his last moments the old king clung to his breast, exclaiming, "Thou alone of all my children art most dear to me, for thou hast never caused me one moment's sorrow." But Magnus fell a victim to the blandishments of Erik, and, yielding to his persuasions, signed the death-warrant of his brother John—the hand of Mary Stuart held out as the price of fratricide. Stung by remorse, Magnus became a maniac, and many are the lays of his madness still sung by the people. He imagined that "a fair Elfin maid had given him her snow-white hand in the dance, and, singing to him a wonderful song, had led him to the Elf hill, from which he would never have returned, but happily the cock crew, the morning dawned, and her power was at an end." The song has it, "Had not fortune been so fair, and the cock shaken his wings, then had I entered the Elfin hill with the heathen woman; but the linden sheds its flowers, and the leaves fall from the greenwood tree." Ofttimes he woke in the night shrieking, scared by a vision of his brother stretched on a pallet of straw. Again, as he assisted at his own nuptials with the Scottish queen, the scene changed and he beheld John's head fall beneath the executioner's axe. Men still point out the window from which the prince cast himself late one summer's eve, seduced by the songs of a mermaid who sat on the waves of the Wettern; his keepers found him unhurt on the banks. The syren; he said, received him in her arms, preserving him from death and injury. So Magnus knew no rest for forty years or more, until we find his coffin at Söderköping, accompanied by Duke Charles, on its way to Wadstena.

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* The sons of Gustaf Wasa were splendid fellows—Duke Magnus measuring 6 ft. 4 in. English. Charles, the shortest of the four brothers, stood 6 ft. in his shoes.

One more event took place within Wadstena's walls,—the last meeting between Sweden's great meteor King

Charles XII. and his sister Ulrika. The monarch on his return from Bender galloped over the bridge, rode up the steps of the grand entrance, and dismounted: then, after a long and stormy talk on politics, he parted from his sister—to fall by a traitor's hand in Norway. Louisa-Ulrika, mother of Gustaf III., directed by will this old castle should be converted into a kloster for noble maidens;* but sovereigns are apt to put predecessors' wills into their pockets: the noble maidens never set foot within the palace, which in time became a ruin; now to rise again under a new dynasty, and be perhaps a pleasanter place than in the days when men added to their Litany the words, "From Skenninge right, and the castle of Wadstena, merciful Lord and God deliver us."

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* Louisa-Ulrika writes to her mother the Queen of Prussia, "I am occupied in founding a Chapter of Noble Maidens, and have already the funds to place eleven. To-day I sign the patent, and on Thursday I give them the cordon. The abbess will have 2000 crowns; each fröken a pension of 200, table, wood, and waxlights. They are to have a certain number of children to bring up, whom they will instruct in dancing, reading, writing, history, and geography, gratis. I send, dear mamma, the dolls I have had dressed in the costume of the order."

Again: "I nominated yesterday thirteen girls of Wadstena, and gave the cordon with great ceremony. Of course there was great opposition, but it was very necessary, so many young ladies either never marry at all, make mésalliances, or lead a reprehensible life: this the new-made chapter will obviate."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Wadstena lace — Legend of St. Brita — Rod won't whip her — Bishop Thynne — Queen Margaret kisses the dirty monk — The rich Bo Johnsson — The Abbess Anne and Duke John — Tombs of Philippa of Lancaster, and of Duke Magnus – Portrait of St. Brita — Skenninge, county of the Douglas family — Ingrid the Wise — Wreta Kloster — Bloody heart of the Douglas.

WE lingered long, watching the Wettern from the casements, reading old tales of the castle's history; then turned down the long street, where, at each window—filled with roses, cabbage and maiden-blush, Provins and double yellow—sit women, working at their pillows the lace,* both coarse and fine, for which Wadstena is now famous; for be it known that the Queen of Sweden, at her coronation, wore some on her petticoat, either upper or under. Wadstena holds up her head and is proud thereof. Womankind stops to purchase—"Good lace great economy, cheapest in the end:" that end seems to me like "the good time coming," far in the horizon of events: a "cheval à l'écurie" is lace, eating its head off, always being cleaned, got up, and mended—in the course of years doubling its first price; but we men are sad benighted creatures, so say no more about it;

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* The art of lace-making is said to have been introduced by St. Brita among the nuns on her return from Italy; not improbable, as her own nightcap is trimmed with it—a sort of very coarse guipure.

let's on, to where, embowered in trees, stands the old abbey-church of Warfru (our Lady), a large towerless building of the first Pointed period—its patron, the Holy Brita, who holds so high a place in Sweden's history.

There dwelt in Upland a man of power and note, judge of the province, named Birger, ancestor of the Brahe family, whose eagle's wings he bore upon his scutcheon.*

One night, say the monkish chronicles, a glorious maiden, in rich attire, was seen in the heavens, bearing in her hand a scroll inscribed with these words: "Of Birger is born a daughter whose fame shall be sung through all the world!"—That selfsame night was born the lady Brita.†

Brita was most precocious; while but a child she rose at midnight to watch and pray, much to the anger of her aunt, the lady Ingrid, to whose care at her mother's death she was intrusted. The aunt considered there was a time for all things, and forbad it. The small girl heeded but little the orders of her relative, who, furious at her obstinacy, plucked in the woods a large birch rod, and, when the child was next caught, was about to administer a sound whipping, but lo! scarcely was her arm uplifted when the rod divided, and the twigs separating flew in all directions, not one bud touching the body of the youthful saint. "Do as you please," cried Ingrid, "I have done with you!" and glad to be rid of her, they married her at thirteen years of age to Lagman Ulf. Brita was appointed Hofmästerinna to Blanka of Namur,* the bad queen of Magnus Smek. These sovereigns were apt to make a joke of Brita, and Magnus often asked her son, "Well, Birger, what did your mother dream about us last night?" After a time the lady packed up her clothes, and left the court for ever. Having first sewn her husband in a sack, with a rope round his neck, in which costume he hobbled after her, she set off on a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella. Worn out with her vagaries, Ulf fell ill in France, turned monk by order of a (feigned?) vision, and died soon after in Alvastra kloster. Brita, free and a widow, though mother of eight children, started for Rome, "to behold the streets paved with imperishable gold, that is, the blood of saints and martyrs." Warned by a vision, she wandered on to Jerusalem, and died at Rome shortly after her return.†

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* His wife was Ingeborg, daughter of Sigrid the Fair, who married Bengt, brother of Birger Jarl; thus making Birger first-cousin to King Waldemar the Beautiful. Sigrid the Fair was of low extraction. On account of this the haughty Birger sent his newly-married brother a coat, half of which was made of the costliest velvet wrought with gold, and the other of the coarsest homespun. Having caused the homespun to be embroidered with pearls and gems, so that it became of much more worth than the velvet, Bengt returned it to Birger, to remind him that beauty and virtue are of greater value than noble birth. The Jarl grew angry, and threatened his brother with a visit. Bengt left his home the day Birger was expected; but his wife received their guest so well, and behaved so prudently, that he was not able to resist the grace of this "gem among fair women." Next day, when Bengt returned home, his brother went before him, assuring him that he fully approved his marriage—"Had my brother left this undone, I might have done it myself," he said.

† Our St. Bridget.

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* 1335.

† She was much honoured in Rome. Her house is still seen in this city, and a church has been built hard by in her honour. The pope then sojourned at Avignon, and refused to remove to Rome. Brita learnt in a vision that he would die in the selfsame year if he did not instantly come to Italy. She sent a message to Avignon, but he disdained her warning, stayed in France, and died a few days before Christmas.

Magnus, with all his joking, granted the castle of Susenborg to Brita to found the convent of her order. The building rose under the direction of Bishop Thynne,* of Wexiö; and after the canonisation of Brita her bones were removed thither in 1393, the pope begging to retain, as a special favour, one arm: a second is preserved at Lund; a third at Wadstena; a fourth, enshrined in a gilded silver case, may be seen in the Museum of Stockholm—so much the better; such relics are worth multiplying. Of her canonisation we read grand doings. In the procession walked the English cardinal, bearing in his hand a round gilded loaf stamped with the emblems and arms of St. Brita. From the moment her shrine arrived she became the most popular saint of Sweden. Two brothers of the noble house of Bjielke, Thure and Sten, bequeathed her by will a coffin of silver weighing 429 marks, which King John III., when hard up, melted into "round pieces." A few years later, when matters mended, he replaced it by one of equal value. Her daughter the lady Catherine, later known as Saint Karin, was appointed first abbess of the convent. All men honoured St. Brita. Scotch bishop Robert, on his way from Rome, took off his shoes, walking to the shrine barefoot through the snow from Linköping. A canon of the chapter, who, as a countryman, felt no such respect for Brita, begged him, on bended knees, not to be guilty of such folly; but the bishop only shook his pilgrim's staff, exclaiming, "Avaunt thee, Satan!" When Ingegerd, granddaughter of the Holy Brita, was Abbess of Wadstena,† great Queen Margaret, handmaiden of the Church, was received a member of this order,*—not an honorary one, but a real sister. She caused both monks and nuns to be assembled. At her

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* Bishop Thynne accompanied St. Brita to the Holy Land.

† The Revelations of St. Brita, still a favourite book of the Roman

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Catholic Church, are translated from the Gothic language into French. Allegorical in style, there is much that is good in them; and were they purged from expressions offensive to Protestant ears, would be very readable.

The holy writer appears to have been especially pained at the luxury and conduct of the clergy, and does not hesitate to call the sovereign pontiffs to account for their bad behaviour. Her visions were sometimes of a political nature: among other things was revealed to her the manner of bringing about an eternal peace between the kings of England and France, "which if the former does not accept, he will prosper in none of his transactions, but will end his life in pain, and leave his kingdom and his children in tribulation and anguish. His family will set themselves against each other, and cause such a confusion that all will be astounded."—A prophecy fulfilled by the calamitous death of Richard II., and the wars of the Roses.

People were very dirty in her days, for twice it is revealed to her that, though it is not pleasing to Heaven to take baths for luxury's sake, Christians may, as a matter of health, be allowed a tub every fortnight, or at any rate once a month.

With all her holiness Brita did not escape rebuke when her mind turned towards worldly matters. One day, during the lifetime of her husband, on her causing a state bed to be mounted with uncommon care, she suddenly got such a crack over the head from an unseen hand, she could not move from sheer pain for some minutes afterwards: then a voice proceeding from the wall asked her "If she was not ashamed of herself." St. Brita, bursting into tears, had the bed taken down; and from that day, grande maîtresse though she was, not only slept upon straw and a bearskin, but made her husband do so also. On receiving, at Rome, the news of her daughter Ingeborg's death in the convent of Riseberga, she "trembled with joy," offering her thanks to the Virgin and all the saints of paradise.

Her revelations at times proved convenient. Three years had elapsed and no money came from Sweden. Brita gave alms to all who asked her. "Much better pay your bills," cried her steward; "there is no charity in giving what is not your own." "Hold your tongue," replied the saint; but her creditors became clamorous, and would have carried her to prison, had not she received a revelation from the Virgin that money would soon arrive,—and so it did. On the whole she was a good woman; somewhat easily consoled at other people's misfortunes.

* 1320.

reception she insisted on kissing the hand of each. One old monk whose paws were very dirty rolled them up in his cape; the queen would not permit this—kiss them she would, dirty or clean. "Give me," said she, "thy bare dirty hand, for now I am become thy sister."

Our English Philippa, true daughter of Lancaster, on entering as sister, did no such dirty work; she bequeathed to the church two golden crowns set with jewels—one, that of her coronation—as well as a girdle of gold and 11,000 rose nobles English, which the convent never got, for Christian I. pocketed them. Money flowed in on all sides, and vast estates from those who wished to lie within the convent walls out of harm's way. The rich lagman, Bo Johnsson, bequeathed fourteen farms, three hundred marks in silver, fifty for painted glass, and fifty more for a cope; having lately murdered Sir Charles Färla before the altar, in the Franciscan church of Stockholm, he did not feel comfortable.* Fourteen balls engraved on the slab denote the number of estates he gave the kloster to sleep within this holy place. When once there, quite forgetting the fate of Dives, he styles himself "the rich Bo Johnsson."

So time rolled on, and kings' daughters, says the historian, "talk no longer of the shoemaker and washerwoman, but term them brother and sister." Hither retired Ingeborg of Holstein,—King Carl Knutsson's daughters,*—maidens of the house of Sture, Anna, sister of Gustaf Wasa; and lastly—oh, glory!—a real Turkish princess,† christened by the name of Catherine. To gratify his aunt Anna, John III. still tolerated the nuns. People tell how the king walked one day with old Anna Gytte, the last abbess, in the garden of the kloster. "Tell me," said the king, as he munched a Bergamot pear,‡ "are the young ladies never troubled with love? Do they never dream?" "Hold, your grace," replied the lady; "maybe they are, but Love gets not the upper hand; we drive him off by prayer and abstinence. Observe that bird: you cannot prevent it from flying over the garden wall, but you may hinder it from building its nest here."

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* Bo Johnsson Griphufvud was the most powerful Swedish noble in the days of Albert—powerful as a railway director in the present century, for when he committed this murder no one dared even fine him. He was Lord High Constable, and had possessions in every province, his peasants constituting the greater part of the population. His chief manor-house was on an islet in the river Stranga, and in a meadow is still shown a huge stone on which he used to sit and administer justice. In the decline of Albert's power he became a sort of regent, and erected near the town of Marifred his castle of Gripsholm, where he dwelt like a king, and summoned public councils in his own right.

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* When in 1456 Carl Knutsson placed two of his daughters in the convent of Wadstena, he invited noble lords from Denmark and Germany to a great festival. Desirous of displaying his power and wealth, both daughters wore golden crowns, while he appeared clad in a costly purple cloak, his brow encircled by the royal diadem, in his hand the sceptre and orb. When mass was sung the king himself began the "Deus Vobiscum." On the table of the banqueting-hall shone 1400 golden vessels. Charles was really as he called himself the "shuttle-cock of fortune." On his death-bed he exclaimed, "My ambition has destroyed my peace and cost me my life." The lines he composed when dunned at Åbo for a debt of fifty marks are truly descriptive of his fate:—

"When I was lord of Fogelwich,
I was a mighty man and rich;
But since I'm king of Swedish ground,
A poorer man was never found."

† Could the Turkish princess be by any chance the Princess Zerzina, daughter of the Soldan of Egypt, who arrived too late with the gold pot of real balsam in the large ship 'Zephyro,' to espouse Christopher the Bavarian? (See 'Jutland,' vol. i., p. 117.) If ever she did come, her after fate is a mystery. The Turkish minister at Stockholm in 1732 asked Count Bonde for a copy of the Soldan's letter. Then arose a controversy whether the letter were authentic or not. Some one suggested that in Rymer might be found notices of many such proposals made to the English monarchs. (Rymer not being at hand, the learned bowed to the arguments.) Benzelius adds,—"It is well known that two Emperors of Morocco in 1700 made offers of marriage to the dowager Princess of Conti, daughter of Louis XIV. by Louise de la Vallière."

‡ The Bergamot pear was first introduced into Sweden by the sisters of Wadstena.

Some years after, Duke Charles, when in the garden, made a discovery in a hollow tree which proved Anna Gytte not to be more wide awake than her neighbours, and determined him to send the few remaining nuns to the rightabout.* The convent was then suppressed, the copper roof cast into a bell for the new

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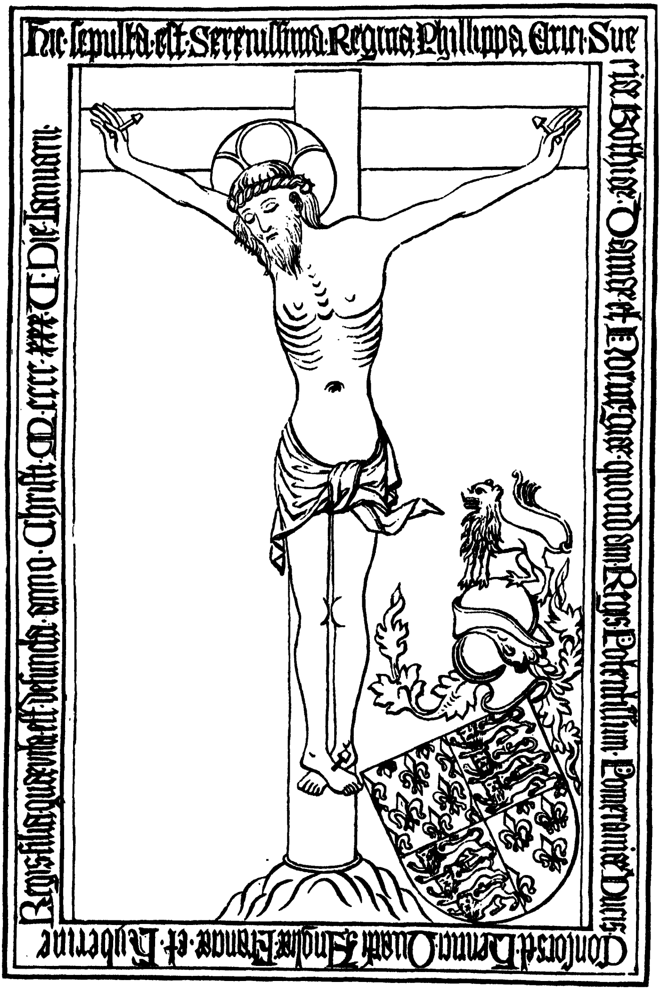
* It is told how Duke Charles arrived one dark November night at the convent gate, with trumpets and torches, frightening the poor nuns out of their very senses, and told them to decamp. Falling on their knees, they begged only to remain till the winter's cold was past, to which the duke agreed, but changed his mind a few days later. Determined himself to superintend the giving over of the convent, he nearly met with his death from the hand of a young girl—sister Agnes. The night before the duke's arrival was spent by the maiden in solitary prayer, before the image of the Virgin, for strength to carry out the mission to which her Jesuit confessor had told her she was appointed. Scarcely had the duke arrived when the father entered the cell of the nun. "Father," said she, "can you give me absolution for this dread deed? and will it, in truth, be acceptable to the Holy Virgin and our patron St. Brita?" "Yes," he replied, "and a blessing will descend upon your head." They then separated at the grating. The duke summoned the sisterhood together. Matins have already been sung for the last time in the convent church; the abbess leads the duke to visit the treasures of the convent; Agnes has concealed a dagger beneath her dress; and as the duke leans over the opened chest, to inspect the church plate, she prepares to strike him between the shoulders; but though the dagger glistens for a moment, it falls harmless from her paralyzed hand, and the nun lies senseless on the pavement. They bore her from the sacristy; nothing was divulged; some hours after, Agnes departed, with the other sisters, for Söderköping, whence they embarked for foreign lands. Charles, though severe when necessary, was too just to take vengeance on a young girl whom he regarded as an enthusiast, scarcely responsible for her actions.


Hic · sepulta · est · Serenissima · Regina · Philippa · Erici · Sue
rie · Gothie · Dacie · et · Norwegie · quondam · Regis · Potentissimi · Pomeranie · Ducis ·
Consors · et · Henrici · Quarti · Anglie · Francie · et · Hybernie
Regis · filia · que · vita · est · defuncta · anno · Christi · M · cccc · xxx · V · Die · Ianuarii ·

Queen Philippa's Tomb.

Slott, which act, said the priests, caused it to knell ill luck and disunion to the Wasa dynasty.

Thus passed away the glory of St. Brita's convent.

Men of all sorts lie interred within its walls. At the entrance are two ancient sepulchral stones, one inscribed with an axe and knife, the other with a hammer and anvil, marking the trades of those who lie beneath—a butcher and a smith. In St. Ann's choir is the last resting-place of English Philippa—a plain stone slab, some nine feet long, six broad; in the centre a life-sized figure of the Saviour on the Cross, with the glory round his head; at the foot of the cross lies a shield bearing the leopards and fleurs-de-lis quarterly, and a helmet capped by a lion. An inscription round the slab records, "Here lies buried the most noble Queen Philippa, once wife of Erik, most mighty King of Svea, Götha, Denmark, and Norway, Duke of Pomerania, daughter of Henry IV., King of England, France, and Ireland, who departed this life the 5th day of January 1430 A.D." Not far from Philippa sleeps a sister queen, Catherine, renowned for her beauty, second wife of Carl Knutsson Bonde—one day a sovereign with fourteen hundred golden dishes on his banquet-table, the next a houseless fugitive. He survived her twenty years, and the queen was not to be pitied for going to rest before him.

Carl Knutsson* loved her greatly, for she was good as beautiful, and, when she died of the pest,* he raised to her memory a fine monument, which later falling to decay, the top slab was, like that of Queen Philippa, inserted in the pavement. On the inscription the queen is called the wife of Charles II., a proof historic that he was never termed VIII. during his lifetime. In later days a lying chronicle was published of the kings of Sweden, commencing with Magog; the bait took, and, when the fraud was found out, it was too late to change. Better countenance a dozen lies than touch the numeral of Sweden's twelfth Charles. The present king should, by rights, be termed Charles IX.

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* Carl Knutsson's will was a funny one. He had probably not much to leave, so he made the best of what he had. To Ivar Axelson, his son-in-law, he bequeaths a large silver chalice, with a huge white tower, a collar and buckle, and Borgholm castle free from mortgage; to Nils Sture, his yacht; to Magdalen, a sledge horse and two of his grays at Åbo—"she must ask for no more, having had a lot of loose

It is to be regretted that these tombstones are not better cared for; among the half-effaced escutcheons appear the boat of Bonde beneath a crown (probably Carl Knutsson's daughter), with those of Natt och Dag, Sture, and others of historic interest. Were they "Stenfolk," antiquaries would look after them; but as to the middle ages, who cares for them in Sweden?

In a side choir stands the altarpiece, gift of the brothers Amundi, which came from Venice in 1521. The Klokker called it the work of Pietro Quirini;† be it by him or not, it is remarkable, though greatly

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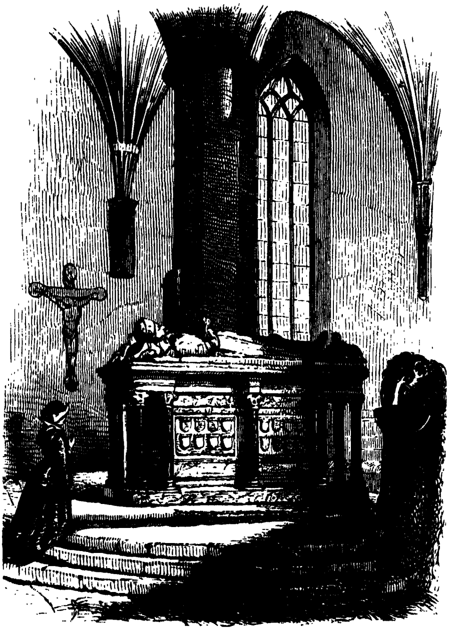
property when she married." To his wife he leaves his hunting knife and "our brass kitchen articles," the picture of the saints and a gilt spoon, "our state horse called 'the Bird;'" to his son, "the kitchen utensils we used in summer," as well as a "great warming-pan, bedclothes, bolsters, coverlids, which we and our dear wife have collected and slept in." Each article of his wardrobe he wills away by name to his sons-in-law, though, really, beyond a certain silk cloak, there was not much to speak of.

* In 1450.

† When Quirini visited Wadstena in 1432, he counted in the church upwards of sixty altars.



DUKE MAGNUS'S TOMB, WADSTENA.

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injured. In the centre sits the Holy Brita, attended by bishops and monks; around are depicted scenes from the New Testament. In old papistic days this altarpiece stood in the choir. To the right of the high altar, supported by fourteen Corinthian columns of green marble, stands the raised monument of mad Duke Magnus,* who received most honourable burial from his brother; indeed, so rich were the fittings of his copper coffin, which hangs—Heaven knows why—suspended over a pool of water, that it did not escape being rifled. Magnus lies clad in his ducal robes of scarlet and ermine, "powdered" over with "wase," the heraldic bearings of his race;† on his head he bears the ducal coronet of East Götland. Speaking of this monument, Brunius, in his work, exclaims, "To think of the tomb of a poor mad prince, remembered only as an object of pity, still existing intact, upraised, when a gravestone alone, daily worn away by the footsteps of the curious, marks the last resting-place of Philippa, the noblest lady who ever wore a crown!"

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* 22nd June, 1595, Duke Charles, having received the news that his brother Magnus "sleeps in God," writes directions to Hans the builder, in Wadstena, ordering him to build up an arch in the convent church. Charles does not seem liberally inclined towards the funeral: "the letters M.D.O. are quite sufficient inscription for the coffin; but as Duchess Elizabeth is there, she will see after the black silk and all things necessary." He gives orders, however, for the three banners and three caparisoned horses to precede the coffin. 'Tis probably to the duchess that Magnus owes his fine monument.

† Duke Magnus left two side-dotters: the eldest, Lucretia, by a noble young German lady named Walborg, married Christopher Warnstedt, governor of Upland, and hofjunker to John III. In consequence of their descent from Lucretia, the family changed the mermaid, hitherto borne as their crest, to a maiden, half black and half white, with long, flowing, golden hair. Christopher came to grief with Duke Charles, got dismissed from his government, and lies buried beside Lucretia in Bro church, near Norteglia, with this motto on his tomb—"God's will be done."

The second daughter, Helena, by Anna von Haubitz, followed Cecilia, after her marriage, to Baden. King John, not approving of the court of his sister, and fearing she might be ill provided for in a foreign land, ordered Helena back to Sweden, when he richly endowed her. She married Waldemar Yxhull, a Livonian, hofmarechal to King John. Not far from Mosebacke is a narrow street still called Wolmar Yxhulle gatan, from the site of his palace.

Duke Magnus is said also to have left a son, named Sven,—

Leaving the royal tombs, we enter the sacristy to view the relics of the Holy Brita and her daughter St. Karin, the latter turned out by Gustaf Wasa from her splendid shrine, the work of Johannes Mens, a crafty goldsmith of Wadstena.* What remains of the mother and daughter lie together in a reliquary of red velvet, studded with fleurs-de-lis, stars, and rosaces of silver gilt—emblems of the convent, midst boars' heads, boars saltant, and antlers in enamel, arms of the donors. Above the coffin hangs a portrait of St.

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ancestor of the house of Eketrä (oak-tree). King John took him into service as valet-de-chambre; Duke Charles granted him patents of nobility. Sent by Duke Charles to watch the retreat of Sigismond, he was taken prisoner by the Poles, who would have hanged him had not Thure Bjielke saved his life.

* Magnus and Blancka, though they laughed at St. Brita, endowed Wadstena richly by their wills; and if wax be of any use there is no doubt they have escaped purgatory. Two wax candles, weighing 60 lbs., were to be burnt above their grave every anniversary of their death; four, of 20 lbs. each, on saints' days; two, of 20 lbs. each, every day, and that till doomsday: in addition to which they bequeathed to the as yet unfinished convent two heads of the 11,000 virgins, encased in wood; three ostrich-eggs filled with relics; gold, crystal, and jewelled chalices,—a list so long, nothing could have remained for their relatives. Queen Blancka, in her lifetime, was so careless about holy things, that St. Brita, dreadfully overcome at finding a box containing the thumb of St. Louis, and other valuables she had brought from France, in a most unsuitable place, thought fit to have a vision on the subject, which accounts, no doubt, for her Majesty's improvement.

Brita taken after death, an aged woman with mild countenance; her graveclothes tricked out with lace. The robes of the priests deserve a glance: they are rich and curious specimens of mediæval needlework, some of scarlet velvet, semé with stars: down the sides are depicted the life of St. Brita and other holy subjects, with figures large as dolls encrusted thereon, sewn over with silk and gold: three black water-lily leaves embroidered on the corner of the vestments, heraldic bearings of the house of Sture.*

Having quaffed our fill of old historic memories, we now left the church. The day was hot, we sat for some time reposing in the convent garden by the Wettern side. Here you may find still growing plants once tended by the nuns for holy festivals, and bearing popish names—the kloster lily,† monks and nuns,‡ St. Brita's onion,§ and, lastly, the never-failing white lily of the Virgin. The sun dipped into the Wettern lake, and we drove home to Motala.

We spent four days at Motala, simply because, being short of cash, we could not get away. Trust not to post or telegraph in the Swedish provinces: letters, my belief is, when posted, are left in the box "till called for;" as for the telegrams, of four that we sent three missed fire, and one which was delivered came mutilated; so, patiently watching the steamers go through the locks, we stuck fast; the hotel was clean and comfortable, the weather hot, and we resigned. From Motala, for a mile's distance, a shady walk along the bank leads to the Foundries, passing by the burial-place of Admiral von Platen, director of the canal-works, who never lived to see his efforts completed. When on the steamer our fellow travellers regretted greatly the next day being Sunday, for, said they, the works will be closed. By looks we deplored the fact, inwardly rejoicing to be spared the hammering and banging of the boilers, which din we could hear elsewhere, and did not care about, much less in the dog-days.

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* Maybe they were the gift of Brita, daughter of Sten Sture the elder, who died 1536, a nun in Wadstena kloster.

† Lilium martagon. ‡ Corydalis bulbosa. § Allium ursinum.

The Nyköping, where we dwell, a small unimportant place, possesses one large church and a roaring river, discharging its waters into the Wettern. This river teems with perch, which are taken with the net.

Nine miles distant lies Skenninge, now a little town, of whose Rått* we have already spoken. No wonder men feared when for the sum of six "ore" stolen a thief was condemned to death. Here stood a nunnery erected in honour of St. Ingrid, another rich widow, who went to Rome and the Holy Land, and was therefore canonised. Skenninge, too, furnished a title to the Douglas family until the Reduction, when the county returned to the crown. Nigh to this city stand the ruins of Bjelbo, nest of the Folkungar, the most ancient earl's seat in East Götland. Here dwelt Ingrid the Wise, mother of Birger Jarl, oft consulted by kings and great lords, while the peasants believed her to be a witch. During a battle between her people and some Danish warriors she mounted the tower of Bjelbo church, in which she had built two chambers of refuge. On seeing the Folkungar fly she ripped up a cushion, crying, as she scattered the down from the tower window, "Häst och kår," "Become horse and man;" each feather, as it reached the ground, became a horseman, who rode forward bearing victory into the ranks of the Folkungar.

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* See p. 291. Skenninge Rått was compiled by the Holy Thore, wise as he was prudent, respected as a judge, adored as a saint. "He lived," continues the chronicler, "in the true principle of Christian law. His image stood in the centre of the market-place, before which erring females were publicly scourged and then executed, according to the laws the holy man had framed." Old Draco!—how people could ever have prayed to such a brute is a wonder!

† Ingrid Ylva was daughter of King Erik X. From her sister Marta descend the great houses of Sparre and Oxenstjerne.

While Magnus, her husband, was engaged in foreign wars, Ingrid taught her sons to protect their native land. When Birger became an earl, she thought much of the future fortunes of her grandsons young Waldemar and Magnus. One summer day, while walking with her favourite maid, she fell asleep in the churchyard of Bjelbo; the servant, seeing her mistress troubled by painful dreams, awoke her. "Why disturb me?" said the old lady. "Methought two serpents crept forth from out my body, and as the sun shone they climbed the church wall: when the first was half way up it fell to the ground; but the second clung fast till it reached the roof, where it lay basking on the parapet. This dream foretells the fortunes of my grandsons: one will get much power, but not keep it long; the other will go far in honour and might, and hold it till his very death." Ingrid lived to see the young daughter of Birger Queen of Norway, then died, and was buried in a pillar of the church of Bjelbo, standing upright; for, said the prophecy, *"As long as Ingrid holds her head* erect the Folkungar shall prosper."

It was dark when we left Motala. During the night we passed the Boren lake, on whose banks dwelt the

Holy Brita with her lord in the castle of Ulfåsa;* the site is called St. Brita's "Näs." Once, as Ulf was rowing across the lake, a storm arose, and he would have perished but for the prayers of his wife. Out of gratitude he built the church near the beach, called Ekebyborna, in whose tower you may see the saint's chamber; a limpid stream from her spring flows near the church; and the chalice and paten used by the pious couple are still preserved. We were up in time to view the entrance of the fair Roxen lake by sunrise, then landed at Wreta kloster, a building of ancient date,† founded by King Inge, whose daughter Ingegerg was first abbess. The building is smartened up with slate and whitewash; we were too sleepy to examine its details. Here reposes Inge, who died by poison, and his first queen; King Ragnvald, murdered likewise near Falköping; and our old friend Duke Magnus, slain at Fodevig, where we saw his hög; maybe his monument and Ragnvald's are both only empty honours; for the grave of the latter is pointed out where he fell. These tombs are of John III.'s time. All their occupants came to an untimely end, save Waldemar the Beautiful, and even he died dethroned and in poverty.

More interesting far to English eyes is the grafchör‡ of the noble house of Douglas, Counts of Skenninge, Barons of Skjälby. Five coffins stand in the chapel; on the walls hang banners taken by the Douglas under

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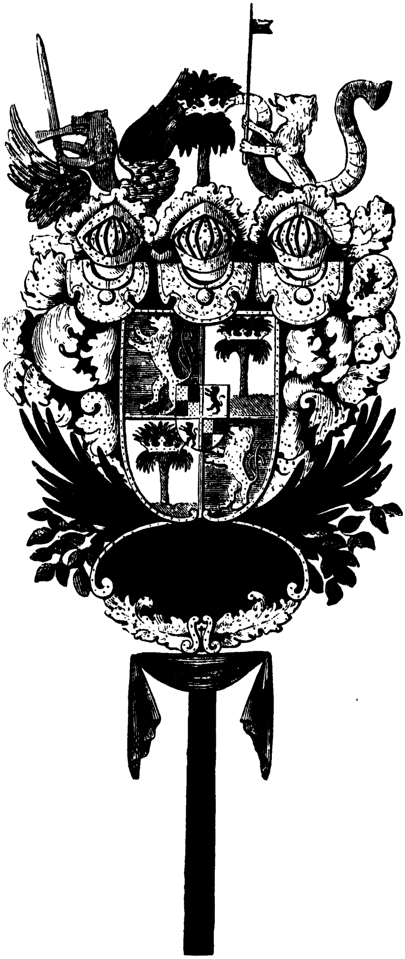
* It was from this castle that Brita, clad as a nun, and staff in hand, walked daily down the road to inspect the progress of Wadstena kloster, reposing at the well, where the peasant still points out the stone on which she sat telling her beads.

† 1128.

‡ Mortuary chapel.



HUFVUD-BANÉR OF COUNT LICHTON.

Vol. I., p. 309.

the great Gustavus and Charles X., together with their "hufvud-banérs"—carved heraldic shields, richly emblazoned,* from which shines forth the "bloody heart" of Bruce on its bed, a white rose—the badge adopted by the Swedish Douglas in memory of Charles Stuart, to whose fortunes they had so faithfully devoted themselves.

We breakfasted with the gnats under an awning at the krog, then took horses and drove to Linköping.

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* The hufvud (head-chief) banér was carried before the coffin at funerals; to the staff hung a black crape veil. At great funerals there were three; one bearing the arms of the deceased, a second the quarterings of his mother, and a third those of his father. The hufvud-banérs were afterwards placed in the church, like our hatchments. In the 17th century artists of note occupied themselves with the carving and painting of these heraldic shields, among whom we find mentioned, 1677, one Pierre Signaque.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Linköping and her English bishops — Nicholas Breakspear holds a diet — Cathedral — Monument of Thure Bjielke — Blood-bath of Linköping — Letter of Christina Banér — Gustaf Adolf as a boy — Sigismund and his Scots lose the day — Abraham Brahe and the English minister.

LINKÖPING.*

BUILT on a table-land by the Stång-ån banks, Linköping has no site to boast of; the absence of either sea or lake offends the eye accustomed by long habit to regard water as necessary. Driving by the stone cathedral, we come to the great market, where peasants vend fresh milk in quantities quite astounding. The hotel, a splendid building, with marble hall and staircase worthy of Italy, occupies one side of the square.

Our first visit was to the cathedral, erected by King Sverker in the time of Bishop Herbert.† Lying inscriptions, carved by the monks, in the roof, pretend that the building dates from the days of King Berone, who flourished long before Anscarius visited Sweden.‡

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* Linköping derives its name from Lingur, a rich "odalbonde," some say judge, who dwelt near Tornevalla, and lies buried by Stångebro, his spouse Gumfrid in the Gumpekulla. This lady would be of no consequence only she turns up again later.

† Herbert and Richard, two Englishmen, were the first Bishops of Linköping, beyond which we know nothing of them, having no Brynolf to record their good or evil deeds.

‡ A.D. 813.

Up to the twelfth century the Archbishop of Lund reigned supreme in the land; but, said the Swedes, "we have more churches than the Danes, and ought, therefore, to have an archbishop of our own." At this Lund, waxing wroth, shook her archiepiscopal staff in defiance, threatening woes and calamities to such ungrateful sons. There was but one remedy—appeal to the pope—and appeal they did. In 1122 Cardinal Albanensis (Nicholas Breakspear, our embryo English pope) arrived at Linköping, where he held a Rikmöte or Diet. Svea and Göta both put in their claims, one for Upsala, the other for Linköping, as the site of the new archbishopric; the former gained the day; maybe the pope judged it wiser to place the seat of power in the neighbourhood of that stronghold of paganism, old Sigtuna. Nicholas was a man of tact; he arranged, as a sop to angry Lund, that the new Swedish primate should receive the cope, sent by the pontiff, from the hands of her archbishop. So Linköping remained but a bishopric after all.*

In these days, when folks are sadly ignorant of old matters spiritual, it may prove interesting to know what this cope was. It was made of white lambskin, on which were wrought four purple crosses, and fastened with three gold pins set with precious stones. To fabricate this garment was nearly as difficult as to follow a recipe in a cookery-book. Two white lambs were borne, on St. Agnes' day, 21st January, to the altar of St. Giovanni's church, and there received in state by two canons of the Lateran, who turned them out to feed till shearing-time, when their wool was blessed at St. Peter's, sprinkled with holy water, and perfumed with incense. Of this material the copes were made; and on St. Peter's day were laid on the altar under which the apostle lies interred. Do not imagine these garments could be had for nothing; that of the new Archbishop of Upsala cost him 4474 rix—dog cheap, however; for Mayence's prince-bishop was made to pay 30,000 gulden.

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* Having settled this matter, Nicholas made arrangements for the payment of Peter's pence, as yet unknown in Sweden, to the great contentment, no doubt, of the pope and the holy conclave.

Swedish history is comprised in four chapters: the times of the Fylkeskonung, or petty kings; next, those of the Jarls; then the rule of the Church; and lastly, that of her sovereigns; and really which of the four abused their power most 'twould be a hard matter to decide. Passing over the petty kings and jarls, we come to Linköping's bishops, of whom her last Roman prelate, Hans Brask, is most worthy of notice. How he did King Christian, sneaking out of the Blood-bath, is a matter of history.* Resist the Diet of Westerås he could not, but he gave Gustavus the slip, carrying off the treasures of his diocese to Götland. On inquiring of a Lutheran teacher from whence he derived certain doctrines, "From St. Paul," was the reply. "I had rather," he exclaimed, "see the works of St. Paul burnt than they should become known to the people." Brask was sincere; he remained true

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* Bishop Brask, son of a burgomaster of the town, was a man of wit and genius. When Archbishop Trolle was degraded from his office no one dared to say a word in his favour; but Brask, before affixing the great wax seal to his signature, slily placed beneath it a little slip of paper on which he had written the words "I do this by compulsion." When in 1517, previous to the Blood-bath, all who had signed the document were condemned to death by Christian, Brask withdrew the paper from beneath the seal, and so saved his life.

LINKÖPING CATHEDRAL.

Vol. I., p. 313.

to the faith of his fathers, and did not, as the saying then ran among the Swedish people, "take Luther's money;" this expression has passed into a proverb, to denote a man who has betrayed his religion for gold.

The cathedral consists of a lengthy nave, two aisles, a short choir with rounded apse and open arches supported by columns, affording a view of the arcade behind, from which diverge three chapels, the centre that of our Lady. The effect of this open choir, containing neither stalls nor altarpiece, is singularly light and beautiful; along the walls of the aisles runs an arcade of the round-arched period, merging into the first pointed; indeed, the building, as a whole, is an admirable specimen of the transition from the Rundsbåg style to that of our early English. In the Lady chapel stands a bronze font, of octagonal form and curious workmanship. The ancient altarpiece, painted on oak by the Dutch artist Hemskerk—a masterpiece, rather of patience than of perspective—has been removed to a side aisle. It was ordered for the great church of Novgorod, but, the captain of the ship having put into a Swedish port, John III.* purchased it for 12,000 bushels of wheat. That it blocked up the church there can be no doubt; still, the statue of Christ, which has replaced it, an inferior work by Bystrom, is destitute alike of refinement and dignity. At the sides are placed Faith, Hope, and Charity, by the same master; for the last, Queen Josephine, then in full beauty, sat with her four sons, the present king and his brothers, as models.

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* 1581.

The face of the queen, in ripe matronhood, is mild and beautiful, regular in features, and most expressive. But these groups look sadly out of place in a Gothic building. In the sacristy are preserved fine plate-tankards presented by King John; patens from Oxenstjerne, to be recognised by the ox-bearing shield; a bride's crown; and lastly, a bishop's mitre, of great antiquity, composed of a pavé of seed-pearl embroidery, enriched with small gilt medallions, enamelled with the image of some saint in Byzantine fashion. Many characters of note lie interred here, both royal and holy—King Sverker's son John,* Duke John of Östergötland,† and others.

The gravestone of St. Nils, once bishop of the diocese, lies by the Ulfsparre mausoleum. He was canonised in 1520, probably the last of the Swedish calendar who received that honour. Waldemar, the favourite of the East Götland peasantry, was crowned in Linköping cathedral.

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* King Sverker's son, Prince John, was a scamp: at the age of 17, falling in love with the wife and sister-in-law of the Governor of Halland, he carried them off by force, at which the nation was greatly scandalized. The king, who, with Alvastra, Nydala, Riseberga, Warnhem, the monks and the nuns, was really so busy he had no time to look after his boy, sent the ladies back again, with apologies; but a war broke out with Denmark in consequence, and Prince John, on summoning a Ting, was slain by the people.

† Duke John of Östergötland, born 1589, was the second son of John III. by his queen Catherine. He married the Princess Mary, daughter of Charles IX. The Roman Catholics were anxious to set up his claims to the throne against those of his father-in-law, but on no account would he exchange his dukedom for the worry of a crown. Charles, by his will, begged the Swedes to elect his nephew to succeed him if they thought fit. Duke John lived on the most affectionate terms with his uncle's family—a true friend to Gustaf Adolf. Like his cousin, he became desperately enamoured of Ebba Brahe. You will see his portrait in Gripsholm, a sad, interesting face, endowed with the Wasa beauty. He died 1618, twenty-seven years of age, a victim to fancied ill-health and melancholy. It was perhaps as well, for that sadness might have degenerated into the hereditary madness of his race. Duke John left one son, named Hans, who during his father's lifetime served him as page; of his after fate we know nothing.

The richly carved hufvud-banérs of the nobles add much to the furnishing of the building, removing that barn-like appearance which spoils the cathedral of Lund. On one shield is depicted a coroneted lion, striding over three rivers, with the inscription "Arma Gothorum."

In St. Thomas's choir stands a monument in the Italian taste of the 17th century: round the upper part are half-obliterated shields,—below, on a flat stone raised en pente, the figure of a knight in armour, of noble countenance, with pointed beard: a lady lies by his side in ruff and farthingale; this is the lady Margaret Sture, and her lord Sir Thure Bjelke. In the civil war which raged between Duke Charles and his nephew Sigismund, he was taken prisoner at the battle of Stångebro, and, with four other lords,* beheaded on the square of Linköping. Two years elapsed before their fate was decided. One of the prisoners, Lejonhufvud, seeing many peasants among the diet, cried, "Recollect 'tis not the blood of geese or calves you spill, but that of gentlemen." On hearing the sentence Banér cried out, "What an end for a man who has served his country for thirty years!" As Thure mounted the scaffold the Bishop of Stregnås begged him to confess his guilt. "In Jesus's name, no!"

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* Erik Sparre, Gustaf and Sten Banér, Thure Bjelke, and Bengt Falk.

replied he. The headsman was about to bind his eyes, but Thure would not permit it: "I shall offer God a bare and uncovered face." "You are not standing right," said the executioner. Thure turned to the sun. "Are you ready?" "Yes! Lord Jesu, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." At one blow the head was severed from the body. All five nobles died like heroes. The lady Margaret to the last hoped to obtain her husband's pardon through her relationship with the Wasa family.*

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* In the Rustkammar of Sko hangs the sword by which the heads of the nobles fell; a serviceable article of good temper, square at the end, bearing the maker's name, Weilm Klein, between two crosses.

There is a very long but interesting letter from Christine Banér, addressed to her sister, giving an account of her father's death. Her mother had at the time of the battle just given birth to a son, but followed, with her infant, to Gripsholm, where the lords were confined, and lodged in the old convent-house of Marifred with the other ladies. In vain she petitioned to visit her husband. The duke made her fine promises, but she was always repulsed by the attendants. When the prisoners were removed to Linköping, she followed, sleeping in the same villages, hoping to get a sight of her lord. "The night before arriving at Linköping my dear mother, and my aunt the lady Sigrid Sture, slept in a peasant's hut; they rose early, and, creeping to the house where the prisoners lay, found my father walking in the garden. When he saw her he ran to meet her, and folded her in his arms once more after an absence of eighteen months, weeping sadly, but with joy; then the guard, with their halbards, came up, and forbad them to speak together. How hard it was to them to say 'Good night' God alone knew. At Linköping my dear mother remained in the town; in vain she begged and prayed to visit my father in his prison. The ladies, with all their children in mourning garb, waylaid the duke on the king's bridge, and fell on their knees as he passed by, but he took no notice, nor did he even look at them. On the Tuesday before Easter, 1600, my dear father was condemned to death, and we were all allowed to meet once again in Erik Sparre's room. The wives of the condemned lords brought baskets and beds with them, thinking to remain and have a cheerful meal. All was ready, and we were about to sit down, when the bishops called the lords out and told them to prepare to die on Thursday next. They returned with cheerful countenances, and divulged nothing to their wives

Some years later King Charles, meeting in the street the little son of Banér, asked him, "Would you, my boy,

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that evening. The bishops had interceded for the condemned noblemen in vain. During the trial my father was calm and collected, and only once complained of the conduct of the judges. 'Away with that tall rascal!' cried out the duke, when he endeavoured to speak again. The duke accused him of being too intimate with the Duchess Elizabeth,—a great untruth,—and told him to——(a most vulgar expression). My father sat with my dear mother leaning her head on his shoulder, weeping bitterly. He ordered the man-servant to cut sticks to make horses for the children to ride upon, that they might not be too dull. On Thursday, early, he sent for the key of his casket, and when he had prayed fervently said, 'Dear wife and children, never weep or cast down your eyes on my account; I have no property to leave you.' He gave Margaret his book of Hours, writing first his name and a text therein; to me he gave a gold heart, with a crucifix on it, which my mother had presented him as a New Year's gift when in Poland. He took off his chain and told Margaret to give it to my brother Svante, and tell him never to part with it save to one who loved him as dearly as his father did, and his eyes filled with tears. He received the sacrament early in the afternoon, and from that moment till his death would touch no more food. Still," adds his daughter, "people said my dear father was intoxicated when taken out to die. When he was led forth we all followed him to the palace gate, and my dear mother thought no human power would be great enough to separate her from her husband; but a soldier struck her violently on the breast. 'Do not harm her,' said my father; 'let them be undisturbed, they are wretched enough:' and we parted,—to meet again hereafter."

This account fills several pages, and is one of the most touching epistles ever penned by female hand in any century. At Löberod we were shown the missal borne by Gustaf Banér in his hand at the moment of his execution. Strange to say, when, with one blow, the headsman had severed the head from his body, Banér started up on both his legs, made a movement as though he would unsheath his sword, then fell again a lifeless corpse upon the scaffold. In Banér's missal is inscribed, in his own handwriting, "Initium sapientiæ timor Domini (the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom).—G. Banér, 1568."

One of the prisoners, Peter Hammerschiold, escaped the vengeance of Duke Charles, who, when he saw him, cried, "So I have you at last, you old rascal." "You have no right to call me rascal," answered the officer; "I have served my king as an honest man; had I taken serlike to enter my service?" "How," answered the child, "could I bear to serve the man who murdered my father?" The king, whose anger had long since passed away, was much affronted at the boy's reply.

Count Axel Lejonhufvud declares Gustaf Adolf as a child was accustomed to make his little comrades kneel down with a hat on their heads, then, armed with a wooden sword, to strike it off, exclaiming, "There goes the head of Gustaf Banér, there falls the head of Erik Sparre!" and so on till he had finished his mock "Blood-bath" of Linköping.

In the tower is preserved the chapter library, a valuable collection, but badly lodged. Tradition accuses Bishop Brask of having carried off the best books when he fled to Dantzic. Among the rarities will be found a copy of that pleasant work St. Augustin's Confessions, presented to the great Gustavus when in Nuremberg; a portrait of Catherine Bora (Mrs. Luther), a pretty comely woman, plump and fresh; another of St. Brita's father. Of course there are carvings of Magnus Stenbock, one a wooden beaker with a hundred smaller ones fitting one inside the other.

We wandered that same evening down to old

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vice under your grace, I should have done the same." This answer so pleased the duke, he granted him a free pardon. Hammerschiold later became Governor of Borgholm castle. When Duke Charles did forgive anybody, he did it in an off-hand sort of way. March 27th, 1606, he writes to Clas Bjelke, "We have pardoned you to this extent—that you at once take ship, with your wife and children, from this country, either to the pope in Rome, or the devil in ——, or the king you have served to the injury of this kingdom: and know this, whenever we find you within the boundaries of Sweden after the time named in our letter, you will not escape with your head on—'packa dig bort'—off with you!"

Stångebro, across which the battle raged. A few stones of the first bridge remain—a plank placed across, but not spanning the stream. An amateur fisherman, speaking in English, put us over: he had been in Australia, and wore a nugget breast-pin. We climbed to Gumpekulle, where an upraised stone, with the date 1598, marks the site of the battle-field. Sigismund, with his Scots, was encamped on the opposite side; the duke could not see his forces, for a thick fog rose from the river. Jola, a peasant from Wangeby, mounted to Gumpekulle, whence he perceived the standards, and told how the enemy stood. The common people still sing a lay about this battle:—

> "By the stone on Gumpekulle's back,
> There Jola hid himself."

When the fight raged hottest Jöran Posse and Lenardsen met in the mêlée. "Brother," exclaimed the first, "do we meet as enemies?" "This," cries his friend, "is no time for brotherhood, but for powder and balls;" and charging Posse with his troop, he drove him back into the stream, where he was nearly drowned. Duke Charles gained the day, though matters, according to the Tankebok of Abraham Brahe,* did not go quite to his satisfaction. He writes, 25th September, 1598: "To-day was the fight at Stångebro: the duke won, and took prisoner Gustaf and Sten Banér, Erik Sparre, Thure Bjelke, and J. Posse. I bore the king's banner; the young Erik Ribbing was my lieutenant; and when the knights who followed the chief banner arrived at Lille Stångebro, then came Lindom Ribbing, by what authority I know not, and ordered the knights not to advance against the enemy, but to stay on this side. As the king wished it, so they did. The king was very angry." When Arvid-Admiral Ståbame was about to lay his head on the block, he received the Duke's pardon. "What! what!" he exclaimed; "no, no, that must not be. What will my companions say when they don't see me in heaven? they'll fancy I'm gone to ——. No, no." Have his head off he would—the duke's orders could not be disobeyed, so he kept it on his shoulders.

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* Abraham Brahe, Count of Wisingborg, thirteenth child of Peter the elder, was nephew to old Queen Catherine Stenbock, by his mother Beata the queen's sister, and grandson to Margaret, sister of Gustaf Wasa, the lady in the wonderful black velvet hat and feathers whose portrait hangs at Gripsholm (no one can mistake her), who, after the murder of her first lord Joachim Brahe, remarried the revolutionary Count of Hoya. Abraham notes in his Tankebok, 13th May, 1594,—"To-day Queen Catherine gave to me a clover-leaf of gold and

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precious stones to wear in my hat at Rydbyholm." The clover-leaf was supposed to bring good luck to the bearer in love affairs.

Abraham Brahe was a good Swede; he gives an account, in his Tankebok, how, at Copenhagen, his brother made a stir about yielding the precedence to the English ambassador, Anstruther, at court, and begged that, if Anstruther was asked to the dinner after the audience, he might be permitted to absent himself; otherwise, if both were there, how was he to act? He had no instructions from home, and he wished to do nothing derogatory to the dignity of his sovereign. The Danish chancellor spoke to the king, and the matter was settled by precedent, saying how Johan Skytte had agreed the kings of Sweden would not dispute the precedence with the kings of England, particularly as Anstruther was "legatus;" so he did not absent himself.

His entries are very funny; midst royal funerals and matters of state comes—"Nov. 15. Drömde jag (I dreamt) of my beard.—Joachim got the rod.—I dreamt I was dead, but when I awoke I was not.—I dreamt the Danes had taken the king and all his council prisoners." Cum multis aliis."

The castle of Linköping, though ancient, is not a place of interest; the favourite walk of the townsmen is the shady cemetery. It was very hot during our stay, and we did not regret the change of climate since Bishop Brask's time, when walnuts grew and ripened, and nightingales, now no longer heard, sung in the groves of the cathedral garden.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Bishop Brask's housekeeping book — "Heathen hair" of an infant — Norrköping the Swedish Bradford — William of Sabine's letter to the pope — Charles XII. and his dog Pompe — Legend of St. Ragnild at Söderköping — Marriage of Siri Brahe — The Key-maid of Mary — Tragedy of Nyköping — Elopement of Malin Sture — Arrival at Stockholm.

NORRKÖPING.

WE left Linköping by the road which leads to Norsholm, where the canal connects the Roxen lake with the Asplången, an idea first suggested by Hans Brask,* who on the Motala's banks had his summer castle called Munkeboda. From the more modern residence built on its site waves the old Swedish flag, a yellow cross on a red ground. Without Hans Brask, by far the most influential member of the hierarchy, Gustaf felt he could do nothing. Will the proud bishop never declare himself? No, no; the wily fox sat in his castle at Munkeboda: though he could no longer support Christian, he saw in Gustaf the future foe of monks and mitred prelates. At last the young hero sent him a message from Stegeborg, saying, that if he did not join him he would receive a visit from the king at Munkeboda. The hint was taken; Brask met his new

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* Bishop Brask was a fine old fellow, a man of order, as his Calendarium Æconomicum, now preserved in the archives of Linköping, indicates; this he left behind when he fled from Sweden. Each month is headed by the orders for his Sundays' dinners; then follow other matters of less consequence. Each Sabbath in Lent his bill of fare was as follows:—"Roast venison, boiled pig, hens, or hare;" then comes a mem. to see the peasants do not charge too much for the sledges used in bringing salt fish from Söderköping. In this month he lays in oats and peas for half a year; oil and salt fish to last till summer. In March he bakes; the swine are to be counted and marked before sent into market; pigs are also to be fattened for summer eating; lines and nets to be got ready for fishing in spring-time. In April, Lent over, he again changes his Sunday diet to boiled pork, venison, green geese, fowls, ptarmigan, and blackcock or capercailzie; oven to be set in order; larder and dairy painted before it thaws; troughs and pails to be made; boats to be tarred; roofs looked to. May.—Sardines and eels to be pickled, and all the empty barrels to be looked to; ptarmigan and other game to be peppered,—the feathers not wasted; grind a year's corn and meal; cut wood for

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wheels and carts; manure the cabbage garden; set cabbage for one year. Cook, every Sunday from Petersmas till Whitsuntide, lamb, young chickens, sucking pigs, and green geese. In the month of June, boiled meat and mutton are added. He then thatches his houses before the hay is ready; has shoes made for the household for one year whilst the days are long; repairs the mill-dams, buys Småland cheese and dries herrings. In July, preserves walnuts before the wood gets green (still done in Götland, and excellent they are); buys Skenninge and Wermeland lax (salmon), and dries codlings; sends to Lodöse for barrels of pilchards. August.—Preserves cherries, and to make at least one ton of cherry-bounce; let them simmer a long time with sugar; make plenty of potted meat. September.—Make bricks; roast goose is now to be eaten every Sunday till St. Martin's; clean and rebind the pickling-tubs; salt geese in tins; pickle cabbage and carrots; prepare oxhides for saddles, reins, and stirrup-leather. October.—Hew the year's wood at the first hoar-frost; cut 20 dozen trees for the saw-mills; bury winter turnips in the sand-hills, and pot sheep's milk. Sunday dinner from Martinmas till Lent:—add fresh and salt hares and fowls; measure your produce before the tithes come in; smoke bacon. December.—Skin the young swine. On St. Thomas's day buy game and fresh fish for Christmas, as well as nails and horse-shoes at the fair."

Such is the only document Brask left behind him when he fled to Götland. He was admirable in all matters—carnal, spiritual, and temporal.

master, swore fealty to his cause, and gave him a dinner, most magnificent.*

Haymaking is in full season; the fields dotted over with small children disporting among the cocks, their long hair bleached by exposure to the sun. The first hair of a child is called by the peasants of East Götland "heathen hair," and washed away with salt water. The head is then whipped with a small broom, after which the crop is allowed to grow.

Thirty years since a find of church ornaments was made in the Motala stream—a gorgeous "span" (clasp) of gold, set round with rubies, amethysts, and one large sapphire, of exquisite workmanship, now preserved at Stockholm. Some folks fancy this to have formed part of Brask's treasure; others think it to have been the property of the pope's legate who came over to crown King Sigismund, and whose perilous adventures made him wish himself safe back at Rome again.

After crossing the canal, three brown eagles, soaring in the heavens, greeted our approach. We got out at Kimsta, the site of a great fight in 1060, between two princes of the name of Erik, who were both slain in the contest, thus settling the succession by finishing off the dynasty. The field is still called Kampe's Akar, or Battle Acre; the church was raised to mark the event. The carved banners and shields of the Lilje* and Mörner families are very beautiful. Then, skirting from time to time the Motala stream, we reach Norrköping, a large manufacturing town, the Bradford of East Götland. Here the river falls into the Bråviken; on every side runs water, roaring and streaming, in a profusion not often seen; steamers and shipping abound; wheels and engines turn; all is activity—no man is idle; merchants and bagmen, bearers of bales and bills, arrive every moment at the hotel,—all is hurry-scurry. Norrköping may have had her early history, but the good people have now no time to think of it. We strolled, after sunset, to old Johannesborg, founded by King John: it was destroyed in the last century by a conflagration which laid low the city. The gateway alone remains, surmounted by a medallion portrait of the founder, the arms of Wasa, East Götland, and his motto, "Deus protector noster,"—most presumptuous, as though Heaven could, or rather would, protect a fratricide. On the ramparts peasants were tossing hay; very sweet it smelt too. The men have no costume in these provinces, save a long leather apron extending from the chin to the knees, which they never lay aside.

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* Sten Sture was of opinion that the Swedish bishops had too great a love for the good things of this world. When Christian I. arrived at the palace of Stockholm he inquired of the regent, "Have you prepared for us meat and ale?" "Ask the bishops," he replied; "for they have both brewed and baked for us, and will do the same for your Majesty if ever they get the opportunity."

We lay that night at Norrköping; started early next morning, getting out at Tingsta church to look at the gravestone of a parson's wife. You are amazed, and fancy that suchlike are plentiful enough in English churchyards without going to Sweden; so they are, but this lady was a real "Morbus pestiferus,"* who died before 1248, when Cardinal William Sabinensis, at the Diet of Skenninge, forbad the marriage of the clergy. It is a simple stone, bearing inscription, "Hic jacet Brynghildus et uxor ejus Ragburgis — — — es: sint J. C. J. R. A. M." Myself, I don't understand the initials, but suppose Swedish antiquaries are right, and get a P. P. (parish priest) out of them somehow.

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* Axel Lilje, a valiant hero, lost one of his legs at the siege of Mayence. In the Polish campaign a ball carried away his wooden leg. "Surely you were mistaken," cried he; "the other leg is the one you meant." He dwelt at Liljenborg, a stately manor-house, four stories high, with a lofty tower. His neighbour was Field-Marshal Robert Douglas, who dwelt at Stjernarp on the Roxen lake. These two old warriors built their manor-houses with lofty towers, that they might be able to make signals over the tops of the trees whenever the one wanted to invite the other to some banquet or festival.

William of Sabine writes a wretched account of the state of Sweden to the pope;—such confusion—kings and nobles murdering and plundering one another. As for spiritual matters, all the priests are sons of priests, who have married publicly, and minister in the church without permission of the pope. What is worse, when a priest dies, his goods go to the relations instead of to Mother Church, the lawful heiress,—no wonder she is so poor. The cardinal, however, gave the married parsons a year's law to make up their minds previous to separating from their wives. Married couples above fifty years of age were allowed to continue together under certain restrictions.

Scandinavians too, he continues, made pilgrimages to Jerusalem, without the necessary passport from the pope, a custom highly displeasing to the Court of Rome.†

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* See 'Jutland,' vol. i., p. 41.

† So much so, St. Brita (in later days) thought necessary to have a revelation on the subject, telling of a knight who died of a violent stomach-ache, on his arrival in the Holy City, as a judgment on his audacity

The day was piping hot, and we glad to be safe housed at Söderköping.

SÖDERKÖPING.

The whole family is dissolved in tears, for this morning the constant companion of our two years' wanderings, poor little Lina, left us. She had contracted a clandestine marriage at Lund, and died in pup-birth—dear little gentle dog! we shall miss her greatly. Then the Philistines bore the body, wrapped in a damask napkin, to the mountain-top, where one pine alone had weathered the winter's blast, and, digging a grave, laid her therein; her brush, her comb, and collar,—her only jewel,—were placed beside her. Heaping up a mound, they covered it with thyme-bearing turf, upraised in the centre a bautasten, ranging around two circles of unhewn stones, according to old custom—Scandinavian. There Lina lies like a vi-queen in her grave: "requiescat in pace!" Sure no passer-by will say, "Heir ligger en hund begraven."*

"What fuss and nonsense," some starched woman cries, crabbed and unloved herself, "about a dog! as though it were a being having a soul." Why, bless your soul (and more than it deserves), good madam, a faithful and attached dog is, to his master, more than all his acquaintances, two-thirds of his friends, and half his near (by courtesy termed dear) relations.

Great men, as well as small, are fools about their dogs. See Charles XII., here in Sweden a great authority: how he writes a post-scriptum to his sister, the Princess Ulrika,—that sister with whom he quarrelled, thus:—

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* "Here lies a dog buried," answers in Swedish to our English "I smell a rat."

"I beg you, dear sister, make my best compliments to the court ladies, Madame Klot Gutermut, and Emerentia.* Pompe and Snushane charge me with love to Madame Mignonne; they beg me to wag their tails, and send 'wow-wows' to all dogs of the court at Stockholm."

Pompe holds a place in history, together with Brank-lipparen, the Roman emperor's horse, and other animals of note. Every boy in Sweden knows full well the lines—

"Lazy Pompey rests his head
Every night in Gharles's bed." †

The lines continue by saying, many a maiden envies Pompey his place; many a hero would gladly exchange with him. As regards the female sex, never was prince more tormented to marry than Charles XII. Every eligible princess was proposed to him; some two or three positively brought by their mothers to Stockholm, and trotted out for his inspection, but without success. Heroes, in the 19th century, prefer sleeping in a bed by themselves; in Charles XII.'s days, to share the couch of royalty was esteemed an honour. Pompey, like Lina, died in *travel* (don't suspect a pun); for Charles, in a letter dated November 3, 1703, writes to his eldest sister, the Princess Hedwig, "Tell Gamla

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* Emerentia Düben, court lady and favourite to Queen Ulrika Eleanora, turned serious later in life, and took to ecclesiastical needlework, as various altar-cloths in the cathedral of Upsala testify.

† "Pompe, Kungens trogna dräng,
Sof hvar natt i Kungens säng."

Juliana* (the king has a strange way of mixing up court ladies and dogs in his postscripts) that I lost the other day the oldest companion of my travels, Pompe. Favourite old friend! in the evening he was fresh, and in the morning lay dead upon my bed."

Söderköping, once a "Wiking's-bowl,"† the first seaport of East Götland, is surrounded with mountains, among which men point out the rock called Ramunda's Hall,—once the seat of a robber chief. Shingled in wood like scale armour rises the slender spire of St. Lawrence, a church dating from the 12th century; beside it stands a queer old belfry, black with age.

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* Juliana von Schierberg, court lady to the Princess Hedwig Sophia, sister to Charles XII.: a regular old cat, who by her intrigues twice prevented her mistress from becoming Queen of England. When William III. first demanded Hedwig's hand in marriage, the Duke of Holstein "spenderade" 10,000 dollars on "gamla Juliana" to break off the match. George II., when Crown Prince of Hanover, proposed to the young widow; but Juliana, having a presentiment of the death of Charles XII., notwithstanding the large sums of money she again received from the prince, put a spoke in Prince George's wheel. Juliana, like Emerentia, worked altar-cloths in her old age, and left by will a portion of her ill-gotten gains to the Riddarholm church at Stockholm.

Charles XI., in his dag-bok, noted down, "It was on Sunday, June 26, my 'hustru' was taken ill and bore a daughter. May the Lord soon help her to health again! My daughter Hedwig Sophia was born at a quarter past one of the afternoon." All very true, but the king omits to mark down how the princess was born with "et par tomme" (a pair of thumbs) on each hand springing from the first joint; in other respects her hands were beautifully formed. Count Tessin says, "She twiddled them so fast, and with such dexterity, nobody ever suspected the deformity."

This princess was decidedly fast. In a letter to Charles XII. containing an account of a masquerade give by Prince Christian at Kiel, she says, "The duke and I were dressed as harlequins, and my ladies as buffoons, all of which looked very comical; and we went on dancing till daylight."

† Wikingabol.

Within, neglected in a corner, lay two well-painted altarpieces of early workmanship. The commerce of Söderköping, whose burghers once lent 3000 silver marks to Erik of Pomerania, has long since passed away; diets are no longer held there; the town is now a mere rendezvous for seekers of health and pleasure, who quaff the waters of St. Ragnild's well. The fountain lies at a stone's throw from the old town, where are ball-rooms, smoking-rooms, restaurants—all that people require to recruit their health.

The holy Ragnild, queen to King Inge, founder of Wreta kloster, was the fairest of all Swedish ladies, a rose without thorns, pious and merciful, dauntless in the strength of her innocence. When Inge died unprepared in his sin, she set forth on a pilgrimage to Jorsala to save her husband's soul. Heaven protected the queen in her long and dangerous journey; once she fell among robbers, who plundered her, leaving her without garments in a forest, but angels came from heaven and clothed her with a beautiful gown curiously wrought with silver and gold. At length she returned to Sweden, where she dwelt in Wreta, making long prayers, visiting the sick, helping the orphan, and converting the godless to the Christian faith.

Next morning we rose early, once more to visit the grave of Lina; two Apollo butterflies * hovered over it,

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* The Apollo butterfly is found in the neighbourhood of granite strata, chiefly because the larvæ feed on the leaves of the Orpine (Sedum telephium), which grows among the rocks. This plant is a favourite "love-herb:" gossips who doubt a projected match turning out well, plant two slips on a house-roof; if the plants grow one towards another, all is well; if the flowers look a different way, gloomy are the reflections and prophecies thereupon. The same superstition exists in England respecting this plant, called in old English "orpeyne." Hannah More

quaffing honey from the flowerets of the wild thyme; so, feeling she was in good company, we bid a last adieu to "Lina's hög," then jumped on board the steamer bound for Stockholm.

The lofty tower of Stegeborg rises in sight, guarding the entry, key to East Götland, a glorious ruin, replete with historic interest. But if you please we'll merely talk about the marriage, not de convenance, of Siri Brahe (subject of one of Gustavus III.'s dramas), in which a royal princess, Anna, sister of Sigismund, showed herself, to say the least of it, somewhat meddling.

Young Siri Brahe was betrothed to Erik Bjielke. The day was fixed, and grand preparations made for the nuptials at Stegeborg.

Abraham Brahe, brother to the bride, in his Tankebok, 21 May, 1595, thus tells the story:—

"Erik Gustafson, Gustaf Banér, and Svante Bjielke came to Ridbyholm for an answer about my sister's marriage with Erik Bjielke. We agreed it shall take place within a year and a day, provided he can prove himself not to be afflicted with the evil sickness (epilepsy). On the 19th March the king's sister, Fröken Anna,† had John Gyllenstjerna married to my sister,

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alludes, in one of her tracts, to a young girl who would never go to bed on Midsummer Eve without putting into her room a piece of orpine, as the bending of the leaves to the right or left would indicate the constancy or faithlessness of the object of her thoughts. A gold ring was discovered not many years since at Cawood, Yorkshire, which had for device two orpine-plants inclining one towards the other, joined in a true lover's knot, with the motto "Ma fiancé velt;" beneath the ring, "Joye—l'amour—feu." Sir Henry Ellis supposes it to be of the 15th century.

† Anna, daughter of King John and his queen Catherine Jagellonica, born 1563, died 1625. In the gallery of Gripsholm hangs a charming portrait of the Princess Anna, feather fan in hand, which entirely responds

and this was the cause: the young lady had changed her mind. Though encouraged by me and my brother to tell the truth, she avowed it to Fröken Anna. When the princess ordered service in the chapel, the priests were much surprised, and wondered at her fit of devotion, as she not only never had service either on Wednesday or Friday, but never even attended church on Sunday. (Protestant Princess Anna, fie!) Her servants wondered much at it. When all were assembled, the

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with the character given of her by everybody except her uncle King Charles in his scandalous 'Rhyming Chronicle,' not to be repeated. Charles (1609) again writes, in speaking of his cousin, "Fröken Anna was a bad counsellor and cause of great bloodshedding." He calls her "King Sigismund's poisonous sister, born for the destruction and ruin of the king." The princess always appeared on the scene when a kind action was to be done. We find her writing letters to her brother Duke John of East Götland, and the princesses her sisters, begging them not to annoy their old father by absenting themselves from his marriage with Gunilla Bjielke (Duke Charles writes word the notice is so short he has no time to get his own clothes nor those of his family). She intercedes for the captive nobles. She it was who discovered the presence of Gustaf Erikson at the coronation of Sigismund—sent clothes and aid to the neglected Carl Gyllenhjelm in prison—protected the Protestants in Poland, and established a school there.

In the Registrature, 1607, the poor princess is termed "the authoress of all evil, and the kingdom's curse." Whether Charles's stories be true or not, a little less rigid virtue and a few more Princess Annas in the world would be no disadvantage to society at large.*

Gustaf Brahe, concerning whose goings on Charles is so scandalous in his chronicle, was betrothed to Princess Anna, and accompanied Sigismund to Poland; in consequence of which his estates were confiscated, but restored in 1620 by Gustaf Adolf. At the Reduction Charles XI., seventy years afterwards, called in the property, as "granted by the crown."

Gustaf Brahe seems by a letter to have sounded Sigismund on the subject of his marriage with Fröken Anna. He writes: "The Fröken is as kind to me as before. I had also the boldness to beg the king not to look ungraciously upon me on account of this matter. I told him I had spoken without her knowledge. He did not answer me unkindly, but told me to be contented."

Fröken, with her ladies, entered the chapel, and, calling forward my sister, placed a garland on her head; then all became evident"—(a very long story.) "When my brother, Count Gustaf, arrived, he desired his sister would return home, and he would arrange the matter in a manner more suitable to her rank; hoping thereby to break the marriage, but Fröken Anna replied, smiling, 'Wait till to-morrow morning, and they shall accompany you.'"

This event caused a feud between the three families, and was the source of mischief and bloodshed. They were finally reconciled by Duke Charles, Bjielke receiving a thousand crowns as compensation for the marriage gifts, which Siri had never returned. The happy pair were banished to their estates till all had blown over.

As we steam along, a shower of ladybirds, here called the Key-maid of Mary,* light on the vessel. A young girl, taking one in her hand, watches it crawl along her fingers—you'll never guess why. It takes the measure of her bridal gloves, and when it extends its wings she marks in which direction the insect bends its flight—from thence will her bridegroom come. This messenger of the Virgin predicts to the farmer whether the harvest will be abundant or not. Should the spots on its wings be more than seven, corn will fetch a high price; if less, the harvest will be abundant, and the price of corn low.

The boat enters the Baltic; look where you will, all is sea and island. We coast near Nyköping, too celebrated for that foul tragedy of Birger and the dukes, seduced by false promises to visit their brother. Talk of the murder of Darnley; of our English Richard;—

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* Jungfru Marias Nyckelpiga.

they are jokes to this. Birger, first locking the door, cast the key into the running stream, then fled, leaving his victims to die of hunger. Erik, sick and wounded, lived but three days, while Waldemar endured seven of starvation. It is said, in his agony, he dug deep holes in the floor, and eat of the dead body of his brother. Birger had no excuse for this murder. A reconciliation had taken place, and Pope Innocent IV. had granted a bull of pardon to the three brothers, as well as to Duchess Ingeborg, for "all their little sins." Birger found refuge in Denmark, and sleeps in Ringsted Abbey.

On the heights stands Hörningsholm, from the upper story of which Field-Marshal Banér fell when a child, and received no hurt. This castle, now the property of Count Bonde, was once the residence of Christina Gyllenstjerna, heroine of the "Blood-bath," and renowned again in more modern days for the elopement of fair Malin Sture, daughter of the lady Martha.*

The following are a few extracts from a curious but very lengthy letter, giving an account of the elopement, written by the Countess Beata Stenbock to her sister:—

"On Xmas eve, 1573, Herr Erik came to Hörningsholm, and remained till after the new year, when he gave such new year's gifts to grandmother and all her daughters as he had often done before. A day or two after he eloped with our aunt, the lady Malin Sture. It happened as follows:—On the morning aunt Sigrid went into the turret where grandmother and all our aunts slept, and found aunt Magdalena kneeling in the window recess praying and weeping bitterly. She arose on seeing aunt Sigrid, who wished her good morrow, adding, 'God bless you! you are well employed.' 'Would that I were so!' answered Malin. 'If, dear sister, all my family were to refuse to forgive me, do not turn away your heart from me.' 'How can you talk so?' replied aunt Sigrid; 'you cannot disgrace yourself; and when have we had cause to turn away our hearts from any Sture?' Aunt Malin continued to weep till grandmother called Sigrid into the little chamber. Then Sir Erik, coming in, said, 'Dear sister, will you look at the horse I have given you? he is down in the court-yard.' 'Yes,' she replied; and straightway followed him through the lobby. On reaching the door she said to my aunt Sigrid and to old nurse Louisa, 'Come too.' They both left their work and went after her. On arriving at the court-yard they found the horse harnessed to the sledge standing under the archway. Herr Erik placed aunt Malin in the sledge, and, taking the jungfru and nurse, he drove off. When nurse saw that he drove towards the lake and began to urge the horse, she cried out, saying, 'Dear Fröken, where are you going? think of my gracious lady; how angry she will be!' Aunt Malin took out a short gun, and, putting it to nurse's breast, cried, 'If you do not be quiet you shall never speak another word.' On reaching the ice they were joined by 500 court-men, lent previously to Erik by Duke Charles (quite as meddlesome as his niece Fröken Anna), who ranged themselves on either side of the fugitives. Tailors and furriers were in waiting at Gästifvaregård to equip aunt Malin and her attendants, for they had started bareheaded, just as they had been in her mother's house. When my aunt, the lady Margaret Sture, going by chance to the window, saw aunt Malin driving off in Sir Erik's sledge, she quickly cried out, 'Erik is surely running away with *sister Malin!*' She screamed so loudly that grandmother and aunt Sigrid, hearing her cries, came running in, thinking a child had fallen out of the window. Grandmother and aunt Sigrid sprang down stairs, but grandmother fainted on the doorway. When she came to, Countess Cecilia (sister to Erik) came running from her room to where grandmother was lying on the stairs, and regretted that her brother had done so, declaring her own innocence in the matter. 'Go to the devil!' replied my grandmother, 'or, if not, go after her.'"

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* Sister to Queen Margaret Lejonhufvud, mother of the murdered Stures—"Kong Marta paa Hörningsholm," as she was called. This romance forms the subject of one of Gustaf III.'s dramas.

But to conclude with this never-ending elopement: when lady Sigrid reached the house where her sister was staying, the royal guards refused her entry. At last, on obtaining permission, she implored her sister to return, without effect. Malin sent back to her mother a piece of unicorn's horn, the only thing she had taken away with her from the home she leaves. "Can you," asked she, "promise that my mother will consent to our union?" "No," replied Sigrid. "Then the first sorrow is as good as the last." Malin was left in charge of Fru Cecilia, for Erik received a summons to appear before King John next day at Stockholm, to answer for his conduct at the complaint of lady Martha; and on his arrival he was arrested and dismissed the service. Old Archbishop Lars, too, urged by the enraged mother, forbad any clergyman in the land either to publish the banns of the offending couple or to marry them. In vain the king, the queen dowager Catherine Stenbock, the duke, and others implored the irate lady to be reconciled. She refused. So they, by the advice of the king, passed over the frontier, and were there married by a Danish priest. The account of the return home of the delinquents is most amusing. Erik dragged himself on his knees before the aged countess. It was not till the lady Malin bore her first child that matters really went right again. Malin very wisely never would believe herself forgiven; declared it was impossible any one could forgive her. She dressed in black, and wore no jewels for a year and more to come, sobbed and cried, cried and sobbed, till the old lady was quite worn out with her wailing. But if you had seen a portrait, as I have, hanging at Sko kloster, the ne plus ultra of espièglerie and fun, you would put very little faith in the repentance of this blue-eyed, fair-haired, runaway young daughter of "Kong Marta paå Hörningsholm."*

At the locks of Södertelje, passing under a swing bridge, the boat first enters lake Mälar. On we go by the manor where Queen Ragnild the Holy had her castle; coast and isle feathered to the very lake's edge with pine, birch, oak, and willow, of foliage various. There are country seats, wooden châlets, church-towers, and steamers in all directions. We pass by Kung's Hatt, perched on a pole above the cliff, where, says the legend, Erik Vaderhätt, pursued by his enemies, leaped his charger from the precipice into the lake below, losing his hat—that hat which by waving in his voyages by sea, he made the breezes blow as he listed. On steams the boat—it is now dusk—houses are faintly depicted in the horizon—a black spire cleaves the air; we can see but little, till the vessel lies to by a line of steamers, and we land on the quay of Stockholm.

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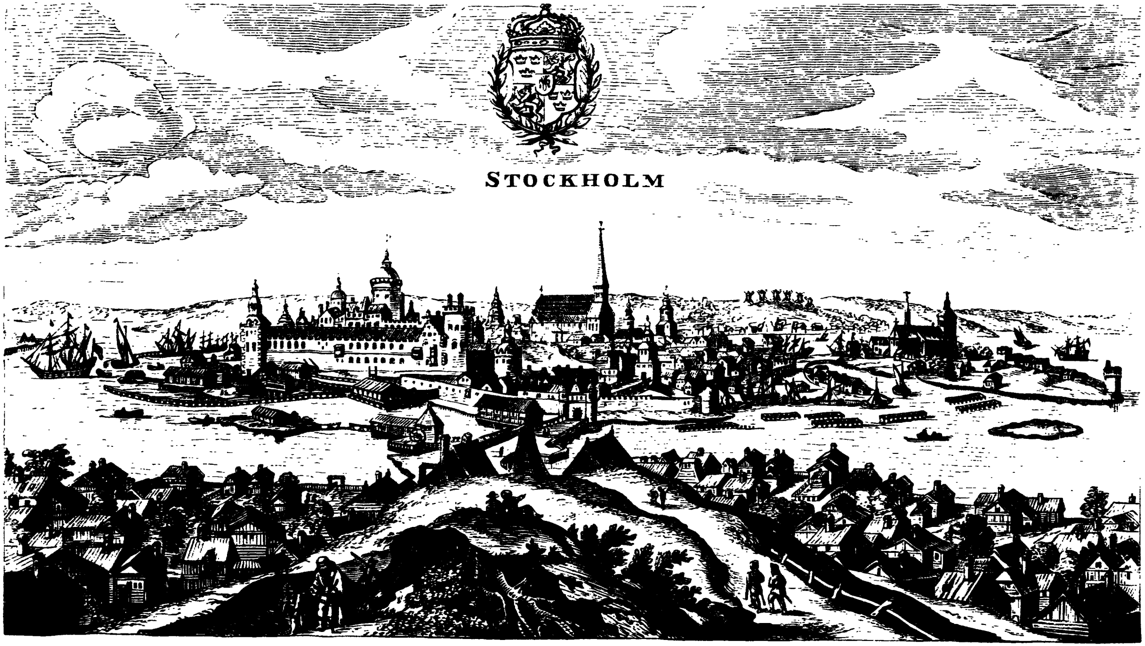
* Sir Erik and Malin were "sisters' children;" hence the opposition of the lady Martha to the nuptials. The ladies Margaret and Christina are already known to us as the wives of Thure Bjielke and Gustaf Banér, victims of the Blood-bath of Linköping. The husband of lady Anna (Hogenschild Bjielke) lost his head for the same cause in 1605; Erik the runaway, alone escaping, died a fugitive in Denmark. The fate of lady Margaret's sons—how a curse hung over the Stures of the Natt och Dag dynasty!—will be told hereafter. A stern portrait of "King Martha" in her white widow's dress hangs in the gallery of Sko kloster.

We bend our way onwards. Memory still at sea, though on terra-firma, vainly seeks some peg to hang its hat upon. A cast-iron tower shoots badly from an old church, making a false start,—sure, not as it used to be; then suddenly the eye falls on a wide building brightly illuminated, befriezed, and bestatued; oh! 'tis the Riddarhus; later the palace on its glorious site, the Norrbro, spanning the dark waters, Gustaf Adolf's Torg—and memory, disentangling these landmarks from a garde meuble of half-forgotten places, finds herself at home again.



OLD STOCKHOLM.

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SVEALAND.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mosebacke, or the Mountain of Moses — Legends of old Stockholm — The palace — Erik in the Eskil chamber — The pie and the crow — Gustaf Wasa's last adieu — His death and funeral — Burning of the slott — The Storkyrka — Helmet of St. Olaf — St. George and the Dragon.

STOCKHOLM.

We are lodged at the hotel Rydberg, facing the palace. Though the view be fine, yet to gain an idea of Stockholm—a tangle of "fastland," islet, bridge, and water, we'll drive to the hill called Mosebacke—Mountain of Moses.

Here in a garden of terraces, where a band plays, and Stockholmites with their families sit quaffing coffee, we gaze on a view such as is nowhere else seen, and recognise how Stockholm proudly merits her title of "the Venice of the North."

Rome stands on seven hills; Stockholm on seven islands,—only don't count them: what with the natural rising of Scandinavia, the cuttings and ditchings of mankind—all is a labyrinth. Distinct in the Mälar lies the ancient Stockholm;* the other islets are but additions,—offsets of the old bulb sprung up from time to time.

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* Stock-holm—literally, Stump-island.

Queen of the Mälar! how charmingly she stands! with her proud palace and her ugly churches, giving height where most wanted by their heavy domes; odd buildings, squares, and statues; bridges tacking on small islets to the parent "stock;"—how blue the lake, how green the hill-sides! See the new Museum —as though the Foscari had emigrated to the north, bringing their palazzo with them. Turn to the right and watch the narrowing expanse of water, studded with myriads of vessels, fishing-smacks, flat boats pulled by Dalkullas, little steam gondolas with onion-funnels, puffing and fussing like busy water-beetles in a microscope,—at a horse-power quite dangerous.

When Moses looked on the promised land from Horeb's mount, he saw nothing more fair. At sunrise it is beautiful; by moonlight still and placid.

Long, long ago there dwelt in Svea Rike a king named Agne, Dag's son, "the rich in ships," who, coming to loggerheads with his Pagan neighbour, Finnish King Frost, made war against him. "Frost and his army melted like snow before the son of Dag." Then Agne victorious returned, bringing as captive fair Skialf, the dead king's daughter, whom he took to wife. One day in good humour he proposed, "Let us drink your father's graf-öl,"*—the maiden, nothing loth, assented; the bidden guests assembled on a promontory of the Mälar; there were great carousings, till Agne, looking too deep into his horn ("a family failing," saith the Saga, "since King Fjölner's time, who drowned himself in the cans of mead"), with his courtiers, fell beneath the table dead drunk. Then crafty Skialf rose, and, fastening to a rope the golden chain * her lord wore in triple coils around his breast, gave one pull, then a second, and up swung King Agne, as neat as Jack Ketch could do it. Then Skialf, taking ship, sailed for Finland. The courtiers, at dawn of day, finding their king strung up, burnt his body with all due rites, raised a hög over him, and had a second jollification. The spot was henceforth called Agnefit.

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* "Wake."

Now, leaving these Pagan times and all their wickedness, we'll, if you please, descend some centuries later. A fisher sits one smiling summer day on Tynnelsö, the ancient residence of Manhem's † bishops, bearing upon his knees a salmon of uncommon weight and size, by law a "Gudslax" (perquisite of the Church): he sings—

"You silv'ry salmon, jolly fish,
Ne'er shall you smoke on bishop's dish."

But the bishop, overhearing him from the turret window, replies—

"To this my bishop's word I plight,
That thou shalt sleep in the tower to-night."

The fisher, laughing, answers—

"My oaken boat, which sails so free,
Shall settle soon 'twixt you and me."

That fisher, escaping from Tynnelsö, first settled on the island of Agnefit.

For Agnefit, a promontory once, has now become an

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* This chain of Wisbur was the most precious relic of the house of Ynglingar, over which the sorceress Huld had muttered her incantations.

† One of the many early names given to Svea. The first prelates of Svea were termed Bishops of Manhem.

island. Unquiet St. Olaf, not Holy yet—only the Fat (Tjöcke)—homeward bound from a "vikingtåg,* found the Lap king had blocked up the entry to the Mälar lake with chains, sunken piles, and what not. But saints are above such small matters. Olaf set his men to work—cut a passage through the Södermalm, and Agnefit became an island.

Here fishermen dwelt in huts and plied their trade till the twelfth century; when Sigtuna† was sacked by the Russians, some few citizens, escaping the massacre, placed all their gold and silver into a hollow tree, and set it adrift. The stock stranded on Agnefit. Then the men of Sigtuna, taking their treasure from out the trunk, laid the foundations of a new city, and called it Stock-holm.—So says tradition.

We know how Birger Jarl, despising the site of Upsala, here founded a capital for his new dynasty; he raised two towers, near where the palace stands, and a small church, about which we hear little.

While the walls of the city were building he overlooked the works from his castle of Arista, and, giving up the ghost on the vigil of the 11,000 virgins,‡ was buried in Warnem kloster, where requiescat in pace.§

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* Marauding expedition.

† 1170.

‡ 1266.

§ When Waldemar the Beautiful was elected king, Birger Jarl, who aspired himself to the royal dignity, was greatly enraged. Hastily he returned from Finland, assembled the lords of the realm, and asked why they had elected his son, who was still a child. Iwar Blå answered, "We think you too old to aspire to the throne; I have counselled the Swedes to elect your son, that many years may elapse before a new king is chosen: we know too well how often the change of rulers has brought mishap over our country." But Birger continued frowning. Iwar Blå then looked grave, and said, "If you are not content, we will choose another." "And whom?" asked Birger. Then Iwar Blå rose, and, throwing back the folds of his mantle, said, We'll first visit the "City;" so, starting from the hotel, before which stands the equestrian statue, by Sergel, of Gustaf Adolf, crowned with laurels, we cross the Norrbro.

To the right stands the Bonde palace, with Grecian façade, effectively placed on the quay-side. When the leases are out this long row of shops on the bridge will disappear, as well as the king's stables, leaving the royal slott open to the view, grander than ever. The beauty of this building consists in "its lengths and breadths,"—stern simplicity, and site. It is to Stockholm what the National Gallery might have been to London had the architects not made a mess of it.

You mount the Lejonbacke, and, passing through the vestibule, enter the grand quadrangle. The decorations are of the severest kind—vicious-looking harpies, and lions' heads with rings in their mouths. Long galleries encircle the rez-de-chaussée, arched and pilastered in the style of old Whitehall. The vestibules are adorned with bas-reliefs of ancient heroes administering justice in all sorts of disagreeable ways (smelling of Charles XI. and the Reduction)—historic pegs to hang their virtues on, or rather to cloak their vices;* there is much allegory, trumpet-blowing angels,

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"I might well produce a king from beneath this blue cloak." Hearing which, Birger contented himself with governing in the name of his son, for Iwar Blå was of the royal house of Sverker.

* Charles XI., like all admirers of the ancients, drove in an occasional peg to astonish posterity. A peasant summoned the king before the Ting for taking away (through his steward) a piece of his field. Charles himself appeared as defendant, and listened to the pleadings. The verdict was given against the king, on which he created the judge Lagman, but pensioned off his own lawyer, ordering him never to plead again, as he had too well defended an unjust cause. Beautiful sentiments! worthy of the Romans and the Reduction!

and a deal of whitewash. In a long extent of corridor like this, qualms of conscience arise—for ever sneering at the sprawling gods of Verrio, Laguerre, and Thornhill, you again long for blue clouds and heavenly Olympus.

The Adelhuset of Birger Jarl was of small extent, all thick walls and small chambers. You may see it on the coins of King Birger, with a lofty tower surmounted by three spires, called the Kärnan. The castle was neglected under the Danes,—Gustaf Wasa preferred saving his money to spending it. In the vaults of the Kärnan lay one of the four Eskil chambers, found at the king's death so piled with ingots of pure silver the heirs with difficulty forced the doors. In this afterwards empty chamber Erik found his first prison. When Gustaf Banér reproached the royal captive, saying, "Where now are the treasures of your late father? are you not ashamed to find not one silver nail left?" the deposed king quietly replied, "No wonder, when I had such rogues as you about me." "It is not true!" roared Banér; "I was not in the country—princes like you have always thieves in their service." No sooner was his jailer's back turned than Erik, with a piece of glass, tried to file the bars of the window overlooking the stream. This bar of iron, half cut through, is still preserved in the museum of Stockholm.*

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* The treatment of Erik XIV. during his imprisonment at Stockholm was brutal. Olof Stenbock gaining access to his prison, a grand quarrel ensued, when he took away the king's clothes, leaving him naked in the cold. Erik knocked his persecutor over, who, then seizing a gun, shot the king through the arm, dragging him when he fell by the hair of his head, and boxing his ears. Erik lay bleeding on the ground for many hours. Stenbock, when an old man, taken prisoner by Duke Charles, was tied to a tree and shot as a punishment. Queen Catherine Mansdotter, who dwelt at Ljuxala, hearing

They were all men of taste those early Wasas. "Cultivate the arts," said Gustaf to his sons, "and the people will follow your example." Erik devoted himself to painting and inlaying, while John, the architect of the family, soon turned the old castle inside out, and in 1571, together with his master-mason, W. Boyes, planned it anew. John was then a Romanist, so he built a chapel for his queen within the palace walls.* He gives particular directions for an alabaster cherub: the face and legs may be made of that precious material; but for the wings, and other parts to be gilded, common stone is quite good enough, "he won't have the alabaster wasted." Anxious for its completion, he writes, "I have no desire to visit Stockholm till all is finished," and orders the wall of the dining-room adjoining the nursery to be built

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what had happened, like a kind, forgiving Christian woman, sent her servants to fetch the body, and caused it to be buried in holy ground.

The first plot for the release of King Erik broke out in August, 1569, ten months and a half after his deposition, during the imprisonment at Stockholm, on which Celsius declares the king was removed "hufvud stupa"—head over heels—to Åbo: a mistake, since in the winter of 1569 the king was still in Stockholm. It was in the October of that same year that the assault of Stenbock on his prison took place. Stenbock was not charged with the care of Erik, but got access to his prison and revenged by his ill usage the death of his numerous relatives. John writes—"We have heard how Olof Gustafson has conducted himself improperly towards King Erik, struck and otherwise insulted him, which he should not have done with so high a prince; for though ill he has deserved for his tyranny, that we should treat him with a severe hand, yet we have regard for the family and descent of King Erik, and consider that though he must be carefully guarded he should be treated properly and in a princely manner."

* See Sten Sture's letter to the lady Brita—"to lend me a cask of ale for King John, my master, and I will return it to you in malt; as well as two sets of bedclothes for the king and the bishop, and six tablecloths, for which I will give you full recompense."

double thick, "he can't stand the noise of squalling children." The goldsmiths of Stockholm demand three hundred ducats for gilding the three crowns of the Kärnan; but their brothers of Upsala, offering to execute the work for a hundred and fifty, get the job. Later, those gilded crowns caused majesty a deal of trouble, for lo! on the upper a magpie built its nest, while a crow took up its quarters in the lower. No sooner was the pie's habitation completed than the crow pulled it down; again it was built up, and a second time torn to pieces; until the discomfited owner fled. An omen like this (Brahe mentions it in his 'Tankebok') greatly disturbed the court, and King John felt it boded no good to his dynasty.* He had little time to brood over the subject, for in the year 1592 he was gathered to his fathers, and the first view extant of the palace of Stockholm is an engraving representing his royal obsequies.† King John lies in his coffin, crowned, with long beard, while the funeral cortège wends its way through the palace-yard; the list of the chief mourners, dresses (tippets and chamois leather gloves), all given in detail.‡

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* John's reign was replete with omens: in two successive years it rained blood; again, three men, one bearing a sceptre, the second a sword, the third a poleaxe, appeared like meteors in the sky, to the terror of Stockholm watchmen, crying, "Woe! woe! woe!" then vanished.

† Engraved 1593 by Jerome Nutzel Glaucensis (some little town in Saxony).

‡ Queen Gunila allowed two days to elapse before she despatched Lillesparre to announce the king's death to his brother, which greatly annoyed Duke Charles. On arriving at Stockholm he found fault with everything; vowed John was badly shrouded, not as became a king—had the body redressed, and everything fashioned after the manner of old King Gustaf's funeral. Charles set great store on all sorts of funeral parade and pageantry. He was quite as much scandalized at the bad construction of Erik's coffin as he was at his murder.

The castle was a good specimen of Northern Renaissance, with open loggie round the interior court, the Tower of the Three Crowns rising gloriously, much in the style of Kronborg,—a very fleet of vanes. It must have been a fine object from the Mälar, that proud old castle; and such it remained until the latter end of the seventeenth century. The grandest sight ever witnessed within the Adelhuset walls was * when "gamla Kong Gosta," feeling his last days draw nigh, called together the Estates of Sweden, and, addressing them once more, bade them adieu for ever. The aged monarch entered the hall arrayed in royal robes, his long white beard flowing down his breast; around the throne stood the three crowned dukes, in all the pride of youthful beauty, while Charles, a child of nine years old, sat at his father's feet. With voice still strong and clear, Gustaf commenced his speech—

"Dear good Swedish people, you see well enough how I now stand here in a royal palace; but it should not be forgotten that forty years ago this would have seemed impossible to any one, for then I was working in the woods, meanly dressed as a cowherd, drinking water and feeding poorly. I was too feeble then to promote myself; I acknowledge that the merciful God Himself wrought this change. He often employs a weak instrument to overthrow the proud and haughty. He chose the young shepherd David, gave him victory over Goliath, raising him to be king. God has in the same way helped me to give fortune and riches to Sweden, not for my sake, but for yours and that of His Son, that you may give Him eternal praise."

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* In the year 1560.

As he uttered the last words his voice faltered, the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks; then rising he left the hall, leaning on his two eldest sons. Sobs resounded throughout the hall, for that grand old king had taken his last leave of the Swedish people, and they never once heard that beloved voice again.

Scarce two months later King Gustaf lay on his deathbed, surrounded by the queen, his younger sons, and old Archbishop Lars. Erik was absent on that English journey he never carried out.* The king was very irritable, complaining that even his children avoided him. Queen Catherine Stenbock, who to the last would never quit him, answered boldly—"Speak not so, my Lord; they would willingly be with you, but your Grace gets angry, and speaks so harshly, they shed tears, fearing they can never please their father." The last words he penned are well known in history—"Once said and abided by is better than—" "speaking a hundred times," he would have added. Wounded in spirit, worn out in frame, the old man passed away.†

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* Erik felt sure of success. Before starting he wrote to have "the palaces set in order, furnished with handsome copper utensils, plenty of cloths, and all kinds of necessaries—counterpanes, leather sheets,"—surely he did not expect Queen Elizabeth to sleep on leather—"all to be ready by his return."

He agreed with the Swedes that if he married the queen Sweden should never become subject to England, but always remain a free country. "If we have male heirs we will endeavour one of them shall come to Sweden frequently, bringing no foreign people with him, and look after the interests of the nation. If we have only one son, he shall come over at least once in three years, and rule as though a native Swedish king." And he settled all about the ship that was to convey him, writing himself the list of articles it was to contain, from the admiral down to the anchor.

† In the year 1559 were seen two great comets; the Swedish people thought that they predicted pestilence or famine, but the king said, "It

Not many nights after, three coffins rested in the castle hall, surrounded by all the pomp of heraldry. In the centre was that of Gustavus; on either side those of his two queens, Catherine the unloved, and that pearl of womankind, cut off too early in life, sweet Margaret Lejonhufvud. The queens had been removed from their resting-place in the Storkyrka, where for years they had been waiting to join their lord, and to-morrow all three will travel together on their last journey to Upsala. Four-and-twenty summers had rolled since old King Gosta courted young Margaret Lejonhufvud. She was first affianced to Svanto Sture, but in his absence the king wooed her, and she, yielding to the prayers of her relations, became his wife.*

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concerns me," thinking of his own approaching death, and of the misfortunes which the conduct of his sons would bring to Sweden.

On new-year's day, 1560, Gustaf Wasa said, "This is my last new year." Seeing a rainbow in the heaven, he exclaimed, "Thanks to God, who has abased my mind! the proud know not the grace of Heaven." On another occasion, when he looked sad, and somebody asked what he wanted, he answered, "Heaven; and you cannot give it to me." Gustaf Wasa died the 29th of September, 1560, lamented by the whole nation. Many tokens had been seen in 1559 predicting his death: the above-mentioned comets, uncommon storms which raged in the last part of summer, flames that were seen at night over Södermalm, and an eclipse of the sun, accompanied by so much darkness that the people at Arboga crowded into the church, and the parson was obliged to light the tapers and speak consolingly to them.

* Svanto Sture was never forgotten by his first love, who cleverly managed to keep him in favour with the king her husband. When in 1543 Nils was born in Leckö Slott, Queen Margaret writes to the lady, Martha, our old acquaintance "Kong Marta" of Hörningsholm:—

"DEAR HEART'S SISTER,

"We have learnt from your letter that God in His grace has given you a son, for which may He be praised. Besides this, dearest sister of my heart, we have learnt that the dear child has been attacked by—(some childish disease), and you ask us if we know any cure for it: we would to God we did, for we require such a remedy greatly ourselves, One evening, as the sun set, a young knight of fair countenance and sunny hair rode up to the palace of Stockholm. Passers-by, from his armour, fancied him to be a German. Mounting the staircase, he burst into the presence of his betrothed,—now queen, and cast himself at her feet. At that very moment King Gustaf enters, and wrathfully exclaims, "What is the meaning of this?" "It is Svante Sture," answers the queen; "he demands my sister Martha in marriage." "His prayer is granted," replied the king.—Svante left the palace an affianced man.

No longer young, clad in deep garb of woe, stands at the coffin's head, by right of parentage, a chief mourner. 'Tis the same young knight who long, long years ago, fresh on his way from Germany, rushed frantic into the presence of his lost mistress. It is Svante Sture, who now watches by the bodies of old King Gustaf and of good Queen Margaret Lejonhufvud—later to fall a victim by the murderous hand of maniac Erik, son of his ancient rival.

The fate of this castle has been connected from the earliest ages with royal marriages or funerals, when a fire was sure to take place, in consequence of the immense number of tapers lighted.

When Whitelocke visited the court of Christina, in 1653, the queen was still burnt out, the royal family taking refuge in Peter Brahe's house, as was the custom

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for Cecilia has for some time past had the same illness, and neither we nor Dionysius know any cure for it. Dear sister, when you have no more red wine let us know, and we will give you some: we have sent to Stockholm for apples, but only got fifteen pears, of which we send you eight. Dear sister, whatever we can do for you or Svante, it will give us both great pleasure. "Your ever-loving

"MARGARETE."

on such occasions. Charles X. and XI. both got burnt out in their turn, but the old palace was patched up. Tessin,* on his return from Italy, designed the present building: Charles admired it greatly, till De la Vallée, the court architect, produced a plan for using up the old materials. This the king, in his stinginess, would have adopted, had not a letter arrived from the

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* The name of Tessin will turn up so often it is necessary to give a note on the subject, especially as there were three of the family, all of whom had a finger in the construction of the palace pie of Stockholm.

1. Nicolas Tessin, born in 1615, became court-architect to Queen Christina. 2. His son Nicodemus, at the age of 15, accompanied the embassy sent to England to return the Garter. He visited Italy, where he was patronised by Queen Christina, and studied in the ateliers of Bernini and Fontana. In after life he rose to great honour, married Count Stenbock's daughter; was created count in 1719. His patent commences "We, Charles XII.;" and is signed "Ulrika Eleanora." —The hero had not lived to complete his intentions towards his favourite.—The explanation of the arms granted to Tessin is an amusing specimen of far-fetched heraldry. The lion signifies the "strength," the lily the "beauty," a snail the "comodité" (French Swedish) of his architecture; the arches on which the snail crawls denote that the arcades of the palace were just finished; the three plumes of the first crest, the fêtes given on the completion of the palace; an urn exhaling incense, the royal interments, over which the court-architect is hereafter to preside.. The family is "out," and this patent was sold by auction, splendidly emblazoned, with a seal of state hanging to it as big as a Dutch cheese. 3. Carl Gustaf, the last of the family, born 1695, shone both as a diplomatist and man of taste. When a boy he was made much of by Queen Ulrika Eleanora, and was endowed with so great a talent for preaching, that he constantly moved not only the queen, the Duchess of Holstein, but all the courtiers and ladies, into floods of tears by his eloquence. On one occasion the duchess, weeping and sobbing, presented the boy with a gold headed cane as a thank-offering. When sent to Vienna as ambassador-extraordinary to some coronation, Tessin, finding he could not outshine the other envoys in the splendour of his equipage, caused a man in rich livery to precede his carriage, bearing an embroidered sack containing 2000 ducats in small coin, which he scattered among the people. This stratagem withdrew the eyes of the multitude from the carriage, and next day all folks declared the Swedish minister had outshone the other ambassadors.

Grand Monarque, congratulating Sweden on so splendid a palace being erected within its capital. The nail was now struck on the head, and the new building commenced after the design of Tessin. The façade was already completed when, in 1697, Charles died. During the lying in state a tremendous fire broke out; the whole palace was again laid low. Folks imagined that Charles, after ten years' "reducing," had himself been reduced to ashes; but no such thing—a "drabant" (guardsman) Möchel had rescued the royal remains, which were discovered next morning in their natural resting-place, Peter Brahe's house, exposed on the very marble table on which the king had signed the Reduction.*

Charles XII. on his accession takes great interest in the new building. The foundation is laid by Russian and Saxon prisoners. He writes many letters to the architect, dated Christinehamm; orders white marble from Götland; and, during his campaigns, finds out palaces may be beautiful without being severe. Trophies are wreathed with laurels, smiling caryatides support the first story, and the medallions of his father and ancestors replace the horrid old ancients.† (How we, in our youth, were worried with Brutus, Virginius, Lucretia, Ananias, Spartan mothers and their nasty black broth!) Gustaf III. had planned, in his gorgeous mind, one long avenue of trees, and a road leading direct to his palace of Haga, but Gustaf was called to his own place, and his embryo plans set aside for ever. One hundred and fifty years have elapsed since the last conflagration, and it may be hoped the ill luck of this fair palace is "out;" but mark my word! if a new fire ever does take place, it will be at a royal wedding or funeral, though where the royal family will now take refuge is a problem—Peter Brahe's house having long since been numbered among the "has beens."

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* When in 1697 the fire broke out at three in the afternoon, the court ladies were at dinner. They had only time to escape, and rush to the chamber of the queen, who on hearing the news fainted dead away, and was carried with young Charles XII. to the royal stables, "among the Spanish horses," and later to Brahe's house.

† At the death of Tessin Count Cronstedt continued the building of the palace, which was finished by Baron Adlerkreutz in 1757, fifty-seven years and seven months since the first stone was laid. The royal family entered on a Saturday, and on the Sunday Archbishop Benzelius preached a sermon to celebrate the event, with a text appropriate.

We bend our steps to the Storkyrka, as Swedes in their saint-hatred call it—first dedicated to St. Nicholas, in honour of Cardinal Breakspear, to whom, as before related, ungrateful Svea owes her archbishop.

On old coins and seals the church of Birger Jarl * bears one tower, from whence rise three spire offsets, struck by lightning in 1595. Strange to say (if you don't believe, consult the old Stockholm Tänkebok), the flames were extinguished by fresh milk. No water being near at hand, the authorities seized the pails on the market-place.

Here, at the Reformation, Sweden's Luther—Master Olaf—first preached from a pulpit called by irreverent Catholics "the basket." Olaf, though in danger of his life, stood his ground; he got the church later, but in 1540 we find him condemned to lose his head.†

The Lübeckers, enraged at Gustaf Wasa, conspired with some German settlers to blow him up by placing

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* Built in 1260.

† And be "buried," not burnt; the latter was the doom of female criminals till 1841.

a tub of gunpowder under the royal seat. These Germans confessed to Master Olaf, who, refusing to reveal the secrets of the confessional, was condemned to lose his life.

A woman without a head brings peace in Israel, saith the proverb; but a headless Luther would never do; so King Gustaf wisely pardoned the culprit.

The fine proportions of the nave and double aisle are grand, but the choir has gone the way of all things. An inscription in gold and black without tells "How (in very small letters) Birger Jarl built the cathedral; how, pitying its ruined state and its too long proportions, Frederik (in enormous letters) re-roofed it, pulling it half down, and adding an ugly tower,"—like an undressed state bedstead. King John orders his architect to paint the walls in red and white stripes—now it is staring white—like all Lutheran churches.

John patronized the clergy; and when he saw a parson ill clothed gave orders to provide him with all necessaries. "As long as the clergy are well to-do we shall enjoy prosperity," he writes. But when they affronted him he did not disdain with his own royal hand to knock down the Lutheran priests; and, stamping on them, exclaim, misquoting Scripture, "On lions and serpents shalt thou go." *

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* His son King Sigismund caused endless rows by his introduction of popish practices. In the crypt of Lund it had been the custom in the olden time to bury a living man on Good-Friday in a grave prepared for the purpose, and raise him again on the Sunday with much pomp, singing, and lights. Accordingly, on a certain Good-Friday the inhabitants of Stockholm observed a wooden figure carried by the monks through the streets, and buried in the Storkyrka. On Easter morning it was again raised, with great firing of guns. The people, awaking in terror, imagined the city on fire.

Among the old tombs and altarpieces* are acres of canvas by Ehrenstrahl, who is here buried. The figures in his Last Judgment are said to be portraits of the lords and ladies of the court. To the right of the altar stands a brass candelabrum, thirty feet high, erected by Magnus Smek in memory of starved Dukes Erik and Waldemar. Then, twining round the basement of a column, appears an eel, clawed by two rat-like lions, symbolic of the Danish dominion over the Swedes, set up, says history, by Didrik Slagheck. Above runs the legend:—"The eel is a fat and a strong fish; with the bare hand you can't catch him for sure; he who would keep him must spare neither sack nor coffin."

Aloft on a column hang the helmet and spurs of St. Olaf, brought by victorious Erik from Norway—a much-prized trophy; and higher still, out of thieves' way, hangs the rich silver lustre given by Ebba Brahe in memory of her marriage.

Leaving the royal seats with their extinguisher crowns—big as Otranto's helmet—we pass to the great figure of St. George and the Dragon†—carved in wood by an artist from Andorff in the days of Sten Sture, who patronized the arts. When the work was accomplished, so pleased was he with the Dutchman, to prevent him making a second he caused him to be stabbed in the cellar of the town-house. Such a dragon was never seen—its skin not scales, but horns; a crowned Virgin kneels by its side. On a whitewashed altarpiece, carved with scenes of knightly adventure, appear the shields of Sten Sture the elder, and his wife Ingeborg Thott. One object more and we have done: a curious picture, set up by King Gustaf Wasa, showing a heavenly wonder visible from seven till ten on April 20th, 1535,—discs round the sun and planets, boding sad omens, though nothing worse happened in that year than the death of Queen Catherine, whom her husband was very glad to get rid of. In this picture Stockholm appears quite a small town, built on one island.

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* The Storkyrka possessed the oddest collection of altars ever yet heard of, dedicated to the "10,000 knights, 11,000 virgins, 3 kings, St. George and the Dragon, all God's angels, St. Christopher and the army of martyrs."

† It was before this statue of St. George that Sten received the Holy Banner of St. Erik on his knees; it brought no luck, was lost, and Sten excommunicated.

Before leaving, the wachtmeister uncloses the doors of the high altar. The effect is grand; it well tones down the whitewash and dazzling gilding,—in itself a prodigy of silver, ebony, and patience,—a Thirty Years' War cribbage,—given, at the peace of Westphalia, by Adler Salvius, chancellor to the court, whose tomb lies to the right in the adjoining aisle.

Red book in hand, preceded by a lackey, we march on sedately. But suppose for once we give John Murray the slip, and, turning down the Quartier Minautaurus, plunge in a labyrinth of small streets, and, with no bounden duty, stroll through old Stockholm.

CHAPTER XXX.

Old Stockholm — High seats in church — The ordeal of fire — The Great Market — Story of the Blood-bath — Entry of Nils Sture — Origin of Göran Pehrson — Garden of the Grand Governor — Statue of Gustaf III.

OLD STOCKHOLM.

ENTERING a long narrow street, with lofty houses, in places almost touching, from which diverge small alleys narrower still, such as are found in Barcelona or the Vecchia Napoli, we wend our way. Across are suspended old signs, each one trying to overtop its neighbour;—signs of old ironwork richly gilt and painted; circles of vine-leaves, with pendent bunches of blue grapes, quaint in device, telling of Germany and Hanseatic cheatings. Midst the trailing leaves and tendrils you'll find hidden trappings and holsters of Charles XII.'s time, showing the tavern to have been a favourite resort with the troopers of his day. These houses have seen far better times; some are still gabled in the fashion of the sixteenth century.* Rich and rare are the carvings round these portals, and 'tis amusing to those who know heraldry to make out the early possessors — Lejonhufvud, Thott, Gyllenhjelm, Ribbing, — names all historic; and as the dates are there, you may couple each building with tales of Swedish history. The shops are small—by no means remarkable. In the basket-sellers' lie heaps of small dolls, dressed as Dalkarls and Dalkullas. Near an old mansion, sculptured with the arms of Keith, comes a sort of Swedish "Temple"—brokers' and old-clothes shops — where perchance you may find a piece of faïence of the fabric founded by Louisa Ulrika. Next turn to the German church,* all tombs, early reformers, and gilding, boasting the sole carillon in Sweden, rung daily by old custom at half-past eleven, to show the joy of the German colonists, who at that hour in old times received their letters. A cantankerous set were the burghers' wives—for ever fighting for pew and high seat at sermon; Queen Christina, shocked at such doings,

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* One house, No. 34, remarkable for its staircase lined with old Dutch tiles, was built by the father of Charles X.'s gunstling Lindeborg. The old man on his death-bed answered to his confessor, "There are two things I will never own to anybody—how much I have spent in building my house, or the sums of money my son has cost me—for I am heartily ashamed of both." It was an expensive affair to be father to a

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royal favourite. It must have been at this young gentleman's christening the master of the ceremonies arrived too late. The fate of the Lindeborg family depended upon an old lime-tree brought by an ancestor from Holland in a tin box, which stood, and maybe still stands, in Hunskin-gård, the family seat in Upland. Six months before the death of a member of this house, one of its wide-spreading branches (under which 500 men once stood) is found broken upon the ground. The list of the doomed consisting chiefly of women, nerves may have something to do with the matter, particularly as one châtellaine, on finding the broken branch, took to her bed and never rose again.

* Built by King John, 1571, on the site of the splendid hall of the guild of St. Gertrude, in which Carl Knutson was hailed king, 1448. There were many charitable establishments attached to it till the Reformation. Then we read, "Our gracious lord and master's servants had the house free, among them Blasius Trumeter, our lord's cook."

ordained that each lady culprit should pay a fine equal to the sum collected in the church-bag the following Sunday.

Don't ask me where we are—somewhere in Olympus—lost midst the habitations of Juno, Venus, Meleager, and the Muses; for all here is classical. Observe above that doorway the stone portrait of a man and woman kneeling, fastened by a long chain neck to neck, on each side of a blazing fire—"The Judgment of a Stockholm Solomon."

In that old house dwelt a man and his wife who mutually accused each other of crimes so atrocious, the judges in despair had the accused chained together with a collar round their necks, and placed on opposite sides of a burning stake, with orders that the one who pulled his adversary into the flames should be acquitted. A pile was lighted before this very portal—hate gave the woman strength; her husband, faint and exhausted, was almost done for, when in his agony he called to St. Lawrence—a good cry, for that saint, himself broiled on a gridiron, knows well the pains of fire. The prayer of the man was heard: with one convulsive struggle he tugged his wife into the flames, lay down quiet, panting and puffing, till she was burnt to ashes; then rising, walked off, with her collar dangling to his chain. In gratitude to St. Lawrence the good man caused this sculptured stone to be placed above his gateway.*

We now reach the Stortorg—a Swedish "Tower Hill;"—but all interest for minor victims is swamped by the great Blood-bath of Stockholm. The townhouse,[*] from whence Christian, in his "Sprakbur,"[†] sat watching his victims fall one by one—has long since passed away.

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* Date 1521, corner of Kimstagatan, called Eldhasan.

Master Olaf, in his 'Chronicle,' tells how Lykke harangued the people, saying, Christian had yielded to the thrice reiterated prayer of Archbishop Trolle to do justice on his enemies.[‡] First was led out Bishop Vinceslaus, who in earlier days had greatly supported the king. Bishop Matts of Strengnäs came next; then on in turn all that was noblest in Sweden. Erik Wasa the king would have spared, but he bent down his head with the rest.[§] The bodies were rifled of their knightly rings and chains, the heads placed on pikes, all save that of Bishop Vinceslaus, who, on account of his former services, had his placed between his legs! Master Olaf, an eye-witness, continues his story:—"This murder was bad enough, yet the king not only killed the bodies, but also endangered the souls of the victims, allowing them no priestly comfort, treating them worse than robbers. One, Lambert the barber, was hurried away while shaving a customer. Lasse Hassen stood weeping at the sight; his tears were not of long duration—the soldiers dragged him into the lines, and there was an end of him. A heavy rain fell; the gutters ran with mingled blood and water. The heads were placed in barrels, and the corpses, together with those of the Stures,* dragged forth from their graves, were burnt on one funeral pyre; a chapel was later raised above the spot, where now stands the church of St. Catherine.†

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[*] Now replaced by the modern Börsen: till 1766 the merchants of Stockholm had no exchange.

In after times the Kåken, or whipping-pole, stood on the Stortorg. A German burgomaster, who had quarrelled with a syndic of Lubec, caused the statue of his enemy to be cast in bronze, and placed upon the top. "But," says the chronicler, "Nemesis divina" did not overlook the insult; and many of the burgher's descendants got hard stripes under the pole their ancestor had decorated.

[†] Balcony.

[‡] Sigbrit and her two bishops, Didrik Slagheck, the barber, and Jöns Bettenoch, an ex-shoemaker, concocted the Blood-bath between them: "Get rid of the nobles," said they, "and the peasants will quietly become good Danish subjects." Archbishop Trolle was little more than a cat's-paw: he murmured disapproval till it was whispered if he did not support the motion his own head might become loose on his shoulders. The "bath" over, the widows of the deceased burgesses were called upon to give up their keys. The king granted them the houses they lived in as widows' thirds. When Master Olaf and his brother Lars saw their master, Bishop Matts, led out, they rushed forward to his aid, but too late, his head had fallen. A soldier who had known them at Wittenberg declared them to be Germans and not Swedes. Master Olaf counted and saw fall ninety-four heads on that day. What is the Blood-bath when compared to the 70,000 persons made away with by our own Tudor savage, Henry VIII.?

[§] The sword of Erik Wasa hangs in the Royal Klädskammar. The inscription engraved upon it bears reference to the fate of the fine old noble who so well acted up to the principles he professed: "Inter

From this sickening deed—for good oft comes from

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arma silent leges"—in war-time the laws are silent; "Nec temere, nec timide;" "Constanter et sincere." Again, "Fortune aids the persevering in valour — those who are proud in death." Erik died proudly. The persevering valour of his son gained a crown for himself and lineage. The sole correct list of the victims of the Blood-bath is said to be preserved among the archives of Count Stenbock.

* Archbishop Trolle caused to be dragged up from his grave a prebend who had affronted him when alive, setting a bad example Christian was only too happy to follow.

† In a very early engraving of the Blood-bath the carts are seen toiling up hill, with mitred heads peeping out of the barrels.

Copies of some old paintings once at Gripsholm depicting the life of Christina Gyllenstierne are in the royal library. The likeness of Christian is preserved. The heroine is represented as a widow, clothed in bright yellow, a colour still used in Dalarne as mourning by the peasants. When Queen Catherine of Aragon died, the "queen of Henry VIII." wore yellow for her mourning, at which some historians are indignant.

evil—arose the future weal of Sweden. The death of her proud prelates opened the way to the Reformation, while that of the nobles paved the road to the overthrow of the Danish dominion. Far be it from me to justify the tyrant in this his massacre; he proved himself false as cruel; but Christian was a mediæval king, and as such should not be judged by the laws of a modern police-court—had his victims been only peasants, we should have heard nothing about them.

Four stones—inscribed with the figures 1, 5, 2, 0—marked the spot of this dread deed. In the last century a pump replaced the stones: and now the pump has flitted.

Leaving this ill-omened square, we gain the Quartier Pluto, where, on the Iron-market (Jern Torget), stands the Bank; beside it, a jail-like building—the government Mont de Piété—tacked on by a Bridge of Sighs. This square, of no better reputation than the last, was a favourite residence of great folks as well as mediæval rascals: Duke John of Östergötland in 1610 here drank his "hem kom öl." Here Christian lodged during the Blood-bath in the house of Clas Holst, the rich burgher who, sent by his master to prepare the gallows at Söderköping, was himself the first victim "hanged by the neck on the very gibbet he had so carefully erected." "All men saw," continues Master Olaf, "that Christian was a scourge by which God would punish Sweden; but praised be God to all eternity, who hath cast this scourge into the fire."

Through this square Nils Sture made his disgraceful entry on his starved horse, followed by Finns bearing horns and long brooms, who swept the streets after him. Stopping before the house of Göran Pehrson,* a paper was pinned upon his breast,—all which you have read in history. The Jern Torg has changed since those days of pillories and beheadings; even iron no longer finds a market here. The imprudent burghers, regardless of their Storkyrka, have transferred the milk-pails to this spot, first carefully erecting a pump for its dilution, of which the peasant tribe freely avail themselves.

After scrambling through mud, dirt, and small streets, we reach the Slotts-backen; there turn into the court of the Grand Governors, where Tessin arranged one of the prettiest pieces of architectural perspective in Europe,—halls, galleries mounted on terraces, midst limes and lilac-trees dwindling into nothing; a cabinet-work in stone;—next, crossing to the palace, glance at the statue of Axel Oxenstierne dictating to poor History the whole Thirty Years' War*—a very long story. We reach the Mälar side, and there stand before the statue of Gustaf III., chef-d'œuvre of Sergel.

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* Göran Pehrson was son of an ex-monk, Peter of Sala, who had espoused the daughter of a priest. It was long before the marriage of the clergy was looked on in a favourable light. Taunted with his birth from his youth upwards, he studied in foreign parts, hoping by his erudition to efface the stigma of his origin, but in vain. He entered the service of old King Gustaf, and for some crime was condemned to death. Fleeing to Calmar, he gained the confidence of Duke Erik. When Duke John saw Göran among his judges he exclaimed, "Let kings and princes be my judges, but not you—you priest's bastard." His aged mother suffered for the crimes of her worthless son. Condemned to the stake as a witch, on her way to execution she cast herself from the horse, broke her neck, and was buried in an adjoining quagmire. Göran had his ears slit, was hanged up by his arms, broken on the wheel, his head cut off with an axe, his body spiked with five stakes, and exposed on the Brunkeberg. He obtained Christian burial on his own land at Tarfva, where four beech-trees still mark the spot where his tortured frame now rests in peace. When given up by his master to the duke, he cried, "I could sooner believe the world to have come to an end: put not your trust in princes, but in God alone." Göran, in defiance of Erik, caused people to be slain wholesale. In one day are enumerated 5 porters of Gripsholm Slott, "for letting the duke in against orders;" 20 of John's attendants "are staked together." Half-crazy Erik, meeting Svante Sture carrying his gun-barrel to a smith of Normalm to be mended, caused him to be imprisoned. Göran had Svante put to the most dreadful torture; after burning two shirts and two whole cans of corn-brandy on the breast of the victim, and offering him 200 dollars to confess his design of murdering the king, had him led out to execution: Erik did not allow it to take place. Göran, disappointed, had Svante imprisoned in the Stock-house, where he lay with his wounds undressed until the king, at the prayer of the lady Martha, granted his release.

At the conclusion of the Russian war the burghers of Stockholm begged permission of the king to raise a statue in his honour. Gustaf, much touched and royally surprised, gave his consent; Sergel, the great artist of the day, prepared the model; and in this work surpassed himself. Gustaf was small in figure, beautifully proportioned, but a little awry; hence his invention of the Swedish costume, of which the epaulettes and mantle concealed this slight deformity; he wore his hair thrown back, brushed off the forehead in a careless fashion, displaying to advantage his finely developed brow and delicately chiselled features. The attitude chosen by the sculptor is that of the Apollo Belvedere; in his extended hand he holds a chaplet of olives; the figure is grace and dignity itself, light and aërial; legs of such exquisite beauty, our regent George would have had a bilious fit on seeing them. I often linger over this work of art, wondering if it be theatrical or not,—expecting to see a Bengal fire burst forth from behind, light up the features, and the curtain fall over it for ever?—No; it is not theatrical, it is the man; and he, as the great empress said, was "tant soit peu comédien." But why speak when the great Tegner has so well sung?—

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* This figure was intended to be placed in bas relief before the equestrian statue of Gustaf Adolf, in the square which bears his name.

> "I stood on shore below the palace;
> The struggle of the day had gone to rest;
> The streets and squares were empty and deserted;
> A clear moon haloed the statue of Gustavus;
> There was an expression in those mild features
> As when it had thundered in a peaceful valley.
> The hero was there, but also the graces,—
> A victor's chaplet, but 'twas twined of roses;
> A glance, by half an eagle—half a nightingale."

The poet bishop has aptly described that sovereign, perhaps less understood and more maligned than any who ever sat on Sweden's throne. Gustaf III. turns up so often I must fain pause a moment to give some slight sketch of his early life and history.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Gustaf III. — His birth — Ill-temper and never-ending colics of the queen-mother — His education and forced marriage — Royal fêtes and their difficulties — Abuse of the princess his wife — Intrigues against her — Death of Frederik Adolf — Voyage of queen-mother to Germany — Birth of the crown prince and scandalous stories — Gustaf's love for Madame Douriez — The Empress Catherine in déshabille.

YOUNG Gustaf first saw light in Stockholm palace.*

Though the claim of his father to the name of Wasa was small, it was equal to that of the preceding dynasty—both deriving their descent from the Princess Catherine, daughter of Charles IX. No new-born princeling ever came into the world at so ill-omened a period for royalty. The Swedish crown, rough-rode by the nobility, was but a cipher.* Frederik Adolf, a goodnatured German, took matters easily, but the sister of the Great Frederik burned with rage at the insults heaped upon the sovereign; rule she would over something; the Riddarhus set her at nought, so she tyrannised over her husband, her children, and her ladies. Among the Gustavian correspondence at Upsala are found many letters of Louisa Ulrika to her mother Sophia Dorothea Queen of Prussia, written in French, —a firm, clear, bold hand. She talks much on the topics of the day, the arts, and a very little of her children. Previous to the event taking place, Louisa, like many other ladies, proved mistaken in her expectations:—"Maman," she writes, "a trop de grace de vouloir me souhaiter un fils: j'avoue que si j'en avois le choix ce serait bien ce que je désirerois, mais je crois que ce sera une fille. Mon compte sera finie vers le 8^{me} Janvier. Il est presque impossible que j'accouchasse plus tôt, et j'attends patiemment mon sort."

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* 24th January, 1746. He was son of Adolf Frederik, Duke of Holstein Gottorp, by Louisa Ulrika of Prussia, the beautiful sister of Frederik the Great.

Louisa Ulrika and her sister Amalia, alone of the sisters of Frederik, remained unprovided for. Louisa was haughty and bitter in tongue, while her sister was amiable. It came to the ears of Louisa how the envoy had orders to select the younger princess as bride for the Crown Prince of Sweden. Louisa then persuaded her sister, who was attached to the Calvinistic doctrines, to affect a stern, unamiable deportment; in fact, the qualities for which she herself was celebrated. Princess Amalia did so, and acted her part so well that the envoy wrote to the King of Sweden that the court had been deceived in the account of the two sisters. By this intrigue Louisa Ulrika was chosen. Count Tessin was selected by the Swedish government to espouse the princess by proxy. His splendid dress excited the astonishment of the Prussian court. A servant, by private order, to the dismay of the royal party, upset a glass of wine over the costume of the envoy. Tessin laughingly retired, and returned shortly dressed in a change of clothes so splendid as to take away the appetite of those present—all which gave great satisfaction to the court of Stockholm.

Shortly after his birth she writes: "Gustaf increases in espièglerie and grows very amusing; he suffers daily from colic, but grows fat on it; it is evidently the fault of his wet-nurse, but I shall not change her." And here the queen was right, for it may be inferred the new-born princeling inherited this childish complaint from his royal mother, if she were not given to shamming. As weakminded women when put out indulge in hysterics or spasms, so this strongminded queen was invariably seized with a "colic" whenever out of temper. —The royal colics must have become a by-word among her children.

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* The following anecdote will give an idea of the tyranny of the Council of Nobles in the days of Adolf Frederik. Queen Louisa Ulrika, annoyed by the carriages passing through the portal of the palace, ordered the gate should be open to foot-passengers only. Baroness Höpken, unwittingly driving to the entrance, was at first refused admittance by the officer on duty; but, on finding who it was, he allowed her to pass. On the following day the council ordered the officer to be tried by a court-martial; this the king refused. They then sent for his Majesty, and, on his coming to the Riddarhus, expressed their dissatisfaction before the servants. A dispute ensued. The council declared, if the king did not give in, they would immediately summon the Diet of Four Estates to deliberate on the insult.

"Monsieur mon fils," writes she, August 1776, "j'avais voulu vous envoyer aujourd'hui le Sieur Badin pour vous annoncer"—some dreadful event—I forget what—either a fête at Drottningholm, to which she will not go unless treated as a queen and a mother "should be;" or she had "never been told of the mourning for the Queen of Denmark; she knows nothing about it, and won't wear it, nor her court either, until properly announced;"—but, "il m'est parvenu une si forte colique que j'ai cru qu'il serait plus sage de retarder le petit courier noir, pour être plus sur, and let you know the results"—colique,—colique,—colique is the burden of her song. Count Tessin, who was appointed tutor to the young prince,*—and particularly mentions his love for the fable of the town and country mouse,—after a time sent in his resignation. The world set this down to political causes, but Gustaf in the MS. copy of his memoirs, commenced but never terminated (he began the history of everything and concluded nothing), gives a different account of the transaction.*

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* Queen Louisa Ulrika announced the birth of Gustaf III. by sending to Tessin an onyx pen mounted in gold and jewels, with which, according to an old agreement, he was bound to sign his promise to superintend the education of the new-born prince.

The boy increased in stature, his royal mother pitting her sons one against the other; they in their turn abusing the queen in secret. "I take notice of all your actions," she writes to Gustaf, "and shall never reproach myself with cowardly yielding to your faults. FREDERIK'S letter is charming." †

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* Le Comte de Tessin étoit tombé passionnément amoureux de la reine, et avoit poussé la hardiesse jusqu'à déclarer son amour à cette princesse, et même à lui faire des propositions bien éloignées du respect qu'on doit à sa souveraine. La reine cacha longtemps son insolence au roi, et elle crut que la distance immense qui la séparoit d'un sujet devoit la mettre à l'abri d'une nouvelle tentative; mais l'amour du C. de Tessin se changea en fureur; il importuna tellement la reine qu'elle découvrit enfin au roi le secret qu'elle avoit longtemps caché. Le roi entra même un jour que le C. Tessin, oubliant le respect qu'il devoit à la reine, s'était jeté à ses genoux. La conversation fut vive; et elle finit par le plus terrible éclat. Je veux dire la démission du C. de Tessin de l'emploi de mon gouverneur, et sa retraite de la cour. Cependant il donna, aussi bien que le roi, à ces démarches des raisons toutes différentes, ce qui jette sur cette retraite presque une obscurité dont le public n'est pas encore sorti.

† 1766. Prince Frederik Adolf, youngest son of Louisa Ulrika, was brought up as a prince should be. His first copy set was—"Je suis né Prince de Suède, 1766." Though the favourite of his mother, he fared little better than his brothers. In 1770, speaking of Drottningholm, he writes to Gustaf—"It appears, my dear brother, as though Louis Quatorze was here in Versailles, so stiff is it; but you will find a very pretty maid of honour, Mademoiselle Ekleblad. When I went to the queen she blew me up sky-high: our sister took my part, as did Countess de la Gardie, but nothing could excuse me (he had forgotten a letter); so I was sent off to the stables to the king, who was kind and gracious. The queen told me I was no better than the 'Skeffveri betient' (the servant who goes to market). She's in an awful rage with you for not coming. Enfin le vin est tiré—il faut le boire." To this letter of the undutiful scapegrace, for whom the queen embroidered smart waistcoats, still seen in the Klädkammar, Charles adds in a postscript—"My brother Frederik having allowed me to add a line, I will merely say the queen's ill temper is worse than we could even have imagined."

Again,

Louisa evinces no tenderness in speaking of her children. At the confirmation of the Princess Sophia Albertina she writes to her son: "S. A. passed her examen midst applauses from the priests and everybody: thank Heaven that is over! I return you your snuffers."

So time rolled on till Gustaf had reached the age when young princes are usually from political motives married.

Next to her love of rule, the strongest feeling cherished in the bosom of the queen-mother was a deep-rooted hatred of Denmark:—"Ces sots de Danois avec leurs sottises habituelles," she writes. She hated Madalena the Magnificent, hated old Juliana and the whole family of Oldenborg, neck, root, and branch.

Gustaf states in his memoirs, "The king hated the marriage, as head of the house of Oldenborg, 'maison odieuse et toujours pernice à la Suède;' but Count Tessin informed the diet he had received the consent of the king and queen. When this was made known to the royal party Frederik Adolf turned pale, and Louisa, in a fury of indignation, vowed she would never allow the marriage."

To Count Gyllenstolpe he writes,—"Count Tessin has forced the king and queen to give their consent, notwithstanding the decided repugnance of the queen." The diet settled the matter, and Louisa wisely turns her attention to the wedding festivals, inwardly determined to make herself as disagreeable as possible to the young bride on her arrival at Stockholm.

Notwithstanding his "hatred of the race," Gustaf

Again, 1770, he wants to go and see his brother—a grand quarrel—the queen won't allow him. "I retired, bowing low, thanking her respectfully for her goodness."

kept on terms with the two queens and the Danish family. Old Juliana signs herself "La bonne sœur et dévouée belle mère;' while mad Christian writes "Frère, cousin, beau frère, ami, allié, et voisin.' From the hand of the proud Madalena did Gustaf receive his bride. The Princess Sophia Madalena was only daughter of our English Queen Louisa, much of whose beauty she inherited, but, educated in the school of the dowager, her manner was cold and haughty; she "represented well," but must have been an odious, unendurable person to live with.

"Voilà une princesse dont vous ne dites rien," writes Louisa to her son when at Copenhagen. "I suppose your head is turned. Is it true you gave her the following advice on embarking?—I only hope it is:—'Take care, madame; be neither coquette nor indiscreet, capricious nor jealous; don't be grondeuse, ignorant, or timid.' Capital, if true." Then she launches off into a series of questions concerning the marriage fêtes. She has got back her diamonds from the council, but cannot send Albertina's letter, it is so badly spelt. Louisa might have done so, for that charming princess never improved in orthography during her long lifetime. The unfinished wedding-clothes of the princess and her brothers have arrived at the custom-house. Rubeck will not let them out until they pay the duty of one thousand rix, which they have not got. "Quel malheur d'avoir affaire à una bruta bestia!" A masquerade is meditated. He must send the princess's measure for a domino. The princess's luggage has arrived; the maid must go and fetch it at the custom-house. The princess will have to stop at Carlberg and receive the "sots compliments" of Rubeck and the fools . . . .

She then becomes quite affectionate, concluding, "Je vous aime à la rage."

"The queen," writes the bridegroom to the Countess Bjielke, "arranges the princess's room at Drottningholm, and you well know what she does she does well. The fêtes previous to my marriage will be splendid; as for what follows . . ."

King Adolf Frederik, in a terrible fuss, implores his son not to arrive too soon,—"so tiresome être en ordre de comédien to receive the princess; the stuff for your dressing-gown has arrived, but do not come before the 28th; Cronstedt will never be ready before the 29th; delay as much as possible, and just run down yourself on Sunday, sans 'fasson,' to help in the arrangements."

At last the marriage took place, and from that day the whole royal family united together to set the young prince against his bride.

Louisa's affection for Gustaf evaporated with the last sky-rocket of the royal festivities, and matters became more disagreeable than ever, the colics more alarming. "I never," writes the prince to his father, "can open a letter without trembling; she is always reproaching me, there is always a row. I have read the letters of Gustaf Adolf to his mother, they were in a style much less submissive than mine: it seems I gave offence at Drottningholm; what was it about?"

Duke Charles reports:—

"The queen says your princess is stingy, and don't give willingly." ("She lets out sarcasms against the princess royal on every occasion," notes Gustaf on the margin of the letter.) "I have questioned her Majesty, but, finding I got no answer, held my tongue. I am afraid the princess will not be 'bien venue.' The queen asked me if I knew whether she was coming, so I replied not. Swartsjo is much embellished since you left, the garden more varied, and two bridges built. Somebody has been in a good humour, scarcely once put out; indeed, the queen has grown kind; so you see the reason I cannot come and see the princess."

"The aversion of the queen for my wife, a dislike as deep-rooted as unjust, increases daily, from fear," writes Gustaf, "that in course of time the gentle character of the princess may gain my affections and weaken my attachment towards herself. This has quite spoiled my temper."

Every letter of the queen teems with remarks such as the following:—

"Should the princess ask to write to me, say Yes, adding always, that I hate writing myself; and if she don't ask, for Heaven's sake don't remind her, for it will save me a great trouble not to answer her."

Again, "I beg you not to come by water and risk your health. The Princess can come by boat and you by land. I make a great effort and write quatre mots to the princess; mais, de grace, mon cher enfant, point de réponse, car en vérité je ne suis pas curieuse." Then with love—"La petite famille en fait autant"—and they all sign their names: "Carl, Frederik-Adolf, Sophia-Albertina." *

Can it be wondered that before many years elapsed the poison worked? Sophia Madalena, cold by nature, a woman formed for state purposes, not joyous social

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* The children of Adolf Frederik and Louisa Ulrika were Gustaf III.; Charles, Duke of Sudermania, later Charles XIII.; Frederik Adolf, Duke of East Götland; and Sophia Albertina, Abbess of Quedlinburg.

life, soon lost, or rather never gained, the affections of her husband, who, in speaking of her, employs far different expressions from those he made use of on her first arrival.

"The princess," he writes, "is not very agreeable, so judge how delicate my conduct must be: they are always writing epigrams on me, while she is the "prunelles des yeux du public." On her birthday I arranged a fête at Haga; not one of the royal family came to make their compliments, only sent their attendants."

In the year 1771 goodnatured Adolf Frederik was gathered to his fathers, and Louisa Ulrika became Dowager Queen of Sweden. Gustaf was at that time abroad.

"The queen-mother," writes Duke Charles, "is better. I and my sister are always with her; we occupy her with conversation, though I assure you she is just as unpleasant in her grief as when matters go well."

On his return to Sweden the young king wisely advises the dowager to travel for a season, just to rid the country of her presence and incessant interference. The indignation of the proud old lady may be imagined. "They bundled my maid of honour out of the palace," she writes to her confidant, M. Beylon;—put Miss Somebody, whom she can't bear, into the corridor by her: "very different from the behaviour of my brother to his mother—mais son cœur n'est pas fait pour le mien. Ces enfans me tuent; tout m'éloigne de cette abominable contrée."

Before starting she sends in eleven demands to her son: of course he is to pay all the expenses, and if she dies bring back her "débris" to Stockholm; her things are not to be pulled about; she will go, but he must pay everybody in her absence. To which Gustaf replies with more politeness than sincerity, how much it cost him to wish his mother away! He gives her a certain sum down, but is shocked the laws of nature should have compelled the queen to make such requests (probably alluding to her funeral).

Louisa Ulrika sets forth on her travels in high good humour; pleased with her entertainment at Ystad, promises her son excellent soupers à la Française and delicious ragoûts on her return; arrives at Stralsund after "un dérangement d'estomac très général;" better for change of air, and so much consoled that she buys four embroidered gold and silver dressing-growns for herself—oh, the charming country!—but has four court-mourning dresses of black flannel made for her ladies, those worn all the way from Stockholm are in rags. "I am in Paradise!" Winding up by a little advice—fait un peu la maman. When she got to Berlin they "first play at queens; but make a volunteer to sup with Princess Philippine. Charming daughter-in-law she would make—such attention!" She hears with regret the late king's property is to be sold by auction—a great want of respect to his memory. He wished his collections to be preserved entire. The great Frederik addresses her in verse. "Gustaf should write on larger paper, and more legibly. I opened the last before a large company, who were shocked. The almanac of last year gave as frontispiece the picture of the Emperor together with the history of Don Quixote, causing great scandal in Vienna; so Frederik II., to comfort the Austrian court, orders that of 1771 to bear his own picture with the history of Orlando Furioso."

Louisa having no time to conclude her epistle, Princess Sophia Albertina adds,—"Ma cher mer nas pas le tams de l'achevé. Je vous embrasse.—Sophie."

But again comes black-bordered paper stained with tears, either for her husband, or her jointure, which seems in jeopardy. "I expect," writes she, "to be reduced like Henrietta of France, daughter of the great Henri, who in the Louvre was without wood to warm herself;—don't imagine though I shall be less respectable than the Queen of England." Next, something dreadful occurs. "My eyes have been torn out together with my heart; my wound is incurable. How little you understand the heart of a tender mother! One blow more costs nothing to one who has lost everything." She grows poetic in French about "life becoming a burden, and death a duty." She didn't die all the same; but hears a great deal from good authority, not that she is "going to mention what, but her eyes are open." The whole winding up with an awful colic.

After the Revolution of 1772, in her joy she writes, "You are my son, and worthy to be so." All is serene till the marriage of Duke Charles goes wrong; "there must be heirs to the throne—Charles will end by some folle amour, like the Duke of Cumberland; for love renders a man possédé." Then comes a colic.

Louisa Ulrika, after an absence of some months, returns to Sweden in good health and spirits; but, alas! on arriving at her jointure palace of Swartsjo, which "is so charming it disgusts her with the great world," there is no garde du corps at the door.* Was ever queen so insulted? But "she can bear it."

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* From the day of the revolution the gardes du corps were exempted from waiting on any one but the reigning sovereign.

So time rolled on. Gustaf, alienated, lived but as a stranger to his queen. Duke Charles has been long since married, not of course to the Princess Philippine: much to the disgust of the queen-mother, his charming duchess bears him no heir; and when expectations are held out, cross old Queen Louisa Ulrika will not credit the report; the matter, as is elsewhere related, ended in smoke. Young Duke Frederik Adolf, a ne'er-do-well, after breaking numerous hearts, altogether declines matrimony; and, worse than all, there is no heir to the throne of Sweden. Gustaf receives anonymous letters on the subject.

In 1767 Charles wrote to his brother, hoping, from what he hears, the princess will give an heir, adding,—"Mademoiselle Finette, the sorceress, says this news has made her a false prophetess;" but nothing came of it. When, after fourteen years of matrimony, and near as many of separation, the public journals announced the grossesse of the queen, great was the astonishment of the nation, endless the rumours set in circulation by the enemies of the king, who had long since declared the queen to be his wife but in name;* and when at last the youthful Gustaf Adolf, destined to be the last Wasa who should reign over Sweden, did appear, the queen-mother herself was the first by her conduct to throw doubts on his legitimacy.

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* The following is the account circulated by the court party of the royal reconciliation:—Sophia Madalena was in the habit of giving her letters to a Danish attendant to write out fair. A courier arrived from Finland with orders to return at once. The queen was about to hand over her brouillon as usual, when the Duchess of Sudermania, tearing it from her, ran off, saying, "The king will at last receive a letter from your own hands." She placed it in an envelope, and sent it as it was. The king, astonished at the warm interest expressed by his spouse, read it to his favourite Rosenstein, saying, "One would really think the queen cared for me." "Did your Majesty never suspect that before?" replied Rosenstein. Then came explanations and the proofs that the words of the queen's letters had been changed by her lady secretary, at the instigation of her enemies.

Scandal declared that the king, mortified at the want of offspring, had persuaded his neglected queen to submit to a private divorce and subsequent marriage with General Munk, one of his favourites, who was declared to be father of the child; and this story was currently reported not only in Sweden, but throughout all Europe. Be that as it may, the birth of that grandson caused the final separation between Louisa Ulrika and her son. They met but once more in this world, and that meeting took place when the queen was on her death-bed. Louisa was at Swartsjo, and, according to the story, having emptied some bottles of champagne in company with Count and Countess Piper by way of toasting the coming event, fell asleep when the letter arrived from the king announcing the birth of his child, and hoping his mother would not fail to partake of his joy. The brouillon of that letter, which is still preserved among the king's papers at Upsala, was evidently written in a spirit smarting under the remarks of the queen, which had doubtless reached his ears:—"Cet évènement, qui met le comble à mes vœux, ne seroit point mêlé d'amertume si je ne fus que trop convaincu que l'enfant tant désiré par moi et par mon peuple m'a privé de ma mère, et que sa naissance est l'origine des malheurs de ma vie." *

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* We add the correspondence in full, as the letters do not agree with the version given by the writers of the day:—

No. 1.—*Gustaf to his Mother.*

"11 Nov. 1778, 7 A.M.

"Ma femme vient dans ce moment d'accoucher et de me donner un fils: je me hâte d'en faire part à V. M. Cet évènement, The queen wrote her reply, but, imagining this sentence expressed a doubt of her sincerity, added—"If

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qui met le comble à mes vœux, ne seroit point mêlé d'amertume, si je ne fus que trop convaincu que l'enfant tant désiré par moi et par mon peuple m'a privé de ma mère, et que sa naissance est l'origine des malheurs de ma vie. Je sens bien que toute ma philosophie n'est pas suffisante pour me soutenir contre ces réflexions. Heureux roi ! heureux par tous les évènements de mon règne ! il a été réservé à moi d'éprouver des chagrins dont le plus vil de mes sujets est exempt. Je sais bien que ces réflexions sont hors de place, et que ce devroit les effacer, mais je ne crois par devoir tarder plus longtems à annoncer à S. M. la naissance de mon enfant, pourqu'elle ne l'apprenne pas par la voix publique.

"J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec le plus profond respect,
"Madame,
"De V. M. le très-affectionné fils."

No. 2.—Docketed in the king's hand, "*Reply to the King's letter received by the Queen at eight o'clock.*"

"MONSIEUR MON FILS,

"Je suis mère, et ce sacré caractère ne saurait s'effacer de mon cœur. Il me fera toujours prendre une part sincère au bonheur de V. M. ; et j'attends de l'avenir et du temps que le voile qui vous couvre les yeux se déchire. C'est alors que vous me rendrez justice, et déplorerez la dureté dont vous usez avec une mère qui vous chérira jusqu'au tombeau, étant "De votre Majesté
"La très-bonne mère,
"L. U."

No. 3.—*Gustaf to his Mother.*

"On n'explique jamais les paroles dans le sens qu'on ne croit pas, aussi n'ai-je pas pris celles de V. M. dans le sens qu'on le lui a supposé. J'ai cru que cette idée, aussi criminelle envers l'état qu'envers la sûreté de toutes les familles, était effacée, ou du moins cachée dans votre esprit, mais qu'il s'agissit encore de ce que V. M. attribuait à mon frère le Duc de Sudermanie, ce qui m'était aussi sensible comme si cela fût adressé à moi-même. C'est dans ce sens que j'ai pris votre billet. Madame, je n'ai, d'ailleurs, pas pu m'empêcher d'y remarquer peu de tendresse pour moi. Si cela ne m'a pas surpris, cela m'a affligé ; vous m'avez longtemps accoutumé à ce malheur ; mais je vous l'avoue, j'ai été surpris et affecté du peu de joie et de tendresse que vous témoignez pour l'augmentation de votre famille, et pour la naissance d'un enfant qui ôte la crainte de la voir s'éteindre. J'avais espéré pouvoir ôter de mon cœur le trait qui l'avait blessé en voyant la joie

a veil still covers your eyes, I hope you will learn to know better what my sentiments towards you really are." This letter caused general consternation; so great was the excitement that Gustaf sent her a message not to appear, as he could not guarantee her person against the rage of the people. The queen was on her way to Stockholm when the courier met her. Filled with astonishment, but too proud to explain, she returned to

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d'une grand'mère, mais j'y ai trouvé le compliment banale que chaque tête couronnée se fait en présente occasion. Je pouvais du moins croire que vous deviez prendre part à la joie publique, et à l'évènement le plus heureux pour un royaume dont vous avez été reine, et dont vous tenez votre existence. Ces réflexions ont reveillé mes anciens soupçons dans mon cœur, mais je les y ai renfermés. Jouissez de votre vengeance, mais au nom de Dieu ne vous exposez pas à celle du public. Restez chez vous, et ne m'exposez pas d'avoir ma mère insultée par mon peuple pour l'amour qu'il me porte. C'est cet accident qui a fait, que j'ai craint, madame, votre venin. Vous avez empoisonné le plus beau jour de ma vie."

No. 4.—Docketed, "*Apportée par la Princesse, à deux heures de l'après-dîner, le* 1*er Novembre*, 1778."

"MONSIEUR MON FILS,

"Dans l'accablement où l'arrivée de mon grand maître m'a mis par les nouvelles qu'il m'a portées de la part de V. M., je me sens incapable de lui dévoiler mon âme dans ce moment. Ce voile dont j'ai parlé dans ma lettre de ce matin ne regarde en rien la personne de la reine. Je n'ai eu en vue que la malheureuse impression que vous avez eue contre moi. Je vous conjure de ne pas expliquer ce mot autrement, et je ne désire que de vous assurer de vive voix des sentimens tendres avec lesquels je suis,

"Monsieur mon fils,
"Votre bonne mère,
"LOUISE ULRIQUE.

"Postscript.—Est-il possible que je vous ai retrouvé, mon cher fils? votre lettre me la fait espérer. Vous ne méconnaissez donc plus la sensibilité d'une mère qui depuis votre tendre enfance vous a constamment chéri. Elle sera heureuse si elle retrouve ce fils aimé qu'elle a été sur le point de perdre par l'évènement le moins attendu.

"LOUISE ULRIQUE.

"A minuit."

Swartsjo; and writers of the day assert that, when every window in Stockholm blazed with light in celebration of the new-born prince, those of the queen dowager both in town and country alone remained in darkness.

There were misunderstandings on both sides, which those whose interest it was to keep the king and his mother apart did not fail to profit by.

Be that as it may, Queen Sophia Madalena had a good night, and slept well, says the bulletin. The royal infant* was örolig—restless—till an hour before midnight, then fell asleep. That the event caused great joy to the king there can be no doubt. Pages are devoted to the arrangement of the royal nursery. "J'ai un gros garçon," he writes to Countess Bjielke, "qui me console de tous mes ennuis."

The opening of the Gustavian papers has thrown no light upon the birth of the last Prince of Wasa. It is told that the aged Archbishop of Upsala only a few months before his death most solemnly affirmed before the Prussian minister at the court of Sweden that the story of the queen's divorce, and subsequent marriage with Munk, was an atrocious fabrication.

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* The letters of Gustaf Adolf II. preserved at Upsala commence as quite a child with beautiful sentiments invented by his tutors. His pleasures consist in the study of Cyrus, Charles XII., and Roman history. He is "charmed at his father's victories, terrified at the dangers he has incurred, and hopes one day to add his own name to the immortality which surrounds that of Gustaf." The only piece of nature in the whole series consists in the account of some bad French verses he spouted on presenting a nosegay to his aunt Charlotte on her birthday. The young prince was brought up to lie, expressing sentiments he could neither feel nor understand.

Scarcely was he eight years old when his father began to overlook the princesses of Europe. In 1786 Baron Nollken, the Swedish minister in London, is ordered to report on the education of the daughters of George III. Nothing can be more flattering than the reply. The envoy speaks highly of their domestic virtues and manners, adding, they are too strictly brought up: he particularly recommends Princess Amelia, at the same time owning he has little opportunity of judging, the royal family appearing in public only on state occasions. Two or three despatches pass on the subject.

Gustaf is declared by his contemporaries to have been cold and indifferent to the charms of women. The police records recounting the king's doings when at Paris make the same statement. Still among the letters of the king, independent of Comtesse d'Egmont, elsewhere spoken of, is preserved the correspondence of a certain Madame Douriez,* which leaves no doubt that the king was, during a number of years, deeply attached to that lady, and that she was his mistress until unfaithful. Passing over a deal of conclusive nonsense written on both sides—rendezvous and assignations—he exclaims, "Esclave de mon rang, environné des grandeurs qui me gênent et font mes malheurs, il faut attendre près d'une compagne choisie par la raison de l'état et non par le sentiment. Hélas! pourquoi faut-il que vous et moi seraient liés à deux personnes dont les caractères diffèrent si fortes des nôtres? Pourquoi n'est-il pas permis de troquer? il y aurait du moins deux heureux des quatre malheureux."

Gustaf sends her some diamond earrings, which the lady doubts she can wear—till her mother, Baroness de Geer, coming to her aid, agrees to say they are a present from herself to her daughter!!!

This liaison lasted six or seven years, unsuspected by the world, till, on 8th October, 1763, à minuit, the king writes to the lady, telling how the reception he had awarded her that day in public must ill prepare her for the letter she is about to receive. "It is useless," he says, "to tell you how dear you have been to me. You alone have made me depart from the indifference and coldness of my nature, of which I was so proud, and which, perhaps, I should hâve done better to preserve." He then accuses her of infidelity with Bengt Sparre, Rosenquist, and other officers, "the obscurity of whose names escapes his memory;" adding, she has lost her reputation; and that, though from respect towards her father he will treat her outwardly the same, for the future he ceases all communication with one who does not know how to respect herself. "I ask," he concludes, "no other answer than the return of my letters; for I should not be flattered to find them in the hands of a set of étourdis who would show them about the world. If you require it I will send yours." Madame Douriez not caring about her letters, they are still preserved at Upsala. And so ended the sole passion of Gustaf III.

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* Née De Geer, wife of General Douriez.

This affair, in which the king behaved with a delicacy few men would have exhibited towards a worthless woman, ended some years previous to the birth of the crown prince. It may be inferred that Gustaf was downright badgered into a reconciliation with his queen.* Anonymous letters were showered in upon him daily. There, too, was Marie Antoinette, mother of a dauphine,—with fresh expectations; Catherine of Russia, from across the Baltic, dandling her big baby grandson, whose birth she announces to the king in the following terms:—

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* On referring to an anonymous letter lecturing him on his neglect of the queen, Gustaf writes, "Her coldness may endear her to the country, but her little desire to please—the hated house from which she springs—only augment his aversion and regret at the ties which bind him: the more they bore him the less he'll love her. He obliged the nation by marrying her."

In writing to Count Scheffer before returning to the country with his wife, he says, "*It may be said of me*—

"Ci gît dans son hôtel, sans avoir rendu l'âme,
Le baron enterré vis-à-vis de sa femme."

"13 Décembre, 1777.—La grande duchesse est accouchée d'un Monsieur Alexandre ce matin à dix heures trois quarts. Je l'ai pris dans mes bras. On l'a voulu couvrir; il n'a pas voulu le souffrir. Il criait comme un aigle, et puis s'est mis à me considérer du haut en bas. Voyez comme on devient commère quand on est grand'mère. Que le bon Dieu vous donne autant!" Ending her letter by an account of the supper she gave for the infant's christening, 16th February, 1778:—"Azor, my page, came to the opera in his oriental costume (entre nous, he was horribly cross, and continued so the whole evening), bearing invitations on a gold salver, first to the loge of the duchess, then to the others invited, in number twenty-six. On arriving, the company were received in rooms newly furnished in the eastern style, and sat down to a faro-table, on which stood twenty-six gold boxes, each containing fifty-one diamonds. For these 'fish' they played till supper was served, in a room hung with cloth of gold, adjoining that which is all looking-glass. The company were waited on by twenty-one pages, dressed in costumes of drap d'or and blue scarfs, headed by Azor, in an execrable humour. The tables were dressed with all my diamonds and coloured stones arranged in bouquets. In one window was placed an A, of a yard and a half long, formed of very large diamonds; in the second, one of immense pearls."

Give a fête like that of Catherine, the Swedish king could not. But a baby was to be had, and he got one—Gustaf Adolf IV. of unlucky memory; and such a letter as he received in return! It is quite charming to see that grand old empress en déshabille.

Empress Catherine (1778) sends a "belle poupée habillée à couche tout précisément comme Monsieur Alexandre l'a été dès l'instant de sa naissance; et je vous prie très-instamment de défendre à votre vivacité naturelle de toucher, de déranger, ou de chiffonner la moindre chose avec vos mains royales;" but hand it over at once to some prudent lady who can take each piece for a model. She don't allow A. to be rocked: if Gustaf could only see him roll about in his shirt! he is quite wise to choose the States for sole godfather—she understands a "somme considérable:" next time she will undertake the office. Recollect the Russian proverb, "que trois fils font un fils, deux fils un demi fils; et qu'un fils n'est pas un fils. Don't mind the court; let the child have his arms free and eat no meat till inoculated—le mien mange comme un loup."

So the prince was born—"le portrait de votre charmant petit gentilhomme holds the first place in my museum of the entresol," writes Catherine * (she little thought that

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* The nuptials of Gustaf Adolf with the Grand Duchess Alexandrina were fixed for the 21st September, 1796. The court had assembled; the fiancée, glittering in jewels, awaited her bridegroom at the altar. The rouge and paint which covered the wrinkled cheeks of the empress could not conceal her agitation when Prince Suboff entering whispered to her, "The King of Sweden has refused to sign the contract." Never in the course of her long reign had Catherine been so insulted. She was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and, though she rallied for a short time, the mortification she experienced shortened her days. The empress herself was to blame, for she had caused conditions to be inserted in the contract concerning the religion of the princess different from those agreed upon with the King of Sweden. The Princess

child would cause her death),—and afterwards a second, the little Duke of Småland, concerning whose birth there was no scandal, and whose death caused the king so great a grief as to leave no doubt of his parentage in the minds of the Swedish people; Catherine condoles with the king as well as she can for the loss of her filleul, 1782, sending a remedy against convulsions when the child was already buried:—"Les gouttes de 'Best erechel (?):' though the doctors hate it, je l'ai vu faire des miracles. Don't take me for a charlatan."

Marie Antoinette stood sponsor to the Duke of Småland with the empress and the Kings of Prussia and Denmark.

But to return to Gustaf. Our childhood's histories tell us he o'erthrew the free institutions of his native land, establishing a despotism in their place, —all which indignant youthful minds suck in and credit. Pray, where was the freedom? The Swedish people had none. He subdued a powerful nobility who rough-rode the crown, and whose conduct was more tyrannous and wicked than that of any despot, even towards those of their own caste who interfered with the vested rights of their order; witness the fate of Count Brahe and his associates in the former reign. Gustaf humanized the laws, protected the arts and sciences; see how literature flourished in the Gustavian era; his means were perhaps not straightforward, but in the last century, when all was corrupt, the honest man only lost himself. He who wins may laugh.

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of Baden, whom Gustaf Adolf later espoused, was renowned for her beauty; still nothing more charming can be imagined than a miniature of the youthful Grand Duchess Alexandrina, crowned with a wreath of forget-me-nots, which hangs in the museum at Upsala.

Why grasp the nettle if you fear the sting and dare not hold it firm? Had Gustaf lived, he would, when he felt himself secure, have loosened the reins of power. By those immediately around him, who witnessed his private life, Gustaf was adored; he possessed that charm of manner which had the effect in one moment of changing an enemy into a friend. Like all men cursed with taste, he sent money flying, regardless of expense. In moral conduct he was of his century; many may be found worse—few better.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Royal menagerie — Library of Stockholm — Codex Aureus — King Erik's book — The Devil's Bible — National picture gallery— Statue of Endymion — Gustaf III. and the Countess d'Egmont — The Deer Park — Bellman the Swedish Anacreon — The Rådhus — Town stones and Spanish violin — Riddarhus.

WE mount the stairs to the Lö Gården, where Frederik I. kept his pet lynxes. Menageries were never the fashion in Sweden. No wonder; with bears, wolves, and lynxes prowling at the very city gates, folks had enough of wild beasts. King John, however, in a letter dated July 18th, 1586, writes to Peter Brahe,—"Herman the Englishman has given us a lion; have it chained up, and let a large and beautiful house be built on Helgasholm, with three rooms, in which the animal may be able to walk about at its ease; let it be kept clean, so that there be no bad smell; see that it and those who tend it are well looked after." The king was most kind to dumb animals. Bengt Nilson (Silfverbielke), the court physician, on his return home one day, finding his child's cradle upset and the king's great dog standing beside it, hastily slew the mastiff. John, in his rage, had the doctor's head off before sunset.

In summer season blue pots of old faïence, marked with the cipher Charles XII., filled with flowering plants, adorn the balustrade fronting the Mälar. Learn there how much better tall wood trellises, thirty feet in height, covered with Virginian creeper and the large leaves of the Aristolochia, mask office windows, and how far more graceful they are, dangling, twining, dancing in the soft breeze, than the constitutional laurel-bush of Old England. Then, by a winding staircase, reach the great library of Stockholm, to which I as a stranger owe so much.

For statistics, number of volumes, pounds weight of manuscripts and printed matter, don't ask me.* The original library, founded by Gustaf Wasa, was given to Upsala by Carl Gustaf; Christina carried off all that was valuable to Rome; † then came the great fire, after which 7000 volumes alone remained. The value of a library, to me, consists in the liberty accorded to strangers of perusing its contents. Hence, to one sitting with some thirty or forty borrowed tomes before him, that of Stockholm seems the first in Europe. A catalogue of manuscripts don't enter within my limits; still we can loiter a little in the rooms, and cross or bless ourselves (as the case may be) on viewing two sheets of parchment, clearly written, almost printed, in a large hand, by great Saint Brita in the year 1361, an autograph attested by a monk of Wadstena, her confessor.‡

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* 17,386 volumes of printed matter, 1103 volumes of manuscript, were consumed in the fire of 1697. A royal bookbinder was attached to the court of Charles XI., but no librarian.

† When Christina pillaged Sweden great alarm was excited lest on her arrival in Italy she should sell to the King of Spain the twelve vessels of war which bore her baggage, before, too, the country had paid the expense of their construction.

‡ The author procured a translation of St. Brita's autograph from his friend Mr. Wieselgren.

If ever woman was guilty of lèze majesté, and deserved to have her head chopped off, it was St. Brita. She takes care not to speak herself, but puts it all on the Virgin.

"'Bridget,' says the Holy Virgin, 'it seems as though there stood before me four of my friends, who are still alive, one of whom enjoyed the title of king while he was a friend of the world, after which he

"These words were written with Saint Brita's own hand, which hand hath touched both that of pope and cardinals."

The collection of Icelandic Sagas is the richest in Europe, and wonderful it is how these chefs-d'œuvre of calligraphy were traced by the pens of peasants in that dark northern isle of poetry and erudition.

Among the gems of the collection, preserved in two glass cases, is a small book written in fair Runic characters, date 1300,—a great rarity. Runes are now seldom found inscribed save on wood and stone.*

The Codex Aureus is a MS. whose wanderings form

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became a friend of God. These four are called in the world' (a most prudent smudge here effaces the names). After it seemed to me that the Virgin spoke to them, and commenced thus :—

"'It is me to whom the angel hath said "Ave gratia plena;" so my grace is offered to all those who desire it. I offer my aid for the strengthening of your kingdom against the enemies of God . . . . . Take care that the realm receives a king who knows how to aid good works, and that he be of noble manners ; for know the justice of God will drive from the country the king and those who descend from him. There is another man in the land, whom I will not name now, whom God has chosen for king ; he will reign over you in conformity to the counsels of the friends of God and the necessities of the country. Do as I ordain—keep my counsel secret till there are many discontented, and your party be sufficiently numerous. Conceal all from both the friends and enemies of Heaven unless they be of the same opinion. . . Commence thus : one of you go and see the king and speak to him.'" The saint now continues with a long tirade of abuse—untranslatable matter—closed doors—court cleared—winding up with, "Will you correct yourself of your sins and retake the alienated provinces? If you will not, give us your son, so that you go yourself out of the kingdom; or let him take a chief who, in the name of the crown, shall make war against the king. Give money, and I will give courage, and all shall follow ; but if the king leave the kingdom no one shall follow." As villanous a piece of hypocritical treason as was ever concocted by unsainted sinner.

* One of the few manuscript books now existing in Runic character is a digest of the customary laws of Skåne, preserved in the library of the University of Copenhagen.

quite a romance. It first saw the light in Italy in the 7th century (annotations dated Milan, 840, mention it as a most ancient book); was later carried off by plundering vikings, from whom it was purchased by English "Dux" Elfred, and given to St. Augustine's church of Canterbury, for the soul's weal of himself, his wife Werburg, and "uncum bearne," our child Ahldryd.* How the Codex left England no one knows. Some suppose it to be the MS. mentioned by Erasmus as forming part of the library of Margaret of Austria at Mechlin in 1540; hence a long controversy, which leaving the learned to fight out, we are contented to find it in Mantua, purchased by "nobilis homo" J. Sparfwenfeldt from the collection of the Marchio de Liche, and by him given to the Royal Library of Stockholm.† The Codex is written on alternate pages of white and purple parchment, mostly in gold characters, admirably preserved. In the frontispiece our Saviour is represented after the old Byzantine fashion, with his head tonsured like that of a monk.

Then there are Bibles, with the handwriting of Luther; a manuscript by John Huss, containing unprinted homilies of Wickliffe, copied in his own hand, with observations thereon.

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* This Duke Ælfred (the same whose will is preserved among the English archives) lived from 871 to 889, and, dying without male issue, bequeathed all lands to his daughter Ahldryd and her heirs, leaving one illegitimate, Ædelwald, whom he mentions in chaste Latinity as "minum sunum" (my son), next to nothing; showing that in England the rights of marriage were more respected at that early period than in the north of Europe; had Ædelwald been all right, he would not have been excluded from the prayers of the monks of St. Augustine.

† Charles XI. sent Sparfwenfeldt to Africa on a voyage of discovery after the monuments left by the ancient Goths. It was in this journey he fished up the Codex Aureus.

The Sabellicus of Æneas (later pope)—a treatise on philosophy—formed once the solace of Erik XIV. in his prison. The margins are filled with annotations by the captive, in charcoal, for no pen was allowed him. When bored with philosophy—his memory reverting to happier days—he would sketch off crowned kings and queens in royal mantles, knights, squires, pretty pages, horsemen, and foot soldiers, clad in the trappings which in better times he himself had chosen. It makes you sad, only turning over that book of weariness and ill luck; its later possessor, Hogenshild Bielke, after noting down "This book belonged to King Erik when in prison," lost his own head.

Hard by lies a bound volume, collected by Dahlberg, of plans of battles drawn out by the royal hands of Gustaf Adolf, Carl Gustaf, and Charles XI.—small squares, dotted about; sometimes a river and a bridge; on one, the siege of Copenhagen, marked "fourth attack," with list of brigades, and so forth. Then, after poring over a love-letter* from great Gustaf to

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* *Gustaf Adolf to Ebba Brahe, at the age of* 19.

"Stockholm, 5 April, 1613.

"MOST NOBLE DAMSEL, ADORED OF MY HEART,
WHOM I LOVE MOST IN THIS WORLD,—

"I have received your loving letter, by which you tell me you have submitted to the good pleasure of your father my request, with which I must content myself, praying God to bend in grace your heart, that you think always on me, and remember the faithful love I bear you; and that you may never be persuaded that I think of another than you. Oh may you pray God, as well as I, that He may let us live to see the day which may bring me the soft consolation and to you the joy. To his guidance—the Holy and Almighty—I commend you, faithful and tender; and myself to your breast, so noble and faithful.—I, to my dying day, oh, cherished maiden of my heart, your faithful and attached kinsman,

"G. A. R."

Ebba Brahe—well worn from constant carrying in the pocket—you turn to a ponderous tome, three feet in length, known by the ill-omened name of the "Devil's Bible,"—carried off by Königsmark from a convent in Prague. On the title-page is preserved a Sclave alphabet, and by its side is inscribed "Abbas Dyonisius, 1360." Between the Old and New Testaments is found, in characters of a far earlier date, a treatise on all the sciences, with columns of unknown matter, supposed to be incantations—things unholy; and last, not least, a picture of the devil.

Tradition tells how a monkish sinner, condemned to bread, water, and bricking up, sought so clamorously for mercy, his judges, to keep him quiet, cried, "Copy out the Bible in a clear text-hand before to-morrow's dawn, from Genesis to Revelations, and you shall find grace." The culprit in despair invoked the saints to aid him; then, finding it "no go," he called on the Devil, with whom he made a compact. Old Nick sat to his work; scratch, scratch went the goosequill. "Don't make such flourishes; you'll never finish!" implored the monk, in a cold perspiration; "do pray get on, the night wanes fast." But the Evil One laughed, drawing a palace on a red ground. "See, the ruddy sky foretells the coming day! quick, quick!" Scratch, scratch goes the pen. The Epistles—oh, how long they seemed!—are now at length finished. The last chapter is begun. Gradually a light spreads o'er the horizon. Slowly the sun rises, and, as the quill ceases, darts one fiery ray into the dark cell, leaving the portrait of the Evil One in bright red on the last page of the Bible. Here you may see it—the earliest instance of photography known in the whole world.

Within the palace walls, waiting its "flytte-dag," hangs the national gallery of pictures, concerning which no passing traveller, for the next few years, can give an opinion, for they are scattered here, there, and everywhere. The celebrated Rembrandts were in packing-cases during our stay in Stockholm; and there they'll remain until the new museum is ready to receive them.*

Considering the robbery of Christina, the collection is better far than could have been expected,† and possesses one great charm,—it has escaped the cleaners' hands. A splendid equestrian portrait of King Sigismund, by Rubens, with hound by Snyders, once formed part of Princess Anna's gallery at Stegeborg. This picture was purchased in a roadside inn early in the last century for one rix. On the ground floor, facing the Lö garden, are the statues ancient and modern,—much crowded,—waiting their looked-for transition to better quarters. Side by side with richly-carved candelabra, urns, sarcophagi, Roman emperors and empresses with wigs like sponges on their heads, purchased by Gustaf III. in Italy‡ simply because they were antiques, and he was told to admire them, are some charming works of Sergel—Cupid, with Psyche, young and graceful, couching like a leveret by his side, once destined for a temple in Haga. Then, passing by the huge colossal statues of Odin, Thor, and Balder, by Fogelberg—the latter a triumph of bad anatomy—you come upon the glory of this northern gallery, the sleeping Endymion—such a splendid fellow! What good taste the Moon had. The shepherd lies in deep sleep, with lips unclosed; a mantle, clasped by a fibula, falling in graceful folds, lays bare his chest—a very ideal of youthful manly beauty; from his head hangs a forest of waving, uncombed locks, so natural you wonder they can be in marble; the hands and feet are those of rustic growth—no demigod idealisation, but hands that have worked, and feet that have trod the thorns. The longer you gaze the more you linger, unable to tear yourself away: the collection, to me, is comprised in one word—Endymion.

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* Charles XI., in a letter dated 1697, mentions the portraits of Luther, his wife, father, and mother, sent him as a new-year's gift by Dr. Mayers from Germany, and with more politeness than sincerity expresses his gratitude for the present. Here they hang: anything more frightful cannot be imagined.

† A large portion of the pictures have been engraved by Boye and Wetterling in the Kongle Svenska Museum.

‡ Gustaf when in Italy purchased most of his antiques by the advice of Francesco Piranesi, with whom he corresponded for many years, and gave him his portrait surrounded with diamonds. There is no mention of the Endymion in the Gustavian papers. It cost 2000 ducats.

When Sergel first set eyes upon this statue, lately arrived from Rome, the sculptor, in an ecstacy, tapping the breast of the slumbering marble, exclaimed, "Hear how he breathes!"

Each time I visited the gàllery it seemed out of place beneath the broad noonday,—shut out from the moon, which must have played so fondly over it some centuries since in Adrian's villa.* But where he lies, lovely as ever, no moon can penetrate. So, as a last resource, I thought to see it by torchlight, and proposed some night to light it up, as folks do the Vatican. But no one understood me. Light it up!—why, what for? Go in that damp, cold gallery, when you can see it by full midday! They seemed to fancy I would place a glittering star above his head, with the initials E. M. interlaced—"Endymion and the Moon"—as on a royal birthday. Then at once arose that stiffest of five-barred gates—a Swedish difficulty. Suppose, by chance, the palace should burn down! Yes, there were precedents—b-u-t—so there was an end of it.

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* Where it was discovered in 1750.

Before leaving, stop to admire the bust of Countess d'Egmont,—fair correspondent and love of third Gustavus, daughter of Richelieu, not the Cardinal, but him "aux premières armes." (What a debt of gratitude does history owe to Alexandre Dumas and the French vaudevilles of the nineteenth century!)

Of the three French ladies selected by the king on quitting Paris as his correspondents, Madame de Boufflers, Madame de la Marck, and Madame d'Egmont, the latter bore the strongest affection for the king, a friendship mingled with sentiment—there is no friend in this world like a Frenchwoman. Englishwomen are always thinking of "character:" it's the old story, What will Mrs. Grundy say? Then they have more children,—have no time for platonism. Whether platonic or not, these letters were addressed under cover to three different persons: one at Amsterdam, a second at Brussels, a third in Paris. "It would be my ruin," writes Madame d'Egmont, "if discovered." The advice given by the charming countess, though excellent, was not always well received by the king: she condoles with him on his "chagrins" with the queen, smooths his ruffled mind—"Les hommes font les lois, et les femmes les mœurs, which accounts for their badness," remarks she in one of her epistles—tells him her troubles, knowing "l'adorable sensibilité de son cœur;" for "votre couronne ne me refroidit pas, et l'amour que j'éprouve pour votre personne me console du malheur d'une absence éternelle." She herself had only hoped to produce an "effervescence" in the king's mind, nothing stable—has just received "a robe verte Vasa," which she wears with veneration and love.

Gustaf had written to ask her portrait, but scandal declares he has received that of Madame du Barri, so she will only send it on condition he swears ("et votre cœur est trop pur de ne pas être de bonne foi") that it is not true. "Is it possible I expose myself to hang with Madame du Barri? it would be du dernier ridicule. Donnez-moi votre parole d'honneur que vous ne l'avez pas, et que vous ne l'aurez jamais. Gustaf, si vous trompez l'amitié que vous m'avez promise—mais mon Gustaf n'abusera jamais de son pouvoir et ne sera jamais perfide. Il pourra donc dire à la fin de sa vie, ce que nul roi ne put dire avec certitude, 'J'ai une amie qui m'aime moi seul et qui m'aimera toujours.'"

Gustaf, like a man, swore—"ses grands Dieux!"—he had never dreamt of such a thing. The confiding woman sent her portrait; and here, after the lapse of near a hundred years, the fair countess and Du Barri hang side by side in the gallery of Gripsholm.

THE DEER PARK.

'Tis seven o'clock, still staring light, crowds of citizens dressed in their simple best, and carriages by the dozen pass by: something is going on; so, gaining the water's side, we take place in a puffing onion, and cross to the Deer Park. On either side stand cafés, alhambras, circuses, midst rocks and tall trees. Proud are the Stockholmers of this their plaisaunce, and with reason; to find a park wild and varied, with rugged boulder, pine and oak, scattered in native negligence, so near a great city, is indeed a rarity. They leave their cares behind, and are here free as air and wilderness can make them. In the garden of Rosendal, an ugly villa of Charles John XIV., stands the great porphyry vase from Elfdal. Old Squaretoes will talk of the summer dwelling of the old king, draw down claptraps about simplicity and what not, and try to consecrate the Deer Park to his memory—a great mistake: the fame of Bernadotte, one of the greatest characters of the first Empire, belongs to Europe, not to his northern crown; he was of far too great a mind to dispute a Naboth's vineyard with the real genius of the place, before whose bust we now stand,—Carl Michael Bellman.

To-night is a festival, and that of the poet. See the bust crowned with flowers, and garlands hanging from the trees. Hark! a song, first joyous and sparkling, then toning into deep sadness; again the strain swells —you don't understand it, the ear is ill at ease; 'tis a music you are not used to, like that of Dr. Arne, Midas, and operettas of the last century.

Bellman was Sweden's Anacreon, with a touch of descriptive power like Horace; his songs are untranslatable in metre; but if by chance some friend will put in plain English a couplet telling of homely life, it will remain impressed upon the memory like Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode.' You see his personages in your day-dream as you walk through Stockholm, where the scenes are laid.

His great-grandfather, a wandering tailor from

Bremen, settled in Sweden: his poetry maybe came from the tailor's wife, one Barbara Klein, who, renowned for her embroidery, kept a school of art for flowery designs. The family throve; in the third generation we find a lagman of the Court of Chancery father to Carl Michael and twenty other children.

When a child Bellman taught himself to strike a lyre his grandfather had brought from Italy, and first on a bed of youthful sickness he improvised in verse. From twenty-five to forty Bellman was in his glory; he wandered about the streets, with lyre beneath his cloak, studying the people in every dancing-booth; more especially in this Deer Garden, maybe a gayer place than now; there was more abandon among the middle classes in the last century; the burghers' daughters then deemed it fun to dance in their short petticoats and hose, showing the ankle, tricked out with coloured clocks. Here seated on a rock, or 'neath a tree, he composed those odes, more characteristic of the times he lived in than any painting.

Bellman was a prime favourite with Gustaf III., who sent for him on all occasions to court. He is described as thoughtful and melancholy—would sing to the court in his shirt-sleeves, but loved not to be made a lion;—cared little for jovial meetings where wit was absent. Often without cash, when a beggar asked his aid, Bellman would reply, "Silver and gold have I none; but here, take this;" and he would write off a few stanzas—a petition from his muse never failing to unloose the purse-strings of the most hard-hearted. One day he hired a carriage with only a twelve-shilling piece in his pocket; so bought the driver's whip, and began playing as though upon a flute; the postboy, believing his old whip to be an enchanted instrument, implored the poet to return it, taking the drive as payment. "Bellman, you are dull," said the king on meeting him; "you can't rhyme to-day." The poet burst forth:—

"King, my money-box is empty,
My lyre have I sold;
But written on my drinking-glass
Is Gustaf's name in gold."*

Lost to posterity is the Swan Song of the poet. When on his deathbed,† summoning his friends, he begged to pass one more night in music.

Then, as it were, the dying embers of his genius again burst forth: sweeping the lyre, he sang to a light strain the story of his joyous life, of the kindness he had met with, the friends he had possessed, his love for King Gustaf, with whose death ended his good fortune. Next, changing to a more solemn tone, he became as though inspired, praising and thanking the great God, to whom he owed so much, and for whose benefits he could never be sufficiently grateful (Bellman, for months before, had prepared his mind for the change about to come). Then turning to his friends, he addressed to each in his turn a farewell couplet, a last adieu. The dying poet now became exhausted; the weeping bystanders implored him to cease; but "No!" he said, "let me end my life, as it has been passed, in music." The night wore on; singing he sank, and never spoke again. The lyre of Bellman now hangs on the walls of the National Museum of Stockholm.*

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* From the day of that impromptu it became grand genre in Stockholm to have glasses engraved with gilt crowns and a G. Some few years since a new piece was announced at the theatre, 'Bellman paa Grönlund:' the director advertised for these glasses, offering to purchase them at any price. Within two days twenty were brought, and Gustaf III. and Bellman, amidst tremendous applause, made their appearance on the stage, surrounded with the genuine drinking-glasses of the period.

† Carl Bellman was born 4th February, 1740; he died of consumption on the 11th of the same month, 1795. His tutor was a Magister Innes, of the family mentioned at Helsingborg.

Passing by no end of public offices we reach the Rådhus. In the great hall are views of old Stockholm, painted in a sunny style by Svåvembom;† one taken from the Lejonbacke stairs. Sentinels guard the entry to the burnt palace, a heap of ruins since the great fire, while opposite stands a square building capped with towers, the old dramatic opera of Queen Christina's time. Here too are kept the city keys, ponderous and intricate; many royal portraits, and books richly bound in silver. The "town stones," composed of two circular pieces of granite fashioned in form of cheeses, attached by a chain, have lately flitted to the Museum.

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* Bellman was happily married: his wife lived to the age of ninety, surviving her three sons. The eldest, Gustaf, took service in France, and was no more heard of. The second never returned from a sea voyage. The youngest became a wealthy silk-merchant and alderman of Stockholm. The anniversary of his father's birthday was kept as a great festival in his house. The "Lyre," wreathed with garlands of flowers, was placed at the head of the table, the room hung with portraits by Sergel and others of the Gustavian era. The favourite melodies of Bellman were sung in succession. A melancholy impression was produced by the death of this the poet's youngest son. When the inauguration of his father's bust in the Deer-park took place, the honours paid to his memory affected his mind to such a degree he became insane and died soon after.

† John Svåvembom, a pupil of Vernet, returned to Sweden 1760: his paintings, chiefly landscapes, views of Stockholm and Drottningholm, are "very pleasant." Entirely devoted to his art, he passed the 19th of August, 1772, quietly seated on the roof of the Fersen palace, sketching the port, and returned home at night to his fireside, without ever even suspecting that a revolution had taken place, hearing the noise of drums, the cries of the people, or the marching of the troops. He died 1784.

These ornaments, so heavy a man càn scarcely lift them, were hung around the necks of delinquent ladies, who, bearing them on their breasts, did public penance. Hard by lay the "Spanish violin," a rod of copper wire, and other matters pleasant to look on, but not to feel,—things of bygone centuries.

We regain the square, a site ill-famed by sundry executions, caused not by kings, but by the nobles themselves. The statue of Gustaf Wasa now keeps order before the Palace of Nobles, a singular piece of architecture, with long Corinthian pilasters running the whole height of the façade, the red brick relieved by stone wreaths of fruit, flowers, and everything symbolical of plenty (erected before the Reduction); gilded inscriptions run beneath the architrave; while on the roof, beside wondrous obelisks half black half gold, with bomb-shells on the top, stand, promenading, the Cardinal Virtues. "Why place them on the roof?" asked a friend of the architect. "They would have felt so sadly out of place within," was his reply. La Vallée designed this building for Queen Christina, but did not live to finish it. The ceiling was painted by Ehrenstrahl. Two wings comprised in the first plan were never executed, the reduced nobles having something else to think of besides architecture.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Riddarhus — The freeman and the slave — The Frälse — Parchment nobility exempt from taxation — Swedish names — The "Ronflant" period — Christina ennobles her lady's-maid and tailor — Gustaf and the clerk — The Scotch nobles — Conspiracy of Carl de Mornay — His execution — Keith ennobled in Sweden — History of Jacob Neafve — Killed by the revolted peasants — Gustaf Adolf and the green brigade.

IN early times there were but two distinctions among the Swedes—the freeman and the slave. Nobility was centered in the "Prestercap" (the high priests of Odin) and the Drots, to whom were revealed the mysteries and the runes. With the introduction of Christianity slavery died out in Sweden; poverty, up to that period unknown, soon made its appearance in the land; then up rose a race of Odalbonde (yeomen), who enjoyed high distinction in their native provinces.*

King Magnus Ladulås had espoused a Holstein wife, accustomed to be surrounded by knights and men of rank; at her suggestion the king, in 1290, formally instituted the "Frälse,"† by which all those who in time of war could furnish a man and horse for the service of the crown were freed from the payment of taxes. Still for some centuries there is no appearance of a "parchment nobility," the existence of which order rose from the "Frälse" receiving a signed document from the sovereign at the conclusion of each war, as evidence of their exemption from taxes. After a lapse of time people came to regard these papers as necessary proofs of nobility, and kings were only too glad to add to their power by conferring them on their favourites. The earliest parchment patent preserved in the archives of Stockholm is that of Peter Knagh, granted by the Regent Sten Sture in 1483; to the document is appended his seal, bearing the arms of Natt och Dag. The device of the newly-made noble is on a shield argent, a tree proper "Knaght"—provincial term still used in Småland to signify "gnagged," or jagged.*

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* Feudalism has never existed in Sweden; slavery was finally abolished by the Upland law in 1296. By this ordinance a man was neither allowed to sell another nor to sell himself: a thief, when not condemned to death, was judged sometimes as a slave for life. In opposition to the earliest French code, which declares "En faux mariage le pire emporte le bon," the Swedish law ran, "Gangin barn a bäthra halvo, Fylghin thäm fräls är:" the children go to the better half, following those who are free, i.e. whether that parent be father or mother.

† *i.e.* Freed.

Gustaf Wasa ennobled many of his servants, young men of birth, as a sort of pension exempting them from all taxation.† The bishops too granted patents of nobility to their own especial protégés. So matters went on until 1561, when Erik XIV., at his coronation, always in hope of Queen Elizabeth's arrival in Sweden, created three counties in favour of the great houses of Sture, Roos, and Brahe, as well as nine baronies, among which figure the historic names of Lejonhufvud, Bonde, Stenbock, and Oxenstjerna. These newly-made nobles were not as yet known by the patronymics assigned in history to their descendants, but merely as Gustaf or Erik "son," with tre rosor (three roses) or stenbock (chamois) bracketed, according to the heraldic device borne on their shields. Old King Gustaf, could he rise from the dead, would be amazed to hear himself called by the name of Wasa. Charles IX. first suggested that the nobles should adopt some fixed patronymic, but little attention was paid to the royal demand. The same monarch appointed a commission of twelve knights, whose duty it was to visit the "Frälsejord" (freed-lands), and determine the number of men of arms to be furnished by each estate to the crown. In the following reign Gustaf Adolf, finding the royal revenues much curtailed by this general exemption from imposts, ordered that every man should produce his parchments, and that, if his lands proved insufficient to support the number of men-at-arms required, he should lose his privileges, and become "disennobled." It was in the reign of this sovereign that family names were

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* Charles IX. was fond of ennobling odds and ends. In the library of Stockholm is an old patent, dated 1590, signed J. R. S., commencing thus:—"Our well-beloved brother Charles having begged us to grant letters of nobility to his 'kammartjener' (valet), we," &c. John was very "smart;" he gives the new noble the name of Hund (dog). The canine species is generally wanting in the zoology of patronymics in the North. The arms of the Hund family are rich: two fields; on the first, argent, a red dog courant, collared; on the second, azure, a key or, between two pails proper; crest, a key rising from betwixt the feathers of a plumeau. This grant is followed up by the desire that the noble Hund should remain valet in the service of the king's brother and his descendants till he dies, and all his children and grandchildren after him. Hund composed the 'Rhyming Chronicle' of Erik XIV.

† An Adelsbref given by Gustaf Wasa to his servant Lasse Hendrickson terminates in the following manner:—"If it so happen that our enemies, at home or abroad, raise themselves against us or Sweden in secret places, openly or by conspiracy, Lasse H. and his descendants

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shall hold themselves bound by their honour to be in company with those who are faithful and loyal towards us, and the other crowd they shall rend with life and blood."

The king on his accession to the throne chose the motto (as did also the nobles and knights) for inscription on his shield: hence the proverb, still extant, "We shall see what the shield bears."

first adopted; there was no fancy about the matter, people selected the animals or objects borne from the earliest times upon their shields; and really, on looking over the list of the great Swedish families, you would imagine yourself to be reading the catalogue of a museum of natural history rather than that of a house of nobles.

There are elk, fox, wolf, bear, ox, steer, ermine, dog, ewe, ram, swan, duck, owl, finch, and pike. These animals are next decapitated, and reappear trunkless, with the addition of hufvud, as Sviinhufvud.[*] We

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[*] Natural History.

Elg	Elk.	Lindorm	Dragon.
Raef	Fox.	Drake	
Ulf	Wolf.	Bock	He-goat.
Björn	Bear.	Löwen	Lion.
Stenbock	Chamois.	Otter	Otter.
Oxe	Ox.	Grebe	Goat.
Sture	Steer.	Ödla	Eft.
Hund	Dog.	Ikörne	Squirrel.
Gumsel	Ewe.	Dufwa	Dove.
Bagge	Ram.	Fallk	Falcon.
Rode	(A fish).	Krabbe	Crab.
Gädda	Pike.	Delphin	Dolphin.
Gjös	Codling.	Krane	Crane.
Igelstrom	Leech.	Papegoya	Parrot.
Maidel	Mayfish.	Swan	Swan.
Kathen	Cat.	Ande	Duck.
Hermelin	Ermine.	Grip	Vulture.
Mygk	Gnat.	Uggla	Owl.
Bromse	Horse-fly.	Fincke	Finch.

Enlarged Ditto.

Hjorts horn	Stag's horn.	Örn fod	Eagle's foot.

Heads.

Lejon hufvud	Lion's head.	Oxe hufvud	Ox head.
Tjur „	Bear's „	Grips „	Vulture's „
Vadurs „	Wolf's „	Sviin „	Boar's „
Gumsel „	Ewe's „		

Cum multis aliis.

Many

have feet of all kinds, hearts, ears, brains, stumps, beams, boats, trumpets, horns, banners, bolts,—endless in their simplicity. The origin of the first assumption of colours is singular. As in England we have an old proverb which says, "We never mention —— to ears polite," so in Sweden there are certain animals whom the peasants never willingly call by name. The Lap terms the bear "grandfather." The Smålander, in alluding to the wolf, speaks of him as gråfot (gray foot); were he to do otherwise it would bring him ill luck. In the earlier period of Scandinavian history, serpents and dragons were looked upon as untalkaboutable subjects. On referring to the bearings of Ivar Blå, whose speech to Birger Jarl—"I also could shake out a king from under my blue cloak"—is related by every historian without explaining its meaning,—you will find him to have been a descendant of a brother of King Sverker's, called Blåföd, who bore on his shield the foot of a blue dragon; hence his appellation. Again, the name of Swarte Skåning (purpur in heraldry), celebrated in the fifteenth century, is not derived from the swarthy complexion of the Scanian knight, but from his device of a dark creeping serpent, with two heads, on a field sable, which no one cared to mention.*

Many other names are derived chiefly from the bearings of the shield, such as—

Bjelke and Sparre, beam; Eke, oak; Hjerta, heart; Hjarne, brain; Boljä, wave; Bäat, boat; Stubbe, stump; Banér, banner; Pik, pike; Horn, horn; Öra, ear.

* This Swarte was Lagman of Sudermania, and in 1451 gave four fields from his own estate to the choir of St. Anne in Wadstena kloster, to maintain lighted above the grave of English Queen Philippa a lamp she had once presented to the convent, so great was his admiration of her virtues.

To return to our subject. It was in the reign of Gustaf Adolf, about 1627, that the Riddarhus was first formed, and the introduction of the nobles rendered obligatory.* Heads were selected from each family. A strict fine was exacted from those who absented themselves without good excuse. No member was allowed to leave the chamber during the transaction of business without permission of the landmarshal. The amount of fine to be exacted caused a long debate: five dollars was proposed; opposition considered three sufficient; but five gained the day.

Christina scattered "Adelsbref" with a lavish hand, and would have created dukes had Axel Oxenstjerna allowed her.† He refused the title; and though when in Germany he lived in regal state to impress the natives with the grandeur of the Swedish nation, when at home he simply signed himself by his own name. Peter

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* In the year 1666 a great row took place in the Riddarhus in consequence of the insolence of the counts, who insisted on taking precedence of the high officers of state in all ceremonials. They refused to associate or allow their daughters to intermarry with the children of the inferior nobility. Much bad feeling arose, and matters were brought to a climax by two young Counts Douglas, just returned from their travels, asserting their right to go before Field-Marshal Ascheberg, General Sparre, and others. In consequence of this an order of precedence was established for all classes of society.

† Christina wished, in default of male issue from Carl Gustaf, to nominate as her successor Count Nils Thott, a descendant of Erik XIV. by his grandmother, Sigrid Wasa. To facilitate matters she offered to create Counts Peter Brahe and Axel Oxenstjerna dukes, intending to confer the same honour on the "gunstling." Both the nobles refused, begging the queen rather to do away with titles altogether as useless, and let the nobility remain as it formerly was. The queen, to the disgust of Carl Gustaf, conferred Ekolsund on the favourite. "Surely," she cried to her cousin, "if I give you a crown, I may give him an estate."

Brahe alone sunk his patronymic, calling himself, on all possible occasions, Peter Count of Wisingborg.

From this period downwards, whether all simple materials were exhausted it is difficult to say, but a "goût du ronflant" seized all classes of society, and the Riddarhus becomes suddenly deluged with gilded and silvered everythings.[*] (At this very moment my eye falls on a genealogy in which Lieutenant Brokenshield marries Miss Silversword.) Every article now subject to the electrotype process—either gilding or silvering—every impossible helmet, incredible shield, stream, leaf, sword, mountain, field, anchor, spar, beam, cross, crown, laurel, will be found among the sonorous patronymics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

With all this grandiloquence there is no affectation in the genealogy—simple statements of "Queen Hedvig's confectioners," shopkeepers, bonde, risen by their own talents. Sometimes, in the latter case, you read how his son "hade ei lust för studier"—didn't like study—so "blef bonde," became a peasant again.[†]

Madcap Christina, highly pleased with the "sit" of a new gown, ennobled her lady's-maid, granting her the name of Gyllensax (or golden scissors), with arms appropriate. The queen had already ennobled two of the court tailors, by the high-sounding appellations of Leijonkrone (Lion-crown) and Hägerstjerna (Heron-star), the latter a Frenchman, Claude Rocquette—an act which much affronted the high nobility; not that she cared a whit—'tis likely she did it out of pure fun, willing to make game of the high-sounding titles selected by the new members of the Riddarhus. The lady Gyllensax was, however, never "introduced"—her sex prevented her.

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[*] Among the most sonorous of the Ronflant period are the following, which the author has translated for the benefit of his readers.

Lobster helmet
Silver beam
Horse's hoof
Kettledrum
Noble sword
Lily-hawk
Rose-leaves
Bunch of acorns
Lily-root
Honors granite
Wolfen flag
Fiery star
Rosy sunbeam
Rosy cock
Sable heart
Flying hawk
Laurel sunbeam
Reindeer shield
Golden heart
Crowned helmet
Anchor star
Eagle field
Moon shield
Pistol cross
Bear's claw.
Oxen star.
Star and cross.
Steel arm.
Northern falcon.
Laurel mountain.
Silver sword.
Beast's claw.

[†] In remote provinces, such as Dalarne, Småland, and Wermland, the bonde preserves his genealogy, cut on wood, or more often treasured in his memory. Frequently an ancestor will be found to have been distinguished in church or civil office, while the other members remain peasants. In Iceland the peasants hang up in their cottages genealogies dating from the early vikings, either carved in wood, or on parchment.

With the Reduction ended the glory of the great Swedish nobility. Twice was the house swamped for political purposes—first, by Charles XI., who created two hundred nobles in one year; secondly, by Ulrika Eleanora, with a fresh batch of three hundred, and those not of the best, without gaining her end, for the following Diet proved just as unruly as the former one. So the queen retires to her paintings and her arts; and King Frederik, the self-styled "Twådubbla Adel," from the number of votes he possessed, betook himself to marrying a second wife, after the manner of the house of Hesse, hunting his wild swine and red deer, to the general tormenting of the provinces.

In the reign of Adolf Frederik the haughty sister of the Prussian king stirred up, to overthrow the power of the nobles, that revolution which ended in the execution of Count Brahe.* The conspiracy was betrayed by a corporal named Schedwin, who was himself ennobled as a reward. Adolf Frederik was too weak to exercise his royal prerogative of pardon. He received a notice from the Riddarhus "to be for the future master in his own house."

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* Wearied out with the tyranny of the Diet, devoted to Adolf Frederik and his clever queen Louisa Ulrika, Erik Brahe headed a conspiracy to increase the royal power, but, being betrayed, was sentenced

Later, Gustaf III. overthrew the power of the nobles, —but doing so cost him his life. During his reign occurred another curious instance of the cricket-ball nature of all things human—the first illustration of Count Ugglas' family (a very ancient name in Wermland). The day of the revolution, as Gustaf III. paraded the streets, a youthful clerk of some public office in his enthusiasm patted the monarch on the shoulder, exclaiming "Bravo! well done, Gustaf!" This so pleased the monarch that not three days after Ugglas was gazetted as Adelsman. He proved a young man of talent, rapidly made his way, died count, grand

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to death, and executed, with six accomplices, on Riddarholm's Torg, Stockholm, 23rd July, 1756.

It is said that his countess, falling on her knees, wept and begged for mercy of "Land-Marshal Fersen," who, refusing to listen, coldly repulsed her. In that same room, fifty-four years later, Fersen's own son in vain sought refuge from the infuriated mob, who afterwards tore him to pieces. Brahe, before his death, wrote some instructions for his son—"Live upon your own property, and never, if you can avoid it, enter the service of the government, and thus take away the bread of those who are poorer. Be zealous for liberty and the integrity of the laws; honour the king, but never seek the confidence of royalty. Remember that your father, although entertaining a profound contempt for favouritism, is the only one of the family who ever trod the treacherous and slippery paths of the court. Trusting in his own strength, rather than God's supporting hand, he thought to retire before evil came—he forgot that others might do what he would not. Should divisions arise in the royal house (which God forbid!), be the adviser of neither party, but obey the laws, and live honourably with all." There are some curious caricatures of Counts Brahe and Horn, represented as the Knaves of Diamonds and Spades, with not very complimentary doggrel beneath.

governor of Stockholm, excellency, everything that's grand.

It was not till the commencement of the present century that the members of the Riddarhus finally lost their privileges.*

We mount the staircase, enter the large hall, hung round with square copper panels bearing the arms of each family. To one "up" in Swedish history there is great interest in looking for the shields of Banér, Sture, Bonde, Ribbing, Oxenstjerna, Stenbock—names which flash on the memory quick as lightning. Then, turning to others of more humble origin, to find poetry, painting, sculpture, history, and the sciences, all here, represented by Linnæus, Ehrenstrahl, Bergman, Lagerbring, Schele,† Puffendorf, Krafft, with others scarce known out of Sweden.

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* The families enrolled amount to 2334, of which 980 still are extant, counting those who belong to the lost provinces, Livonia, Finland, &c. A noble absent for the space of three years from Sweden cannot take his seat at the next diet; he must pay taxes for three years previous to reassuming his rights, but in his absence the next of kin sits in his place. The order is divided into Counts, who number, including those of the lost provinces, about seventy; Barons, more numerous; and, lastly, the simple Armigeri, who bear one crown. At the last diet the number of nobles who took their seats scarcely exceeded 400.

† Gustavus III. on visiting Paris received a deputation of learned men, who congratulated him on possessing as a subject so illustrious a chemist as Schele. Poor Gustavus, not endowed with a taste for physic, had never heard of his existence, but straightway despatched a courier to Stockholm with orders that the name of Schele should appear ennobled in the next Gazette. "Ennoble Schele!" exclaimed the minister, "who is Schele?" No one could tell. At last a young clerk in the Foreign Office came to the aid of the puzzled minister. "Schele! I know him—capital fellow! a great friend of mine—Captain in the Artillery—sure to be down below in the café—shall I bring him to your Excellency?" The captain was brought, and, much to his amazement, duly informed of the honour to be conferred upon him. It was not until the return of the king that the mistake was discovered. Schele, the

The Swedish Riddarhus is a Walhalla of all that was talented in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: learned archbishops; the heroes who fought in Germany under the great Gustaf; Christina's gunstlings, Thott and others; the brave companions of King Charles XII.; and last, not least, our own Scotch cousins, of whom near two hundred hang enrolled among the noblest of the country. You feel no stranger, but quite at home, amongst your old acquaintances.*

In the last days of Gustaf Wasa, Carl de Mornay, of Scotch descent though born in France, took service in Sweden, and was created Baron of Warend. With the trusty fidelity of his race he held to the fortunes of imprisoned Erik. Carl returned to Scotland in 1574, and there raised a band of 3000 "knaves," commanded by Archibald son of Earl Ruthven and Lieutenant Gilbert Balfour,—seemingly for King John's service in Livonia, but in reality to free the captive king. Swedish historians of the day, probably those attached to the Romish faith, declare that Carl when in England had a lengthy conversation with the Virgin Queen, who, expressing anger at the harsh treatment her once ardent lover received at his brother's hands, consulted

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learned, was a retiring savant,—no prophet in his own country,—an apothecary of Arboga.

* Erik and Göran, by their own letters (1565), treated the Scotch in a scurvy manner. On a Scot soliciting the release of one Anders Anstedt, unjustly suspected to be a spy, and imprisoned at Stockholm, King Erik writes word through his secretary,—"Accuse Anders at once of treachery and breaking the trust confided in him, and cause him immediately to be executed. The other Scotchman will come with a paper in which H. M. orders Anders shall be pardoned. This reprieve must not be delivered until the sentence is already executed. When he arrives you must pretend to think it a great pity, and blame the man for not having made more haste on the way."

as to the best way of releasing him. All this may be true; but when the chronicles proceed to say that Queen Elizabeth concocted with Mornay the murder of King John, few will credit the assertion. Catherine de Medicis would not have hesitated; but English Queen Bess, with all her wickedness, was above such dirty doings.

On landing at Elfsborg with the Scotch Legion, Mornay spoke insultingly of King John, saying "they had a poor helpless master in the king, who would give them no pay, but send them up the country to die of hunger and thirst;" it was not, however, till the month of September that the plot for releasing King Erik was formed in Stockholm, and betrayed to John by one Hiu Chahun (Hugh Cahun). Hugh could bring no proofs of the truth of his assertion; the Scots denied the story and cried so loud for revenge that the informer lost his life, although he had received a full pardon from the king.

A plan was organized in the following manner. The Scotch sword-dance was at that time much talked of in Sweden. Mornay, having first excited John's curiosity, proposed to execute the dance one night at the castle for the king's amusement. Mornay was to take part; and on his closing the vizor of his helmet the Scotch were to make a simultaneous rush on the noblemen hostile to Erik. Mornay was to murder King John; and a body of conspirators hasten to Gripsholm and set Erik at liberty.

Some historians declare this plan to have been carried out in part; but De Mornay, when about to give the sign and deal the intended blow, was each time prevented by an inward shudder.

The following year took place a quarrel between the Germans and Scotch subsidiaries in Sweden, after which three Scotch captains confessed what they knew of the plot to Pontus de la Gardie.* Two of the conspirators, Ruthven and Balfour, were brought in fetters to Stockholm; and Mornay, then Commandant of Elfsborg, was summoned to trial, July 1574, before a court of eight councillors and sixteen knights; though cited four times, he never appeared, but, flying, placed himself under the protection of Duke Charles. John, on the 19th June, writes a letter offering him six weeks' protection to defend his cause; but Mornay preferred remaining where he was. Endeavouring to escape in a boat, he was captured and brought to Stockholm August 10th.

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* The statements of James Stuart, William Hart, and John Hume are preserved in the Riks Arkif. Stuart confessed how, on arriving in Finland, he had been informed of the plot of the sword-dance, and that Carl had promised three months' pay if the Scotch would imprison the king and Pontus de la Gardie: Captain Balfour and Michael, under pretence of a private audience, were to enter the king's room and there kill him; the servants at hand were to aid; after which the Scotch were to seize the palace. Colonel Archibald Ruthven was also cognizant of the conspiracy, as well as Captains David and James Murat, Kutson, and Lawder; the secretary knew it, but Lawder refused to take any part in the affair. Balfour gave evidence how, one day in a room at Södermalm, Mornay with tears running down his cheeks remarked to him, King Erik was a good and generous prince, and merited to be replaced. Balfour answered, "Erik is mad." He replied ," There is no danger in his madness; I have daily news of him through the Bishop of Westerås." After he had exacted a promise from Balfour not to reveal a word of what passed, he begged him to treat with the Scotch captains to help King Erik out of prison and reseat him; adding, "All you have to ask here shall be granted you." Balfour threatened to report the matter, on which Mornay with menaces reminded him of his oath; they then separated.

Hart in his turn confessed that one day, when Colonel Archibald Ruthven was greatly out of humour at getting no pay, Captain Balfour asked him what was the matter; and when the colonel replied, Balfour said he knew a better master who would advance them three months pay, and that was Duke Charles, if they would serve him. Ruthven answered, "We must wait the determination of the king, if he dismiss us or not." The confessions of the others were much to the same effect.

Carl's defence was a regular cock and bull story; his intention, he declared, was to discover a concealed treasure, and employ it for the benefit of King Erik's children: all who had knowledge of its whereabouts were dead, save one man, called at the trial Gardeneren (the gardener?),—and a deal more besides. No sooner was Mornay condemned than Duke Charles desired Sigrid Preston * to tell everything to King John; he regrets the sentence was so hasty, but, as it is so, the king may know "Mornay desired to set us on the throne, to which we answered we would oppose it, but kept the matter secret, for we wanted to get the treasure." Adding that, on suspecting treason, he sent word—"Should De Mornay endeavour to treat with the Danes or replace King Erik, he would prevent him." Mornay denied any such intentions, though he would like to see the afflicted monarch in better circumstances, and that he could show the duke how to get as much money as would not only pay the Scotch, but as he might wish for; on hearing which, the duke sent Preston to find out all about it. Carl's doom was pronounced on the 21st August—on the 4th September he lost his head, and

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* Preston, Charles's secretary, gave evidence how Mornay declared he knew of a treasure—five tunna gold—which he was bound by an oath not to reveal to the king, though he was at liberty to do so to the duke. He assured Charles all he desired was milder treatment for King Erik, that his children should be brought up in a godly and pious way, and 50,000 dollars be given to Fröken Elizabeth to enable her to make a princely marriage. The duke begged Mornay to meet him at Örebro, but he got no information concerning the treasure.

his remains were interred in the Gray Monks' church, where his tomb is still seen. Never, says the historian, was a trial and sentence got over so quickly in Sweden.*

In 1576 the rest of the conspirators were pardoned,† and took service under King John, remaining faithful to his dynasty.‡ From this period the Scotch appear ennobled, holding high positions in Sweden.

First on the list comes Anders Keith, who, in 1570, arrived from Scotland, and whom, four years later, we find Governor of Wadstena, a high commissioner—"Legatus"—to England in 1583—a Swedish knight, Baron of Finstadt, of which estate he married the heiress, Elizabeth Grip. We read how, when the ambassadors of the Rhine Count came over to Sweden to inspect, as was the custom, the dower-lands of Princess Mary, previous to her marriage with Duke Charles, "they were, by order of King John, met at Essinge by Count Peter, Erik Sparre, and Anders Keith." Erik Sparre, in a letter to King James VI. of Scotland, after thanking him for the honour he has conferred on him (James had created him a baron of Scotland), makes frequent mention of Anders Keith, calling him "the noble and generous knight Anders Keith, Knight of Finsholm, Baron of Dignewall, to whom I owe much, and as worthy of the honour he hath obtained here."

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* Carl de Mornay, by his wife, Thure Trolle's daughter, left one son, Johan de Mornay, who died 1608, aged thirty-seven, at whose death the family became extinct. The monument to the memory of Carl was raised by Axel Oxenstjerna.

† 1576. The King of Scotland wrote to Duke Charles begging the grace of Archibald Ruthven and the other Scots. The duke wrote to King John, forwarding the king's letter.

Gilbert Balfour was not beheaded 1575, as Geijer asserts: he was confined on parole in Stegeborg, but, trying to escape, so irritated King John, on the 18th April, 1576, he writes word, "Have his head off before Easter for his rascally conduct." This sentence is again repeated 8th May, when he is to be "halshuggen" in Söderköping great market. The idea of the concealed treasure tormenting John, he had the prisoner up to Stockholm and reprieved. Anders Keith was set to pump Balfour, but without success, and a fresh day appointed; then come instructions to Jacob Berg to accept the ransom of 100 rose nobles for his life, if paid within a month: after which we hear no more of him, so suppose his head fell at last, as Robert, his fellow prisoner, who also tried to fly, was condemned to work in the Sala mines for life.

Ruthven was confined in Westerås palace till pardoned with the rest of the Scots, 20th March, 1576, after, says Sven Elfson, a long treaty. John writes,—"He is to be looked after, kept in a room under guard, and not allowed to walk about the town and amuse himself as hitherto." The guilt of Balfour and Ruthven was as great as that of De Mornay. It may be inferred the proposed division of Erik's treasure formed a great inducement to the Scots in joining the conspiracy.

‡ In 1575 Queen Elizabeth, in answer to a complaint, informs the Czar of Russia, through her envoy Daniel Silvester, that the English in the service of the King of Sweden are only riffraff, escaped criminals, outlaws from the country. "He is not to mistake the four thousand Scotch in the service of Sweden for her subjects, forsooth! a nation who go everywhere, and take pay wherever they can get it."

During the civil war Keith sided with Sigismund, and died childless in banishment in 1597, the year before Stångebro. The lady Elizabeth survived her husband many years, dying in 1616.*

In the library of Upsala may be seen the signature of "Keith Andreas," signed above the nobles on the Decretum Consilii Upsalensis—date 1593.

Second and last on the list of this early period comes Jacob Neafve, Baron of Methie in Scotland,† who came to Sweden 1579, furnished with letters from the royal hand of James VI. himself—Messenius gives them verbatim, a very long affair in Latin—in which the king highly recommends said Jacobus to his dear cousin Prince John. There is no mention of barony, but much talk of his illustrious birth on both sides, especially from the great houses of Lindsay, Earls of Crawford; Leslie, Earls of Rothes; Ramsay of Ochtertoun; Gray, Barons of Methie and Pittarro; winding up by saying, "On account of this great descent we recognise him as good enough for anything." With such credentials Neafve was well received: four years after he appears as Governor of Westmanland and Dalarne, where he gained the favour of the peasantry. When the war broke out Jacob took part with Sigismund against Duke Charles, and escaped with difficulty from the enraged bonde to Tuna, where, with four envoys, he was dragged from the parsonage. The ambassadors were asked if Sigismund lived. On their answering Yes, the peasants shrieked "It is a lie; he

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* Keith was a Papist, and gave, for the performance of the Roman Catholic service, the very house on which we observed his coat of arms, with the date 1587, Anders Keith and Elizabeth Grip, and the motto "Auxilium meum a Domino."

Count Spens, in his correspondence, mentions one Anders Keith, who, with his wife C. Stuart, came over in 1606, at nineteen years of age. Some of the family, brought over by the baron as late as 1613, descendants probably of G. de Keith, were settled at Poleran in Pomerania 1701.

† To the courtesy of Lord Lindsay the author owes the following

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information regarding the obscurely spelt name of Neafve—so written by James I. Neaf—in no two places written alike—seems to be a corruption of Nevoy, or Neway, an ancient family of Forfarshire, now extinct in the direct line, who possessed property in the parish of Methie-Loun early in the seventeenth century. The barony of Methie did not belong to them, but they were Barons of Nevoy: the arms, a man armed at all points on horseback, brandishing a sword argent. The family of Nevoy ended towards the close of the seventeenth century in an heiress, Elizabeth, wife of Sir John Hay of Muirie. A poor weaver of the name, who claimed descent from these ancient lairds, was living at Forfar a few years since. This custom, of giving letters commendatory to young Scots, existed long before the days of James VI. Letters of introduction by James II. of Scotland, in the middle of the fifteenth century, introducing a young Cunninghame to the notice of the King of France, to take service in the Scottish Guard, are printed in De l'Hermite Soulier's 'History of Touraine.'

is dead, and the Poles have sent a journeyman tailor to mock the Swedes." After binding Neafve to a pigsty and illtreating him, they lodged him in prison. That night the mob forced the doors. Neafve offered 2000 dollars for his life, saying, "If you'll get me a barber to plaster my wounds I may yet recover;" but a Dalkarl raising his sword clave his head in twain, crying "There's a plaster for you." The body was thrown into a ditch, but afterwards buried in Tuna churchyard, where his son-in-law Johan Skytte, in 1634, caused a monument to be erected to his memory, with a poetical epitaph.* On the tombstone is sculptured the figure of a knight in full armour, of pleasing countenance, with gauntlet and helm at his feet; on either side, the armorial shields of the great Scotch houses of—

Neff, Baron of Methie.
Lord de Gray.
Lesle, Earl of Rothes.
(L)—Eindsay, Earl of Crawfurd.
Wichart, Baron of Pitano.
Dominus Lindsay (Byres).
Lord Ogilvy.
(R)—Amsay, Lord of Aucherton (Auchterhous).

A Latin dissertation, fifty-two pages in length, on the Näftäget, as this insurrection is called, was published by Magister Joh Ihre (Eyre) 1743.*

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* The epitaph commences,

"Jacob Näf, en Skottskerman,
Af adlig ätt och börde."

Neafve left one son, John, of whom we know nothing. His only daughter, Maria, who married Johan Skytte, said by some to be a natural son of Charles IX., and governor of Gustaf Adolf, lies buried at Upsala beside her husband. Judging from her effigy, she must have been a woman of great beauty. Her arms are emblazoned above the archway of the Skyttehus. James I. did not lose his interest in the descendants of his old protégé, for when Bengt, the youngest son of Maria, only fifteen years of age, visited England in the household of Spens, he dubbed him knight, saying, "I do this for the love I bore your grandfather."

This Scotch immigration of the 16th century now came to an end—the adventurers, after the fight of Stångebro, retiring to Poland with their master Sigismund, where we leave them.

When James VI. ascended the English throne the Scotch were sadly at a loss to find a safety-valve for their martial spirit. Soon the sad fortunes of Elizabeth Stuart called forth the chivalrous devotion of their race; and when her fate was no longer to be averted, the relatives of the very men who, twenty-five years previous, had lent their aid to the support of Romanism in Sweden, now flocked by hundreds to fight and die in the cause of the champion of the Reformation, the great Gustavus.

With the valorous deeds performed by that gallant "green brigade" we have nought to do, nor with the complaints of ingratitude brought by his Scotch adherents against the Swedish king. There were faults on both sides. The nerves of Gustavus, after a war of thirty years' duration, must have been worn to a very thread.

"I overlook the shortcomings of my officers," remarked he to some one who spoke to him on his hotheadedness; "they in their turn must pass by the violence of my temper."

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* Neff had in his service, as Master of the Horse, one John Strange, who, born at Stirling on the Frith of Forth, came to Sweden at the death of King John, entered the service, and was nominated leader of the cavalry. He returned to Scotland later, bringing back his wife and his sons Albert and Hercules, founders of the Stranges of Westmanland: a descendant of the former, one Robert, became a distinguished Greek professor.

As for the Scotch, judging of their conduct during the war in Germany by their behaviour when at peace, a more riotous, hotheaded set of men never yet astonished the new home of their adoption. The war at an end, no accusation of ingratitude can be proffered against either the king or his successor; two hundred and upwards received patents of nobility; while those who could prove themselves of baronial lineage, even when of collateral descent, were granted the same rank in Sweden; counties, baronies, with lands to support the dignity of the newly erected fiefs, were scattered with a lavish hand.*

Want of space will not allow me to mention in detail the various families of Scotch and English descent now enrolled in the Riddarhus of Sweden. In an Appendix attached to this work the names are given, with short anecdotes extracted from history, the correspondence of James I., Axel Oxenstjerna, and the parchments preserved in the Riddarhus.

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* In 1664 the chancellor complained in the council that, in consequence of the young nobles entering the civil service, the government were compelled to officer the troops from foreign nations.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Isle of Knights — Funeral of Gustaf Adolf — Chapel of the Carolines — Charles X.'s funeral and Scotch attendants — Sarcophagus of Bernadotte — Swedish Order of Knighthood — Sir Charles and his "grelots" — Birger Jarl's statue — Sture's chapel — Story of Pelarbacken — Swedenborg and his twelve spirits — Northern Museum — Viking interred in his "Drake" — Runic inscriptions — Cecilia's autograph — English St. Botvid.

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BEFORE leaving we descend to the Sekreta Utskott,* now club-room of the Riddarhus, in which endless plans of wickedness and cruelty have been devised. Around the room hang in chronological order portraits of the landmarshals of the realm. The earlier pictures are copies by Krafft the elder, from originals preserved in old castle galleries. In one corner facing each other hang two marshals, as though in high dispute—Counts Fersen and Brahe. In real life they were antagonists, and Count Fersen caused the death of his rival.

In Adolf Frederik's time (1747) the Secret Council put to death an Englishman—a Dr. Blackwell, on the accusation of getting the succession of the Swedish crown settled on the Duke of Cumberland. Blackwell, a busy-bodied adventurer, had gone with a project from the Queen of Denmark (Princess Louisa of England) for cementing a closer union between the three countries, offering if favour were shown to England a bonus of 100,000*l.* from George II. The King of Sweden, indignant at the supposition that he could die at all, and much less childless, had the envoy arrested and brought before the council, who, to extort confession, stripped him naked, and kept him suspended by a cord, in one of the three cellars beneath the town-house, called "the rose-chamber," with his feet dangling in freezing water. When circulation had stopped, they dragged the body up and down against the stone walls, till, the surgeon declaring the prisoner could not live many minutes, they hauled him down for a time and then began again. After some weeks, finding Blackwell had nothing to confess, but might, if set at liberty, tell unpleasant tales, they cut off his head. During the whole proceeding Guy Dickens, the English minister, lay "perdu," as though ignorant of what was going on. These torture-chambers were filled up by order of Gustaf III. in 1765; but the iron masks, thumbscrews, boots, and racks, still hang in the Klädskammar.

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* Privy Committee Room of the State.

Crossing the bridge built by the loyal burghers in honour of Gustaf III.'s return from Italy, we reach the Isle of Knights.* Here, in 1286, King Magnus Ladulås founded a convent of Gray Brothers, granting them gardens and revenues.† The church is described as a fine piece of early Gothic.* So desirous was King Magnus to sleep within its walls, he procured a Bull from the Pope excommunicating those who should dare to lay him elsewhere. In 1329 a second Magnus, borne by four knights upon a golden bier, was laid headless beside his grandfather.† With a few riotous events—such as Bo Jonsson Grip's murder of Sir Charles Färla before the high altar—the mediæval history of the Gray Brothers' church is ended. At the Reformation the convent became a "Helge Andshus" (hospital), and the ex-nuns of St. Clara were made useful in tending the sick patients.

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* Formerly one of the Chain Islands, so named in 1007, when, after the expedition of Olaf the Fat, the Lap King chained up the entrance to the Mälar. These islands were defended by lofty towers—St. Bengt's, the Dragon, and others—names long since forgotten.

† The brothers were little thought of by the people, who discovered their founder, St. Francis, to have been only a baker. The author is unable to explain the prejudice of the Swedes against bakers, already alluded to. The populace got over it after a time; for at the suppression of the convent riots broke out. "They wanted the barefooted friars back again,"—disgusted at having the maintenance of the poor as well as the education of the children upon their hands.

During "the red rubric fever" of King John the Catholics tustled with the Reformed clergy for the pulpit; but when Polish Queen Catherine died all went right again. From this time we read little of the church until the funeral of the great Gustavus. When Gustavus fell at Lutzen, Jacob Eriksson, wounded by his side, carried the dead body to a cottage in the hamlet hard by.‡

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* The lofty spire, 360 feet in height, destroyed by lightning some years since, was erected in 1581 by Olof Gudmandson.

† When King Birger was taken prisoner by the dukes at Håtuna, a faithful Smålander, attached to the king's person, saved the boy Magnus, and, flying with him on his shoulders, brought him to his uncle King Erik Menved in Denmark, to suffer in after years for the crimes of his father. He was beheaded on the day of the 11,000 Virgins. The fate of this unfortunate young prince forms the subject of many a popular ballad. On hearing his sentence, the son of Birger quietly replied to his judges—"You know that I am innocent of the crimes my father has committed against his brothers, and of the other miseries which have befallen the realm." But Matts Kettilsmundsson, fearing the Swedes might wish for the true heir, hastened the sentence, persuading the judges Magnus must be sacrificed for the security of the country.

‡ Adler Salvius, who first propagated the fable of the murder of Gustaf Adolf in Sweden, writes—"A prince of Saxe Lauenborg, related to the royal family through the first queen of Gustaf Wasa, tripped up an aged admiral, Stëgernskiöld, in the dance, which so enraged the king,

The entrails were removed,—an inscription still marks the spot where they lie buried beneath the floor. Jacob, together with thirteen peasants, rolled a stone to the place where the king died, in a gutter, under an acacia-tree by the school-house. The dominie, a carpenter by trade, made the coffin; they bore the corse to Weissenfels, where it was met by his distracted queen.* Then placing him in a silver sarcophagus,† they went their way, accompanied by 1000 men mounted on black horses, with floating crape scarfs, the saddles covered with black stuff. Carl Gyllenhjelm with a fleet ‡ conveyed the body from Germany. On his return the funeral cortège was met by 4000 Pomeranian soldiers. Stopping one night at Nyköping, they sadly bent their way to the Riddarholm church at Stockholm, where a grave had been prepared for the deceased king. The archbishop chose as his text 1 Maccabees, chap. ix. verses 20 and 21—an odd selection from the Apocrypha; but folks cared little—all Sweden was paralysed: the mourning hearts of his subjects called for no funeral oration. Medals were struck, and

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'he boxed the prince's ears till his nose bled.' A reconciliation took place, but on his deathbed he is said to have confessed he had never forgiven the outrage—that, set on by a Jesuit, he had avenged himself. The prince fled to Wallenstein after the death of Gustaf; but, finding on his return reports rife among the soldiers, he again took flight and served with the enemy. He was later taken prisoner by Torstenson (who with difficulty preserved him from the rage of the soldiery), and died shortly of his wounds. Folks say on the subject—'Cursed is the man.'" Adler continues—"It is said that a certain prince, with the knowledge of the Saxon Count and Emperor and others, has killed the king. It is said so publicly in Hamburg." Adler Salvius was Court Chancellor at the Peace of Westphalia.

* The table on which the coffin was laid is still shown to strangers.

† All other Swedish kings lie in coffins of "English tin."

‡ Eighteen men-of-war were despatched to fetch the body, six of which were placed "in the deepest possible mourning."

the newly-built town of Göteborg founded a cathedral in his honour. The fate of the enchanted sword, inscribed in unknown Runes, by means of which the Jesuits declared "the King of the Laps and Finns won so many battles," none can tell; three or four "real weapons," borne by the great Protestant hero, are scattered in the various armouries of Europe.

The old church, sadly in confusion, bears testimony of King Oscar's funeral; before the high altar (a horror of the last century) stand the monuments of Magnus Ladulås and Carl Knutson, set up by King John. Magnus and Carl both lie arrayed in their royal robes, with damaged crowns: the figures probably taken from some coin or fresco. To the right is the great Gustavian chapel, hung round with iron keys of towns and fortresses surrendered by the enemy; the hero sleeps within a sarcophagus of Italian marble, surrounded by myriads of banners; all tattered and dusty they hang, and no one cares to tell their history. Gustavus in 1629 ordered this grave to be prepared, remarking, "The pitcher that goes too often to the well will at last get broken." The inscription, stating how he freed Germany from popery, so enraged the French ambassador, he remonstrated and duly reported the matter to Louis XIV. In 1744 the vault was opened and repaired, and an engraving of it published by Czerneman. Thirty-four flags, ornamented with painted landscapes of towns in Germany, were taken down in 1741 and never replaced. The clergy cut out the gold embroidery, sewing it on silk to make themselves copes.

Opposite rises the chapel of the Carolines,* designed by La Vallée, in 1658, for the new dynasty of the house of Pfalz.*

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* *i.e.* Carolus—containing the remains of Charles X., XI., XII., XIII., and others.

The taste for splendid funerals was at its acmé when Carl Gustaf died at Göteborg of "a hasty catarrh," in that most comfortable arm-chair, still preserved at Sko.† The body was splendidly arrayed in robes of cloth of gold and silver, embroidered with flowers. His mantle was bordered, and he wore a cope of ermine. The cortège, which quitted Göteborg on the 4th of April, arrived at Stockholm on the 13th of May. The hearse was drawn by eight horses, clad in trappings of black cloth descending to their very hocks (downright barbarity). Queen Christina walked at the funeral of her old admirer,‡ led in procession by the French ambassador; her train borne by her gentlemen, the Count Caccarani and Signor Adami.

The Scotch nobles muster strong at this ceremonial. Baron Arvid Forbus led the Princess Maria Euphrosyne. Lieut.-General Fleetwood and Colonel Hamilton appear among the bearers. In the procession walked Lichton, John Clerk, and Jacob Spens. John Adolf Stuart bore the banner of Ravenstein; Forbus that of Holland; Duwall that of Götland. Among the forty cavaliers of the second class are numbered, William Philips, Barclay, Richard Klerk, Spens, and Ludwig Hamilton. At the restoration of the vault the regalia were removed from the coffin of Carl Gustaf, and now form part of the crown jewels.

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* Charles X. (ob. 1650), commonly called Carl Gustaf, first of the line, was son of John Casimir, Rhine Count of Pfalz, by Catherine, daughter of Charles IX., and sister of Gustaf Adolf.

† Scandal, without truth, declared him to have been poisoned by a Danish student.

‡ She was on a visit from Rome to look after her dower, which was ill paid, and with the hope of remounting the throne.

Here, again, midst banners, trophies, drums, repose all that remains of that most restless monarch, King Charles XII., the curse and glory of Sweden. Gustaf IV., having caused this sarcophagus to be unclosed, ofttimes came in the dead of night to gaze on the withered features of his ancestor, strangely imagining the hero's spirit could pass into his own mad brain.

Within a third chapel stands the vast marble sarcophagus of old King Bernadotte, hewn out of Elfdal porphyry. It is seldom, in this the nineteenth century, the eye lights on anything so ugly; but it is of the Empire, as it ought to be. Charles John XIV. belongs essentially to this period; and it is to be hoped the later decorations of the chapel will be in the same style,—fasces, trophies, and such like. As Cupids and roses suspended above Birger Jarl call forth a smile, so it would be ridiculous to mediævalize an imperial hero.

Against the church-walls are suspended the arms of the deceased Knights of the Seraphim. To one tower hangs a bell, the especial property of the order, which alone tolls to announce the death of a brother, when his shield is borne to the chapel, its last resting-place.

Some writers declare this order to have been founded by Magnus Ladulås in 1285. They merely bore the name of "Swedish knights," without either chain or decoration. Magnus Smek first gave them chains, and it is said that at the marriage of Queen Philippa the knights bore the head of a cherub embroidered on their breasts.*

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* Only 560 Swedish knights were dubbed in 342 years.

According to the 'Rhyming Chronicle,' the title of Frue (lady) could only be borne by the wives of knights; and no one except a crowned king could confer that honour. This, it declares, did good service to the Danish king during the regency of Sten Sture. "He owed much to the curtain-lectures of the wives; for every woman wished to be called a lady, that all might bow to her in the street." When the king did come, he was most liberal in his honours, "knighting even infants in their cradles; and the land could hardly contain the Frues, their airs, and their graces."* Erik XIV., at his coronation, instituted the order of "Sanctus Salvador," of which he dubbed forty knights. Next followed King John, with his "Agnus Dei," and Christina with her "Amaranth;" then all orders fell into decay, till, in 1747, the States begged Frederik I. to revive the ancient order of the Seraphim, as they pleased to call the "Swedish knights," and also to create two others—"the Sword" as a reward for bravery, and "the Etoile Polaire" for civil services. Gustaf III. founded the order of "Wasa;" Charles XIII. established that bearing his name, for the Freemasons.

Swedish authors altogether ignore the order of chivalry said by foreign writers to have been instituted by St. Brita, with the sanction of Pope Urban, in 1396, declaring it to have been "a spiritual order of the second class." Certain it is that St. Brita was honoured by a vision, in which it was revealed to her how a knight should dress and comport himself; and how he, riding to the lych-gate of a churchyard, and

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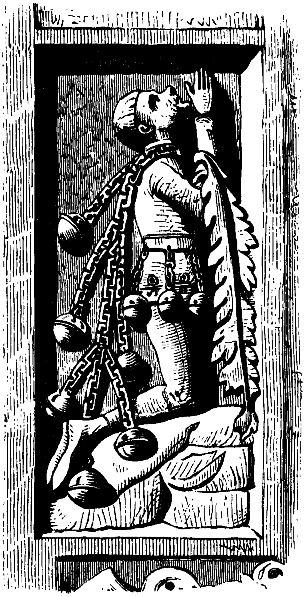
* Among the papers of Gustaf III. are found projects for establishing all sorts of orders of knighthood—"La flèche," "l'arc," "des mopses" (a little lapdog).



KNIGHT OF THE KRABBE FAMILY, WITH BELLS. FRAGMENT OF A CARVED STALL FROM THE CATHEDRAL AT WESTERÅS.

Vol. I., p. 131.

there leaving his horse and armour, should be dubbed of a king or bishop.*

Round and about are scattered degraded chapels of names well known in Swedish history,—Torstenson, Banér, Wasaborg, Wachtmeister, Fersen, Lewenhaupt, and Stenbock,—all dirt, whitewash, and neglect.

There is little doubt, however, that before long Charles XV., an ardent admirer of military glory, will cause the edifice to be placed in a state worthy of the great heroes who sleep within its vaults, whose deeds form the brightest page of Sweden's most glorious history.

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* It may be inferred that this vision was caused by the costume worn by her son Sir Charles before the pope. "Two of St. Brita's sons, Sir Charles and Sir Birger, came, in 1370, to visit their mother in Rome. When presented to the pope, Birger clad himself in a long white robe falling to the feet; but Sir Charles covered his breast with chains and collars, and wore a silver belt round his waist. His cloak was made with entire ermine-skins, which were stuffed; each had a gold bell round the neck, and a gold ring in its mouth, so that, at every movement he made, the bells rang, and the stuffed ermines danced as though alive. Poor St. Brita looked in agonies. The pope smiled, and, touching the silver belt, exclaimed, 'The wearing of this is already sufficient penance.'"

If Sir Charles only looked half as ridiculous, tricked out in "grelots," as the knight given in the woodcut, a Sir —— Krabbe, copied from a carved altarpiece in the cathedral of Westerås, by Professor Scholander, the agonies of the Holy Brita are not to be wondered at.

When Charles was presented to Queen Joanna of Naples, he kissed her boldly on the mouth, to the horror of his mother. Queen Joanna, taking it in good part, offered to marry him. Sir Charles accepted. In vain St. Brita protested her son had a wife at home. Neither the queen nor the knight looked on that as an obstacle; and married they would have been, had not St. Brita fasted and prayed so fervently that Sir Charles fell sick and died of a fever. Queen Joanna grieved much; but the saint rejoiced greatly, as a good mother should, that her son was preserved from crime. Sir Charles was thrice married, and left offspring. His descendants were known before the assumption of patronymics as the "Ulfäsa Ätten."

Quitting the church, before the Treasury, flanked by great round towers, stands the bronze statue of Birger Jarl, by Fogelberg, effective enough, in full scale-armour, but mounted upon a pedestal of white Carrara marble, of all stupidities the direst. Carrara marble! Why, the man never in his life-long day heard of such a place. The statue of Stockholm's founder, sure, should rest upon a granite boulder, or a roughly-hewn block of Elfdal porphyry; materials of a nature hard as the old fellow himself. That one round tower is all that remains of the first "fästning" of the Chain Islands.

Beside us rise the old palaces of Rosenhane and Hessenstein, now public offices. Below float the swimming-baths; we follow the canal, along the Munkbron, now occupied by a few booths. Here takes place the annual midsummer fair, the prettiest sight of Stockholm. Boats arrive by the hundred, bearing branches of green and flowers, fresh from the country. Not a living soul in Sweden neglects, be he high or low, to trick out his house for that gay festival. Crowd after crowd return, small children and the aged bearing homewards in their hands the badge of the new-born summer. How the country people delight in their Midsommer Waka has been elsewhere told. It follows you with its faded garlands and maistångs throughout Sweden.

We reach Lilla Nygatan. The corner house, known as the Petersenska huset,* is the most beautiful in

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* It, or rather the site, has belonged to the whole gunstling line from Göran Pehrson and his son Tegel to Aurora Königsmark, Counts Thott and Piper.

Stockholm; a fine old gabled mansion, with marble columns and quaint devices, fine chambers,—now storehouses.* On we proceed to the market-place. The Stockholm market is not picturesque. In winter blackcock and capercailzie abound, as well as frozen fish in endless variety. In one corner old women sell brooms formed of heather and juniper, most primitive, sole articles of the genus used by Swedish housemaids; and previous to Shrove Tuesday, small birch rods tipped with feathers of divers hues, to whip up Fastelavn.

Within that house with hanging tourelle, supported by four monster-faced god "termini," dwelt Queen Christina, on her return from Rome—a little pied-à-terre she reserved herself in Sweden. The queen greatly loved these hanging bowers, and used, of a summer's eve, to sit at the casement, which commands a free view over the Mälar. Wherever Christina went she built a belvedere. Beneath stands an old clipped tree, planted by the queen's hands;—but Christina and her bowers are dangerous ground to touch upon. Though a cruel enemy, she was a good friend.

As the queen, on her way to mass at the church of the Clementine College at Rome, was about to leave her carriage, a yawning quagmire lay extended before the church steps. Christina hesitated, when a youth, standing by, Raleigh-like, cast his violet cloak before the queen, who dry-footed reached the staircase. "You dear, pretty boy," said Christina, kissing him on both cheeks, "come to my palace; look on me as your protector through life;" and she was so: Azzolini became her secretary, and through her influence was elected cardinal.

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* To judge by the inscription above the doorway, Lehusen the builder must have had a happy opinion of human nature:—

"Be friendly with all men,
Trust not one in a thousand;
Keep apart from thy enemies,
Be on thy guard against thy friends."

Crossing the slusses, we reach Carl Johan's Torg, where stands the equestrian statue of Bernadotte, by Fogelberg; features as hard to manage as those of Wellington. Both in their lifetime bore "accentuatéd" noses and cocked hats, articles no sculptor could idealise.—The sole remedy was to mould the statues fac-similes of nature.*

To the left is the Fiskhamm. Each summer's morn myriads of boats arrive bearing the produce of the last night's toil, and in winter frozen salmon, cod, and pike lie stored away like wood for household use.—Then to the Jernwäg, where, below the bridge, are heaped piles of iron bars, held in thraldom till they have paid full duty to the Customs. This quarter has seen better days; in Gotsgatan stood the palace of Ebba Brahe. Many houses contain fine rooms, the panels decorated with well-executed oil paintings. In neglected gardens stand avenues of clipped limes, ruined terraces, and fountains, telling of grand days gone by. We reach St. Catherine's church, site of the chapel erected to the Sture and the ninety-four victims of the Bloodbath. King John called the first building "Sture Kapellet," not daring to mention the other victims, whom he termed "Katterne,"† as dying under the Papal ban procured by King Christian. John would have willingly obtained the canonization of the Stures, both father and son; but, his Catholic zeal cooling down, the matter was forgotten. St. Catherine's church stands midst fine old trees, a good domed specimen of the Palladian style.* There is a tradition that the townsmen, alarmed at the daring pitch of the cupola, unsupported by pillars, bound over the architect to rebuild the edifice, should it fall within a certain number of years, at his own cost. The designer himself, alarmed at the constant prophecy of evil, taking to his heels before the time was out, was no more heard of in Sweden.

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* Whilst on the subject of noses, this square is the old Agnes-fit or näs before spoken of.

† Cats, *i. e.* carrion.

On the hill-side called Pelarbacken, a sort of "station," stands a stone carved with the image of our Saviour, at the same distance from the palace of Birger Jarl as the Holy Sepulchre is from Golgotha. This slab is one of the few remaining historic "Minne" of Stockholm. In the reign of King Albert (1380) the Germans accused seventy Swedish burghers of treason, and begged the king to put them to death. Albert refused, and soon after left the city. A reconciliation took place in the Gille of St. Gertrude, but the following day a number of Swedes were imprisoned by the burgomaster Alf Grenert, and three of them burnt alive; sixty more were carried in boats to Käpplinge (now Blasieholm) and there tortured, their limbs sawn off by wooden swords. Finding they would confess nothing, the prisoners were shut up in a log building, hurriedly shriven by a priest, then burnt to cinders. Scarce was this murder at an end when a dreadful storm burst o'er the city, the heavens became dark, forked lightning flashed, striking houses and church-steeples. The affrighted citizens declared this tempest to be an expression of Divine wrath; so the Germans, to show their penitence, set up three carved stones on the high road to Örebro.

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* Really built by La Vallée in 1670.

A long deserted street leads outside the faubourg to Blektorn, once a belvedere of Queen Christina, commanding the waters of the Hammarbysjön. Retracing our steps, we reach Adolf Frederik's Torg. One side is occupied by the residence of Stockholm's Whittington, a poor Småland boy, who, driving his cow to market, sat down wearied on the doorsteps of a rich merchant's house, and, like Dick of nursery story, was ordered off by the cook; the merchant, amused at the cowherd's chaff, took him into his service. In twenty years' time young Smålander was numbered among the rich "burgesses of the capital," and on the spot where first he sold his cow he built himself this mansion.

We ring at the gate of a garden planted with apple-trees and pollard limes, in which stands the house of Swedenborg. "Walk in," begged a smiling old woman; "the summer-house remains just as he left it;" and, opening the door of a painted kiosk, adds, with a curtsy, "Go in, sir; it was here he had all his best visions." Swedenborg was very odious in society. Crossing the Mälar in company with some ladies, he began as usual holding conversations with nobody. "Why, Mr. Swedenborg, what are you chattering about?" asked one of the party. "Silence, woman! I am holding converse with my spirits." The lady was not to be shut up in that manner. "Spirits! why, how many have you on board the boat?" "Twelve, madam, who never leave me;" and he angrily turned his back on the inquirer. The Dalkullas exchanged glances. On arriving, Swedenborg proffered a coin in payment.

"Thirteen marks if you please, sir—not one stiver less." "And why, pray?" remonstrated he. "Did not you say, sir, you had twelve spirits on board? Are we poor girls to pull them over the lake for nothing?" The visionary, who feared neither ghost nor devil, paid down the fare demanded, sooner than encounter the clatter of two women's tongues.

NORTHERN MUSEUM.

We visit the Northern Museum, a tumbledown old house adjoining the palace. Half of the collection lies packed up in out-houses, awaiting its coming "flytte dag" to the Venetian Palazzo by the Mälar side.

The origin of the earlier Swedish race, now represented by the half-monkey tribe of Laps, is still a puzzle to the learned. Of the "Gots" we know but little. As for Sigge Fridulfson, commonly called Odin—the greatest charlatan that ever existed next to Mahomet, equalling the Houdin of modern days in his juggleries—some say he arrived with his Sviar* from the Caucasus, and trace to this Circassian blood the slender frames, dark eyes, and personal beauty, for which in some provinces the Swedish peasantry are remarkable.

The voyage of Odin is but a vexed question. Historians toss the lawgiver backwards and forwards like a ball, from one hundred years previous to the birth of Christ, down to the commencement of the sixth century. As for his route, don't embark on it; six different ways are plainly chalked out upon the map, with stations as on a railway; each individual writer calls his antagonist an ignoramus, and probably not one of the six knows anything about it. That Sigge arrived in the North, armed with serpents and devilries, such as were practised in the East, there can be no doubt. The people beheld his doings, and cried, "It is Odin who is come to reign over us." The adventurer accepted the omen, assumed the title of the heathen god, and Sigge Fridulfson became known in history as Odin the Lawgiver. Odin possessed the secret of the Runes,—a knowledge only discovered to the high priests of paganism,—now lost to posterity.

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* Called by Tacitus, Sviones.

The Swedish population appears as though made up of the odds and ends of all nations.* The Dalkarl no more resembles the Smälander or the Blekinger, than the Norman fisher does the vigneron of Burgundy, or the Roman the inhabitant of Venetia. To this mingling of blood the Swedish peasantry owe their good looks; and their ancestors, be they Greeks, Turks, Hebrews, or Huns, have no reason to be ashamed of their descendants.

In the room devoted to the Stenfolk is little new beyond the remains of a wooden eka or canoe, formed out of a hollowed oak-tree, disinterred from a barrow near Norrtelge. Some years since a viking was discovered at Håtuna, interred in his drake.† The contents of this "finde" are arranged in the second room; the woodwork of the vessel has crumbled into dust, but the nails which fastened the planks still remain, side by side with the personnel of the viking himself—two swords, the bosses of a shield, a set of draftsmen formed of bone—one man, probably that used for crowning the kings, inlaid with silver—dice, and such like comforts for making time pass pleasantly in dark Walhalla.

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* The immense variety, too, in the form and design of their stone tombs, gives reason to suppose that race after race has passed away, settling but for a time.

† At Håtuna, in Upland, there are more than three hundred tumuli, from which in the last century upwards of a thousand ship-nails have been taken, as well as many fragments of vessels. Speaking of this custom, Snorre Sturleson writes in his Saga,—"King Hakon took the ships which had belonged to Erik's sons, and had them drawn up on

Among the objects of the Bronze age is a four-wheeled machine for passing an amphora, like the claret-waggons of the last century; a similar specimen is preserved in the Museum of Schwerin. The bronze fibulæ from Götland are singular in design; those representing a boar's head are typical of the worship of Freya.

This museum is rich both in gold and silver, which latter metal, a native product, was in more general use here than in Denmark. Large quantities of silver spiral elastics—ring-money—have been discovered, while a collection of bosses of Byzantine design from the tomb of a female in East Götland are unrivalled in beauty of workmanship.

It is curious to trace, by Runic inscriptions, how, after the formation of the Varangian guard, an oriental taste crept, not only into the ornaments and traditions, but also amongst the names of the people. In Denmark the stones, save some historic few, record little of interest, but here each legend traced within the coils of the "Ormsling" carries

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shore; there he had Egil Ulsark placed within the vessel, and all the men who had fallen with him, and the king had earth and ground thrown over. He had many ships drawn up, and buried the dead in them."

back the mind to the wildest period of Scandinavian history. The introduction of a square Maltese-fashion cross sadly destroyed the grace of these serpent evolutions. Sometimes we find the drake with mast tipped by a cross, such as it bore on entering a Christian port, or within the legend of a deceased warrior a griffin planting his claw upon the head of an armed knight—typical of death found in a pagan land.

It is pleasant by some lone wayside, Runic alphabet and crib in hand, to decipher "how Jupiter erected these stones to his son Belus," Holdfast to Ascanius; or, when turning over the pages of Perringskiöld, to meet with the names of Theodor, Junius, Dorotheus, Isis, and wonder how they "gat" to Sweden; to read how "Chetilmund and his wife Venus raised a stone bridge for the soul of their lost son Caco," or some one to her "husband Lethe, who died in foreign parts;" how Jupiter caused Runes to be cut in memory of his divorced wife Josa, as did Julfäst, Blackhead, and somebody else, "quite a little boy," to their dead father Americ. Many more names of Eastern origin are given, but too far-fetched for the Swedish tongue, which has, even in modern times, a natural tendency to "slipslop" all foreign vernacular,* as in the words "staty (statue), salong, kostym" (costume), cum multis aliis.

Then you learn with awe how "Tiriis the governor inscribed a stone to the memory of his sons Jovis and Igno, who led their warriors even to the Grecian seas, and there died." Other inscriptions of a more pious tone tell us that Sigvastas and Brande lost their son Andvite, who died in Hvide Vadum: "May Christ help the soul of Andvite!" While others add, "A prayer for the good of all Christian souls."

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* French words are said to occur sometimes on the Runic stones. Early in the twelfth century, Anders And bought a house in Paris for Swedish students, and foreign ecclesiastics on visiting the North were astonished to find how well the monks spoke French. Words like sueit (suite), borde (brodé), frequently occur in the early chronicles.

The sculptor, proud of his art, is never lost sight of; on one legend is quaintly added, "But Giulo cut the Runes, because Stedkil asked him." It was a common practice for a viking, on his departure for a foreign land, to depute some friend to set up a stone and carve his epitaph. Others, more cautious, performed this office for themselves, as "Fulco and Asgumma raised these stones to themselves while both were still alive."

Many are the tales of those who died in Greece—of England and Jorsala-farares,*—of heroes who left their bones when on a Vikingtåg† in Österwiking (Eastern lands) or Westerwiking (Britain, France, or Ireland). "Fastrid raised stones in memory of Gardar and Gutrigur, her sons, of whom the latter died in Greece." Again, Thurva mourns her man "Halftan, of the great shield," who perished in far-off seas with all his ships. A mother calls down a malediction on the souls of those who slew "Caco by treachery in a distant harbour." Some of those interred are described as "god drangs."‡ One Gunnar is son of the "giant Vitgar." We have "Bruse, the bearer of the viands," a high office, answering to the "boteler" of more modern days. Haquin celebrates his victory over the conquered små king Hjörd; Hedelora the memory of her son Ibro, Duke of

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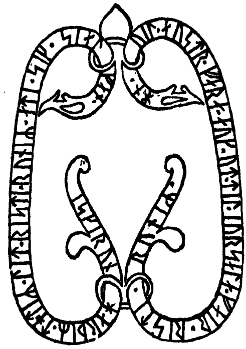
* Wanderers to the Holy Land. † March—expedition.

‡ Good boy, *i.e.* hero.

Helsingland, who conquered all Zealand; and lastly, to finish off this long catalogue, within the coils of a graceful ormsling—a woman's handiwork—it is told how "Isgeruna, daughter of Hardi, had these letters sculptured to herself when about to travel to the far East and gain Jorsala." Isgeruna went on her pilgrimage. Her monument still remains, fresh as the first day the Runes were cut in her own native Upland.



Isgeruna's Ormsling.

So, leaving such dry dull matters, we enter the historic portion of the museum. You will be glad to see the silver-gilt "Armpipa" of the holy Brita, enriched with jewels; that, too, of St. Botvid,* an Englishman, dug up, with other hidden treasures, in a field near Linköping. Then, after inspecting the old walking-stick of Gustaf Wasa, comes a Book of Hours, in which his younger children have inscribed their names. Beauteous Cecilia, far too pretty to write good Latin, signs herself, "To become wise, we must love God: Cecilia Gusta*vus*, Regis filia,"—a saw she never acted up to, or her fate would have been less sad. Young Charles, with the sentiment, "To become a hero, you must worship God," inscribes himself "Carolus;" in after life he divided his name, signing himself "Caro Lus," an ugly idea, for "lus" means l * * *. The child Duchess Elizabeth is there, but as she, by Jesuit influence, escaped the happy lot of espousing Henry III. of France, we don't care about her. Beyond the sawn iron bar and one silver plate, no relics of Erik are here. There are many miniatures of Gustaf Adolf, and a poignard, found beneath the cloak of a man who had entered the king's tent in Germany. When a priest was found at dusk, by a trooper, in the room of the king at Antwerp, with a dagger, his attendants begged him to be more careful. "Duty will not allow me," replied Gustaf; "the evil-minded cannot do as they please in this world; we are

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* Botvid, son of an English merchant of Björke, was sent to England to learn business, instead of which he got baptized, and, returning to Sweden, edified his family by his piety and learning. Botvid, having purchased a slave, caused him to be baptized; then, finding him sad, and desirous of returning to his own country, he embarked with him for Götland, whence the man might easily regain the East. One evening he landed at a small island called Rågo, and fell asleep. Then the slave, seizing an axe, with one blow slew his master, and, taking possession of the boat, sailed on his way. Weeks rolled on. Björn, brother of the murdered man, alarmed at his prolonged absence, set out in search of him. On arriving at Wisby, and finding he had never been there, the searchers sadly bent their steps homewards. As they thus pursued their course among the islands of the Mälar, a white bird perched on the prow of the boat, flying forward, as though to lead the way. They accepted the omen, and when, on passing a small islet, it flew into a wood, the men stayed their course and landed. Then the white bird poured forth a song; so clear and melodious were its notes, no one had ever heard the like before. Björn followed to the spot from whence the music came, and there, sheltered beneath the branches, lay the

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body of his murdered brother. The little bird took flight, and was no more seen. The mourners bore the body to Saby cloister, and there buried it. The 5th August, old style, was the feast of St. Botvid, and looked on as a day of peace by the old law of Sudermania. "He who breaks the peace in Stregnäs on St. Botvid's day is fined twenty marks to the king, and twenty more to the bishop." The saint was the especial patron of sailors and fishermen. Not a hundred years since, on a rock by the sea-side near Dannemora, stood the image of Botvid, and sailors on passing crossed themselves and prayed. On the vigil of his day was sung through all Sudermania—"Hail, O Sweden! A lily from your bosom springs. Hallelujah doth England sing, that holy Botvid is born on her shore." (Query whether England knew anything about it?)

in God's hands." The sole object left by Christina when she quitted Sweden is her Protestant Prayer-book, richly bound and enamelled—it is wonderful she did not carry off the cover. Then come the usual trinkets—jewelled cups, more or less artistic—the coral of young Charles XII., a bear's tusk, mounted in gold—the cane he bore in his left hand when shot—with other matters too numerous to mention.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Tragic festivities — Prince Oscar's palace — Story of the Abbess of Quedlinburg — Stage in Sweden — The Opera-house — Etiquette of the Swedish Court — Gustavus "the Charmer" — Writers of his day The masked ball — Warning letter — Assassination of the king.

THE view from our hotel window comprises all that is finest in Stockholm: the Slott, Norrbro, theatre, and palace of Prince Oscar, which, says a gilded inscription, "Sophia Albertina ædicavit." This square was, at the christening of the last Wasa king, the scene of a tragedy. Gustaf ordered refreshments and wine to be given amongst the populace, who pressing on the booths, a panic took place; in the confusion sixty-four persons lost their lives. On the king's reprimanding the chamberlain, director of the fête, he replied haughtily, "'Tis the first time, your Majesty, I ever entertained the canaille; another time I shall better understand my business." Where Prince Oscar's palace now is, once stood that of Torstenson; in the court-yard, above a side gateway, hangs his armorial shield. The princess pulled the old building down, and bequeathed the new residence, in sæcula sæculorum, to the eldest duke of the reigning family.

Sophia Albertina, Abbess of Quedlinburg, only sister to Gustaf III., was a most charming woman. Her young portrait hangs at Gripsholm, in a white dress and cherry ribbons; 'tis love at first sight. And then her story—such a woman must have a story—and if she hasn't, the world is fully justified in making one in her "favour."

The gossips of the last century relate a most romantic tale—how the young princess, horrified at the domestic misery of her king-brother, vowed never to give her hand without her heart. Be that true or not, no suitor found favour in her eyes. At last a stranger of rank gained her affections, and, after a secret marriage, they prepared to quit the country. But, as in an old Venetian story, the very day before the proposed flight—no one says how, for all is mystery—the bridegroom expired, and the priest who performed the service, together with an old servant, sole witness of the nuptials, disappeared. Sophia Albertina, deprived of husband and all proof of marriage, finding herself about to become a mother, took into her confidence the young Duchess of Sudermania, who agreed to pass off the expected infant as her own. The following week the "grossesse" of the young duchess was announced in the official journals. All prospered till Louisa Ulrika, suspecting the trick, positively refused to assist at the accouchement of the duchess, as the following letter to King Gustaf III. will show, dated Swartsjö, 15th September, 1775:—

> "Je connois mes devoirs, mon cher fils, envers mes enfans, et j'ai porté tous mes soins à n'y jamais manquer. Je conte entre ces devoirs d'assister aux couches de mes belles-filles; et si la Providence bénit mes vœux et ceux de la nation que la reine se trouva dans le cas, je m'y trouverai et y apporterai tous mes soins avec plaisir; mais les circonstances de l'état de la duchesse sont si extraordinaires que je suis effrayée quand je pense à tout ce qui peut arriver. Vous n'ignorez pas, mon cher fils, que votre frère ne m'en a jamais parlé, et que je n'ai appris la grossesse de sa femme que par vous et le bruit public."

At last the duchess wrote to the queen herself, and sent the letter by Duke Charles; so she consented to come—"As I must, but I don't believe a word of it." She requests them at once to "agree all about the infant's godfathers, and settle the child's name beforehand, lest it should die."

The following week the public were informed "H.R.H. had been mistaken." Among the ladies of Sophia Albertina was one on whom the affection of the princess was concentrated, a Fröken Fossberg,* to whom she bequeathed her plate, jewels, pictures, and other property. This young lady is by many thought to have been the offspring of those ill-fated nuptials. Be this as it may, no breath of slander has ever sullied the fair fame of the Abbess of Quedlinburg, who lived to a good old age, highly respected by the present dynasty, and died unmarried in her own palace at Stockholm.†

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* She married Count Stenbock.

† In the Royal Library of Stockholm is preserved a collection of letters relative to the birth of the Countess Stenbock.

In 1795 the Princess Sophia Albertina writes to Councillor Armstedt, saying he well knows how "feu la reine" had taken Lolotte to her home, "recommending me to be a mother to her and treat her as my own child." Adding, "Circumstances have occurred which now lead me to consider her without doubt as my own sister; so I allow her no longer to do service about my person, and am doing all I can to make up for the obscurity in which she has hitherto lived; treating her as daughter of my father, I will find her a suitable marriage."

Then comes a most mysterious tale of a letter found on the divan of the princess, relating in somewhat obscure terms the story of "la petite, votre sœur," who was three years younger than the world supposed. Her age had been changed to "déjouer" suspicions. Extracts are given from Louisa Ulrika's letters: "Cette vertueuse fille, qui sème encore de quelques fleurs les derniers jours de son infortunée mère, et la console de l'indifférence de ses autres enfans." A box is forwarded engraved with the cipher and portrait of Frederik Adolf, and a crown, containing a necklace of pearls and a quantity of unset diamonds, addressed to Louisa Sophia Charlotte and sealed with the queen's favourite signet, a ruby heart. Again the queen writes, "Si je

THE OPERA-HOUSE.

Seven o'clock has struck; we must be off, and, entering the building erected by Gustaf III., "patriis musis," take our places on the spacious fauteuils of the amphitheatre. Theatres, with their royal boxes and decorations more or less tasteful, are much the same everywhere—that of Stockholm alone forms part and parcel of its country's history, and can be visited by no stranger without interest.

The stage in Sweden, though from early times we read of mysteries and Court performances given by Erik in his castle of Calmar, was not fairly established until the seventeenth century, when Messenius had his tragedies of 'Queen Disa,' 'Habor,' and 'Signild' performed by the students of Upsala.* The new mode took; Christina kept a troop of ballet-dancers and singers.

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pouvais vivre assez long-temps pour lui voir un rang, une fortune convenable à sa naissance, je mourrais tranquille." The whole is a mystery, but a very romantic one; so convinced does the princess appear to be of "her sister's identity," she demands her legitimisation of the king. The letters declare the haughtiness of the young lady and her proud bearing forcibly recall the family from which she sprung, and that Adolf Frederik, knowing Gustaf III.'s partiality for raising to an exalted position the bâtards du sang, had decreed the story of the young lady's birth should never be revealed during his son's lifetime. Gustaf IV. refused the demand of the Princess Sophia Albertina. The King of Prussia consented to elevate the young lady to the rank of princess, should the King of Sweden not object. He would not hear of it;—the matter fell to the ground, and to this day it is a mystery whether she be the daughter of Princess Sophia Albertina, of Louisa Ulrika, or of King Frederik Adolf. Many more details are given, but the relations are too near to those still living to enter on.

* Charles XI. first gave the students of Stockholm permission to play in a theatre called the "Lion's Den." At Upsala they gave theatricals during Christmas fair, as did the high-school boys of Åbo, Linköping, Calmar, Westerås, and Wiborg. Charles XII. first had over a company of French actors, who performed in the Bållhus.

Still there was no regular theatre at Stockholm until 1730, when the Bållhus* was devoted to that purpose. This small establishment little suited the Versailles notions of Gustaf, who erected the present stately edifice, first opened in 1782. Armfelt was sometime director; the Abbé Vogler, accused by the peasants of turning their milk sour on the market-place, by his imitation of thunder on the organ of the German church, was leader of the band. Gustaf, no mean dramatic author himself,† entered into the smallest details of the management; and there still lives an aged gentleman who recollects having from a side box espied the king teaching the great actress of the day how to faint gracefully. "On parle de vos opéras Suèdois; je prends la peau de poule quand j'y pense," writes the old queen-mother from Germany. "An Italian opera with first voices of Europe bores me to death. Heaven knows how difficult it was to get me to go, to please my brother." Still, on her return, she was so enchanted as to compliment her son, snappishly adding, she "trusted he might be equally successful in matters of a more serious nature."

On the first floor, overlooking the Mälar, the king had a suite of rooms, still unaltered, where, after the performance, he received and chatted gaily with persons of all classes. A writer, in speaking of this sovereign's character, says, "As the two sides of his face were unlike, so was his character, in all things, twofold."

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* The Bållhus, or its site, was a relic of the splendid tennis-court erected by Erik XIV., in which he spent so much time. Old King Gustaf, annoyed at his son's frivolity, writes angrily—"You will play with those balls of yours till you yourself become a golden apple in the hands of your servants."

† Gustaf had the good taste to choose as subjects of his dramas scenes from the lives of Gustaf Wasa, Gustaf Adolf, and Ebba Brahe.

At the palace there was etiquette, and plenty of it;* the proudest noble, on meeting the royal cortège, descended from his coach, bowing lowly to the ground; great officers of state remained standing while the king dined.†

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* The rows about etiquette were endless in the reign of Gustaf III. An Austrian minister's wife, of very high lineage, who in her own land claimed the right of embracing the empress, refused to kiss the hand of the Swedish queen, so her presentation was deferred sine die. The Court was accustomed to attend an annual ball given at the Bourse, at which certain persons of the "second society" (non présentés) were greeted by the royal family. The Austrian countess attended, and, seated in the gallery, watched the dance. Gustaf gave orders she should retire. The command was obeyed, but the Austrian minister demanded his passport, and for eight years the emperor had no minister at the court of Sweden. Again, Gustaf in his journal of 1766 notes down—"The Countess of Frisendorf, wife of the Saxon minister, having refused to kiss the hand of the princess royal when presented, I have complained to the king. The senate ordered the master of the ceremonies to inform the countess, if she will not submit to this custom, she can no longer appear at court." So the grand master goes and informs her how "les filles de Suède" must be treated with the same respect as queens.

This etiquette was more than the beautiful queen of Gustaf IV. could stand. It is told of her how, one day, losing her temper at the fussy old grand chamberlain, she tore off his wig and boxed his ears well with it, blinding him with the powder, which flew out in a cloud. Never was there such a country for privileges as Sweden. Junker Thomas, a knight who fought against Gustaf Vasa, 1520-23, was taken prisoner and hanged. He did not complain of the sentence, but of the rope, which was made of bast, for, as a knight, he had a right to be hanged by a hempen cord.

† This love of etiquette dates from the days of Gustaf Adolf and his Grand Chancellor, who, both great sticklers for Swedish supremacy, declared "a Swedish councillor to be equal to any prince of Germany beneath an elector." The arrival of the King of Denmark's daughter caused the king to write a very volume of letters. "She should be received as a countess and be placed at table after the queen's maids, both daughters of counts—her mother only bearing herself that title;" "but," writes he in a second, "should she come as a princess, if she be big make her stand below the daughters of the Rhine countess, our sister; if little, put her along with the young Mecklenburgs, and make one nursery of the whole lot." Even Charles XII. wrote from Bender

These burdensome formalities extended neither to Haga, Gripsholm, nor the theatre,* where, laying aside all state, he became himself again—brilliant and witty

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desiring an exact account of the ceremonial used at the Court of Louis Quatorze. The hero was evidently meditating a quiet life. Gustaf III. made his own cousin, the Prince of Holstein, stand to see him dine—a pleasure he avoided by feigning an "étourdissement" daily before dinner.

Speaking of this etiquette Madame d'Egmont writes:—

"Paris, 2 Avril, 1793.

"Je fus très-peiné d'apprendre que vous avez établi des étiquettes et des entrées à votre cour. Voilà qui est bien un conseil de courtisan, qui se croit favori d'un roi plus puissant parcequ'il y a un levé en forme. Comment avez-vous pu adopter une pareille enfantillage? Je sais bien qu'il y a des étiquettes puérilles en eux-mêmes, qui sont très-importans par leur suite, et ont un effet si réel qu'il est très-essentiel de les conserver. Toutes les pompes extérieures, par exemple, qui frappent la multitude, rendent ordinairement le trône plus respectable au peuple; les ordres, les droits de la noblesse,—mais établir des étiquettes de cour, c'est misérable. ! Vous savez ce que notre bon Henri répondit à un ambassadeur d'Espagne qui se scandalisoit de la familiarité avec laquelle on approchoit le roi: 'Si vous les voyiez le jour d'une bataille (reprit Henri IV.), vous les verriez me serrer bien autrement.'"

The advice was ill received: for many months Gustaf wrote no more. "When at last a letter did arrive," writes Madame d'Egmont, "I was in my bath, singing in chorus with my maids. Some one knocked and brought in a gros paquet containing two of his operas as well; I was so happy!"

* Gustaf III. not only corresponded with La Harpe, Beaumarchais, and others concerning theatrical matters, but caused his envoys to write despatches entering into the minutest details on the subject. In 1779 "things had already come to a pretty pass." Vestris and Doberval, the two first dancers of the opera, writes La Harpe indignantly, "ont donné leur démission, car c'est ainsi qu'on appelle aujourd'hui ce que s'est appellé autrefois 'demander son congé.'" In 1790 he receives a letter signed Charles Kean (Sec. of Leg.), giving, by the king's desire, an exact account of the etiquette used when George III. dined with the lord mayor. When expecting the Garter, he procured through his envoy the history of the Order from its foundation, and its ceremonial. He could do nothing without precedent: at the very time of Madame Douriez's misbehaviour he gets from Denmark 'Amores Christini Quarti,' with the trial of Christina Munk.

(though his bon-mots "un peu faisandés," do not always bear repeating), delighting all present by that natural manner which gained him the appellation of "Fortsjusaren," or "the Charmer."* "His sceptre," says the poet, "was a 'witch's rod;' power and obedience became friends—glad and safe, knowing that he existed."—Somewhat overdrawn. The king was never so happy as when in his theatre, surrounded by the wits, poets, and authors of the day, men whose society he loved, but whose want of birth did not allow their presence in the palace. To give a list of those who adorned this reign would be superfluous. "The old Carolines had gone to sleep," says the poet, and few who have waded through their long-winded pages would care to awaken them. The newly-raised band, derived from all classes of society,† were men of a different stamp. The Swedish tongue—Italian of the North—with her infinitives ending in *a*, so soft, is formed for poetry. Scribblers were not wanting, who, finding the road to Parnassus profitable, endeavoured by all sorts of eccentricities to attract the royal notice. Kellgren,‡ indignant, writes, "A man is not a genius because he is mad," and again, out of patience, cries,—

"Why am I not gifted with the pen of Pope,
To whip with a 'Dunciad' this crowd of scribblers,
Who boast the laurel of Apollo in my country?

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* Gustaf is described as haughty, but most charming in his manner, timid, but courageous; most particular about his dress, not so about his person; of no particular religion, but believed everything, keeping a "Finnish interpreter of signs and omens."

† Gyllenborg, Kreutz, Lidner, Kellgren, Oxenstjerne, Rosenstein, Leopold, Adlerbeth.

‡ There is an excellent medallion of Kellgren by Sergel, engraved by Martin.

Pope was humpback'd, Homer and Milton blind;
To be like them, dear friends, what want you more
Than put a hump on, blindfold and wink your eye?"

Gustaf in everything imitated the court of the dauphine. —Marie Antoinette had her Trianon, her Vacherie—Gustaf, not caring for cows, his Haga and his Gripsholm. Both had their Polignacs and Armfelts — disastrous favourites!—their private circles, and their theatres. This very love of seclusion from the burdensome pomp of court life caused scandal without end. "Why should the king withdraw from public view, and so few invited to the palace? There must be something wrong!" "Have you heard the story about the ballet at Gripsholm? They say Countess H——" (then a prolonged whisper). And these old Grefvinnas, who would have bolted dirt-pies to have been invited, maligned that light young court, just as the sister-queen (now l'Autrichienne) suffered from the abuse of the Parisian multitude.

But, see, the royal box is occupied—you are in luck to-night; the family is "au grand complet." The king—a splendid man!—sits by the side of his Queen Louisa, a Dutch princess; that pale young lady to the left is the Princess Eugénie, only daughter of the late King Oscar, blessed by all classes for her good deeds; next sits Prince Oscar, who, as we all know, once came to England, and—went away again. H.R.H. is a poet, and most accomplished. The Duchess, for the moment, goes nowhere. Remark the court ladies, a very pretty selection, doing credit to the artistic taste of Majesty. But the curtain draws up, so we must hold our tongues till the next entr'acte.

Having passed in review the palmier days of Stockholm's opera-house, we now turn to the sad ending of her royal founder. The causes of the conspiracy, and the discontent which led the nobles to this base deed, enter not into our limits. Gustaf rushed upon his fate with a presentiment of coming evil; imbued with the fatalism of the age, he fancied the doomed bullet would find him anywhere.

On the evening of the 16th March he sat at his toilet preparing for the masqued ball. As the court hairdresser gave the last touch to the king's coiffure, his eyes fell on a letter addressed—"A Sa Majesté le Roi, secrète et importante." Gustaf, taking it in his hand, laid it down again; then, fancying he recognised the characters, broke the seal;—that letter contained a warning.* The king turned pale as he perused the contents: giving it to Baron Bjelke, his secretary, one of the conspirators, he said, "Read that, and tell me what you think." "Sire," replied the traitor, "this letter has been written to frighten you." The blood mounted high in the king's brow: "Frighten me!" he exclaimed; "I should like to see the man who could do that." And he went to the theatre, gay and animated as usual, though with secret misgivings. The conspirators, crowding round, separated the king from his attendants; then Ankarström, tapping him on the shoulder, on his turning round, discharged an air-pistol into his side. They bore him bleeding to a small room on the first floor—a writing cabinet used for audiences—and there laid him on a couch.—You may still see that boudoir, now a degraded antechamber occupied by the officials of the theatre. A wooden panelling preserves the decorations of the walls from injury.—The king's courage never failed him to the last. On reaching the palace, crowds of spectators, with tearful eyes, lined the staircase. Gustaf smiled, remarking, "They bear me in procession like the pope." Over his agony, which lasted for days, and excited the remorse even of the murderer, who cried, "God knows I only wished to kill him, not to cause him such suffering,"* we will draw a veil,—accounts so vary, but one and all are sad.† That night the post was stopped, and in the bag were found a hundred unsigned notes containing the words, "Before ten o'clock he will have ceased to live." But the ballet closes with its tableau and blue lights; 'tis time for us to move. See, there's a stir in the royal box! As usual at the end of all things—in comes Queen Desideria.

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* The letter ran as follows:—

"SIRE,—Daignez prêter l'oreille aux conseils d'un homme qui n'est point attaché à votre service, qui ne recherche point votre faveur, qui ne prétend pas excuser vos crimes, et qui cependant désire écarter de vous le danger qui vous menace. Soyez assuré qu'un complot a été formé pour vous assassiner. Ceux qui y sont entrés sont furieux de ce que le bal de la semaine passée a été contremandé. Ils sont résolu d'exécuter aujourd'hui leurs projets. Restez chez vous, et évitez d'aller au bal pendant le reste de l'hyver. De cette manière le fanatisme du crime se dissipera de lui-même. Ne cherchez pas à connoître l'auteur de cette lettre. C'est le hasard qui lui a fait découvrir l'exécrable projet formé contre vos jours. Soyez assuré qu'il n'a aucun intérêt à vous prévenir du sort qui vous attend. Si vos troupes mercenaires avaient commis quelques violences contre les habitans de Gefle, l'écrivain de cette lettre aurait été le premier à tirer l'épée contre vous; mais il déteste la pensée d'un assassinat."

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* Dr. Clarke says, "To such a pitch have party feelings attained with regard to this transaction, that the memory of Ankarström is sometimes given as a toast even in Stockholm, and hailed with enthusiasm. After we left the arsenal, viewing a collection of pictures containing portraits of all the great men in Sweden, one of us said jocularly to a Swede who happened to be present—"They are all here as large as life; but where is the portrait of Ankarström?" to which he replied with evident warmth of manner, "Ankarström's portrait is a cabinet picture; we keep it locked up in our hearts."

† The funeral of Gustaf III., which took place in the Riddarholm church, was, without any exception, the most heatheno-theatrical affair ever designed by mortal brain. "The church was made to represent a dark grove of cypress, from the midst of which sprang tombs erected to the memory of Sweden's most famous kings (beginning of course with Magog). In front of the altar was erected an ätterhög crowned with

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the deceased king's bust, over which Sweden in plaster wept bitterly. On four stones were inscribed the king's virtues and heroic deeds in Runes, while from a rostral column were suspended the garlands of lamps which illuminated the sacred edifice."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Church of St. Clara and the Princess Richissa — Museum of Natural History — Battle of Brunkeberg — The Klädskammar — Oriental headpiece of Erik the Holy — Gustaf Wasa's economy — Trousseau of his daughter Catherine — Relics of Gustaf Adolf — Queen Maria Eleanora founds the Order of the Crowned Heart — Garments of Charles XII. — Masquerade dress of Gustavus III. — Legend of De la Gardie — Blasius Dundee the Scotchman.

SKIRTING the Bonde palace, we visit the Academy of Arts, founded by Count Tessin in King Frederik's reign, 1735—an establishment which has, in its day, sent out artists of no mean reputation—then make for the cemetery, where, shaded midst trees, stands old Clara church, a sad sufferer from external fires and inward decorations; a very triumph of the churchwarden breed. Here sleep Bellman and other worthies of the Gustavian era.

In 1282 King Magnus Ladulås, hearing the Holy Clara's fame — how nine hundred nunneries already sheltered twenty-five thousand pious virgins from contact with the wicked world—raised a cloister in her honour.* The king sent to France for twenty artisans, masons and stone-cutters. The church was large and magnificent, inlaid with silver and ivory. To give éclat to the opening, he caused his young daughter, the Princess Richissa, to take the veil, and be elected first abbess of the new-raised convent. A great dubbing of knights took place, the first mentioned in history.

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* The Holy Clara was a great friend of St. Francis d'Assisi. The rules of her order were severe: eat as little as possible at all times, and nothing during Lent. The chemises were formed of untanned pig-skin, with the bristles worn inside. Twenty-five thousand virgins in such a guise—it gives one the fidgets to think of it!

When in 1471 the cloister was destroyed by fire, the pope sent the lady abbess a sack of indulgences; people no longer cared to be "indulged," and the holy papers proved but a drug in the market. The nuns, accused of spying for the Danes during the long siege of Stockholm, found no favour from Gustaf Wasa, who quickly dissolved the monastery. So ended the once fashionable Clara-cloister.

A well-executed portrait of the Princess Richissa hangs at Gripsholm. The lady is clad in religious garb, half white, half black, sliced lengthways; a red cape covers her shoulders; a royal crown, with chain and rosary, completes the costume. The latter objects the princess bequeathed to the kloster as an heirloom.

Abbess Anna, at the dissolution of the convent, gave the chain of Princess Richissa to a member of the Lehusen family, in whose possession it still remains. The chain weighs 200 ducats; the rosary is composed of gold, silver, and pearls, with a small reliquary in the centre, of exquisite workmanship.

King John rebuilt St. Clara's church, the only edifice he ever completed. Here in his old age, worried by conscience, and uncertain of the future, he loved to come and pace the sacred aisles. The king, folks say, may oft of a winter's night be seen, crown on head, with long beard, stalking down Clara's cemetery; and an old book tells of a church watchman who returned one night to his home pale and staring wildly. "What is the matter?" exclaimed his affrighted children;

"have you seen—" "King John," he answered; and from that day renounced drinking and his situation.*

The Drottning gata is long and narrow. At the extreme is situated the Museum of Natural History. The snowy owls and ducks in their winter plumage are far more "bouffant" than those of southern climes. The black fox with his few gray hairs is no variety, but a lusus naturæ. One specimen preserved was littered by a red bitch, who with the father-dog was kept tame in the neighbourhood of Stockholm. Here you will find the elk, an ugly, awkward animal, still frequenting Wermland; the reindeer; the lö or lynx, of three varieties, till the present century common in the neighbourhood of Stockholm;† the glutton, ermine, marten; and lastly the lemming, a mischievous little beast,—making you wonder why the Swedes say they have no native furs.

We turn into Brunkebergstorg, in early Christian times the resort of hermits, who, living in caves, excited great admiration by their dirtiness. The hermits were succeeded by bands of robbers, whom Birger Jarl smoked out, afterwards filling up the holes. But the great event of Brunkeberg was the battle fought in 1471 between Sten Sture and the Danish king.

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* This national fear of ghosts greatly scandalised Louisa Ulrika, who writes to her mother, the Queen of Prussia (1745), "They talk of nothing but sorcery here, pretending the devil is arrived near a little town called Nyköping. In vain I endeavoured to persuade them it is nonsense; they positively were on the point of ordering public prayers 'pour chasser le soi-disant diable,' but I really hope the more sensible part of the community will prevent them." "I was looked on," continues she, "as a heathen, for maintaining the devil cannot appear when he chooses, and that all these histories of spectres and ghosts are 'fariboles.'"

† The last was shot in the Djurgård in 1839.

Christian I. "swore by God's sheep (his favourite oath), if Sten and his friends dared show their faces they should haste to steal away, hiding like foxes in the ditches and woods, and he would whip his små dräng with a birch-rod till he was quiet."* A flaming sword appeared in the heavens, bringing comfort to the Swedes. Christian lost not only his three front teeth but the battle, and the Regent set up St. George in the church of St. Nicholas as before told.

In old views of Stockholm, Brunkeberg is portrayed as a green hill capped with a wooden watch-tower, and a long line of clothes hanging out to dry. Charles XII. writes from Bender, "Don't touch Brunkeberg. On my return home I have a plan (he meditated a forest) for making it an ornament to the city." †

THE KLÄDSKAMMAR.

We now reach the Klädskammar.

The custom of preserving the clothes of deceased monarchs has existed from the earliest ages. A Minute of Council for the year 1633 orders "that the clothes in which his late Majesty was shot shall, according to his desire, be preserved in the Rustkammar as a memorial for ever, after the custom hitherto observed." This same usage existed in England until the time of Cromwell, when the regalia—clothes, arms, and relics—of the early kings were publicly sold by order of the Parliament. The great salle contains the armour, among which is a suit worn by Charles IX., said to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini,* though that great master does not mention it in his memoirs. A considerable number of swords ticketed with the names of Swedish heroes† hang side by side in good fellowship. To any one versed in Scandinavian lore, these modern relics seem poor. There should be Sortibra, "under which sixteen kings fell," the Golden Hero, Legbiter, Odd or Even, and Whirler-round.‡ But none of these are preserved in Sweden. The chain headpiece of King Erik the Holy, a round steel plate inlaid with silver, enriched with green and red stones, bears three Arabic inscriptions, signifying the attributes of the Deity: El-Kahhär, the Most Strong; El-Ali, the Most High; El-Thahir, the Most Powerful. From this plate hangs a chain-work, fine as gossamer. Erik inherited this headpiece from his father, Jedvard Bonde, a crusader, who brought it from the Holy Land, where he was dubbed knight before the walls of Jerusalem—the first of his countrymen who received that honour.

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* Sten had formerly been his page.

† His plans he never carried out, so the site was later used for building.

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* The suits of armour fabricated by Benvenuto Cellini seem to be "fables." That artist in his memoirs, though most minute in his description of every work he undertook, never once alludes to the making either of shields or arms of any sort; and as the specimens accorded to his handicraft were once in the possession of Francis I., Charles V., Henry VIII., and Charles IX. of Sweden, it is not likely a chronicler of kings and popes and emperors would have omitted to mention their existence. It may be surmised that these exquisite pieces of mediæval art were fabricated at Milan, the great seat of all steel engraving, though the names of the artists are unfortunately lost.

† This custom of naming the arms was usual in early Christian times. King Harald Hardråde, who fell before Harold the Saxon near York a few days previous to the victory of Hastings, that day forgot to wear his enchanted breastplate called Emma. The arrow forged by the Trolle of old is said to have possessed the singular property of returning to the bow when shot.

‡ Antiquaries declare the sword the most ancient of all weapons, quoting the Angel of the Garden of Eden. It was scarcely known in Sweden previous to the days of the "Bronzefolk."

The wardrobe commences with some well-worn suits of Burgundy stuffs once the property of Gustaf Wasa. The king, though he dressed richly, cut up his things for the use of his sons and daughters. Orderly in his habits, he writes, when absent from home, "Take down the coat which hangs on the third peg in the wardrobe, and give it to our tailor to make breeches for our son Erik." Again to Prince John, "Your mother sends you six shirts of good linen; don't wear them out by your hard riding in Öland." On the 20th March, 1544, King Gustaf evidently meditates new clothes, for, after desiring Queen Margaret "to send up the little St. Michael and the gold chain, and that before eight o'clock, as to-morrow we give audience to Jöran Lykke before he starts for France, and we wish to wear it, that he may tell the king so, who gave it us," he adds, "Send up the passement made for me by Ann Smed's daughter at Upsala. I want it. Don't neglect this."

Though Gustaf turned his old clothes to account, he gave an admirable trousseau to his eldest daughter, the Princess Catherine. Independent of jewels, plate, and clothes, it included a stock of linen ("hundreds of yards") that would last her lifetime. Furs formed an important item, not doled out in muffs, tippets, and capes, but by a measure called "timber," comprising forty or fifty skins. The princess had sables of three qualities—musk-rat, ermine, squirrel, for her own use, with bear and lynx for her sledges and servants, from ten to thirty measures of each.

All ladies were not so lucky. In 1581 Countess Ebba Lillehok writes a complaint to King John, saying, "When my mother handed me over to man's will and pleasure she furnished me with neither good advice nor new clothes; I'd nothing but a common petticoat of 'diridumdei,'* half an old red velvet one of her own sewn on to Russian damask, and a yellow one, a little Holland linen, two red silk quilts and a green one. All that was good was furnished me by Queen Margaret. My mother was more in the habit of borrowing than giving. Not a gold or silver pin did I have. She took the gold chain, which went twice round my neck—a legacy from my grandmother—and gave half to my sister. I know what my sister had well enough at her wedding: she got chains and bells,† she got pearls, she got red velvet for petticoats and capes, stuffs embroidered in pearls and gold lace; her bridal bed was fitted with cushions of cloth of gold, her bed-clothes were worked in pearls, her quilt of scarlet velvet laid over with her arms, while I was allowed to sleep anyhow. She had twelve pieces of holland, 500 yards of fine linen, as well as kitchen cloths, and forty oxen to spend in pots, pans, and copper kettles. And when she died, my mother took the children, nurses, rockers, and serving-maids to her home. They never cost their father a penny. She gave the girls dowries and wedding clothes, paid his debts, managed the estates, got them out of pawn, and when she died left only 100 dollars in silver money, of which they say I may have my share. Please, is that just, your Majesty?"*

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* Diridumdei—awful slipslop. There existed a stuff, half thread and half wool, called Diarhodium from its red colour; when the shade was light it was named Leucorhodina; when dark, Diarhodina.

† The fashion of wearing gold and silver bells, still prevalent among the peasant women in Skåne, went out in the following century, when the custom of hanging them to the sledge-horses came in. Mention has already been made of Sir Charles and his grelots; while the old Lady of Banbury Cross furnishes historic proof of the custom being prevalent in England.

Of Erik's thousand suits not one relic is found, save the gold-embroidered slippers still seen at Sko. John, far less expensive than his brother, writes in 1586, "Send me one pair of the best silk stockings imported by Dr. Theophilus," and that is all we know about his wardrobe. John, greatly shocked at the luxury of dress, issued an order (1585) forbidding all women not of noble birth to wear velvet caps, silk, satin, or damask petticoats, and commanding them to wear kerchiefs on their heads. This caused such discontent that four years later he proclaimed that burgesses' wives might wear anything they pleased, "provided they maintained a knave for the service of the Crown." The following year his Majesty's army was considerably augmented.†

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* The clothes of the Princess Catherine alone valued 8000 silver dollars. The trousseau included saddles, bridles, stirrups, tapestry.

† The extravagance in male attire at this period was very great. In the list of jewels left by Duke Magnus are enumerated 184 large diamonds, 461 emeralds, 46 rubies, 256 pearls, independent of mounted stones, buttons with pendent pearls, half-armed men, and Turks' heads in monster pearls, rubies, and diamonds. The consumption of seed-pearls was incalculable. These were procured from the Unio margaratiferus of the Swedish rivers, and are still taken in considerable quantities. Great numbers are found in the Småland lakes, as well as in the rivers of East Götland. The fisheries, no longer a royalty, have been almost destroyed by the avarice of the peasants, who will not allow the time necessary for the pearls to increase in size. The finest come from Norrland. H. M. the Queen of Sweden one evening graciously showed me a necklace of large-sized pearls, collected one by one in the rivers of that province. The trade is now in the hands of Russians, who export and pass them off as Oriental; many are of a pale rosy hue. An Egyptian prince, who two years since visited Stockholm, remarked to the king, "You have no idea of the treasures you possess, and how many pearls come from Sweden to the East."

This lapse of three reigns caused me some perplexity until I stumbled on a Minute of Council, from which it appears that in 1718 Stjerneld proposed in jest, that "the pearl-broidered dresses, precious stones, and royal trophies preserved in the palace lumber-room, should be sold by auction for the good of the bankrupt State." The suggestion was adopted in earnest by the four Estates, upon which he angrily exclaimed, "I was wrong in thus casting pearls before swine, forgetting they would swallow them like pease." Passing over the coronation mantle of King Charles IX., we come to the case containing the belongings of Gustaf Adolf—his coronation saddle, the stirrups inlaid with cameos, and various blood-stained shirts worn at Dantzic, Dirschau,* and Lutzen. The king was recklessly brave. "You are so cold," said he one day to Oxenstjerna, "upsetting my plans when most prepared for a bold expedition." "I am so," replied Axel; "if I did not throw cold water on your Majesty's fire, you would long ago have been reduced to ashes." The king scarcely felt pain. To weight he was insensible, judging by his storm-hat, as much as a modern man can lift. On one occasion, when wounded in seven places, the surgeon, after torturing the king with his probe, en-

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Scotch pearls formed an early article of commerce in Sweden. There is scarcely a family of note in Stockholm who does not possess a necklace gathered from the Highland Unio. I have sometimes counted as many as twenty or thirty worn by ladies in the same room—heirlooms inherited from their great-grandmothers. Though of large size, they are inferior in lustre to those of Norrland produce.

* Louisa Ulrika writes to her mother (1745)—"I went some days since to the arsenal, where some curious things are preserved. Amongst others, the clothes worn by Gustaf Adolf and Charles XII. at Lutzen and Frederikshald; they are stained with the blood of these princes"—"ce qui les rend respectables."

treated him to be more careful; "Shoemaker, stick to your last," was the answer he received. One of the balls could not be removed: "Let it remain," he cried, "as a proof I have not lived in luxury." When at Ingolstad his horse was shot under him, the German princes implored him not to expose his life so recklessly. "Stuff!" he answered; "I've received thirteen wounds in my lifetime; they remind me I am a mortal man." No wonder there are so many bloody shirts in the Klädskammar. Amidst other treasures are the bandages, and lastly the oilskin in which the dead body of the king was wrapped.

With all her faults, one can but pity his widowed queen, and feel indignant at the harsh treatment she met with from the council, who, according to their own minutes, took an especial pleasure in worrying her. Maria Eleanora in her grief had given her finest pearls, and had a crown of gold made by Gasper Köning, court jeweller of Stockholm, intending to place it on the deceased king's head. This they forbad: "It shall not be put on the head of his late Majesty, as the council considers it unsuitable; the pearls shall be restored to the queen as soon as the mistress of the robes comes back. The council will have a good oak chest made, in which the bombazin shall be sent, and the great eel-skin which Buræus* is ordered to convey to Nyköping."

Endless are the demands made in 1634 by the queen to open the coffin, and gaze once more on the features she loved so well. The council, after consulting the bishops, refused her request, on the plea that it was wicked to seek consolation from the dead, and might prove injurious to her health. Maria Eleanora now sent John Casimir to say she WOULD go in defiance of the council, and herself deposit in the coffin the heart of Gustavus, which she kept in a gold box. Banér declared it against the dignity of the council to revoke a decision once announced; they would open the coffin, and place the heart within it themselves.

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* The big eel is a poser. Whether it was a treasure of Gustaf Adolf or not, no one knows. It is described as a large eel-skin covered over with runes. These inscriptions subsequently proved to have been produced by drying the skin round a rune-staff.

Three deputies were sent to accompany John Casimir, and return this answer to the queen, who, getting into bed, refused to see them, declaring she would keep the heart in spite of them all. Daily she made fresh demands; the council, in alarm, order a guard to be set over the grave, the queen having vowed to have her own way as soon as the Diet was closed. The bishops now suggest half measures: if her Majesty will promise only to go once to place the heart, and not to enter the presence of the young queen, her daughter, for the space of a year and a day, she may have her wish. But "No!" growls the council; "our dignity!" And the clergy are ordered to discuss in their own chamber whether a Christian may be permitted to look on a decayed body, as a consolation. They unanimously vote in the negative, confirming the NO of the council. At last Maria Eleanora, worn out, hands over the gold box to the authorities, and solaces herself by founding the Order of the Crowned Heart.*

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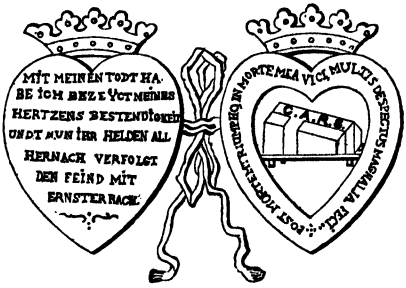
* At the inspection of royal tombs in 1744, the heart, in a square box, was found outside the shrouding, tied in a violet velvet bag with green silk cord. Charles XI. had intended to open the tomb, but, changing his mind, threw the key inside, and slammed the door, that no one should do so afterwards. A smith, however, removed the difficulty.



Order of the Crowned Heart.

Christina left nothing behind but her Prayer-book, and that you have already seen. The clothes of Charles X. are in good taste, of that happy period when male costume was gallant without effeminacy—rich tawny velvets, gold and silver lace, buff jerkins, and lastly a Chinese embroidered dressing-gown, in excellent condition; no wonder, for in his troubled life he never had time to use it. Charles XI.'s coronation robes are like his own character, mean and saving. There is the damaged gray beaver he wore at the battle of Lund, and the Garter robes. Charles was the last Swedish sovereign invested with this order. Tradition says it was offered to Charles XII., who vowed he had no time to wear it; since which, though Gustaf III. hinted right and left how very becoming the blue ribbon would look round his royal leg, it has never found its way to Sweden.*

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* Gustaf never hit it off with the English Court. He wrote in 1771 to Princess Augusta, asking her to use her influence with George III. about something; but the princess replies, "She can't interfere with her brother's affairs; he don't like it." He then proposes a marriage between Duke Charles and her daughter Augusta of Brunswick, but the young lady writes to say she is already engaged.

All this is so gorgeous the dazzled eye falls with relief on the last relics of King Charles XII., who was no exquisite. Here hang the garments he wore on that fatal night, the cocked hat pierced by the bullet, which an angry disputatious surgeon says should have been fitted on the head of the royal remains at the last investigation, to make proof positive. There is the blue coat, still muddy, and the glove, stained with blood, showing the king to have dashed his hand against his temple when hit; the most uncomfortable cane, far too long for use, that he bore in his right hand; the wig which formed the disguise of "Captain Frisk" on his flight from Bender; the bridle used on the journey hangs at Sko. Charles XII. is thus described—"His eye shone undaunted, like that of a young eagle; his powerful fist closed with strength, like the claw of a young bear. He wore a coat of passable Swedish cloth, gloves of undressed elk-skin, and a three-cornered hat; * pocket-handkerchief he had none;"† his rocking-horse we have seen at Löberod, his coral at the museum. Here we find his go-cart, of blue-painted wood, with lions and crowns, and the gilded cradle in which each male scion of the new dynasty for once is laid to slumber and imbibe martial ideas—a régime as necessary for princely infancy as vaccination among the lower classes. A

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* The costume of Charles XII. is again described, in a manner scarcely more complimentary: "The coat is of plain cloth, with ordinary brass buttons; the skirts pinned up behind and before, showing his Majesty's old leather waistcoat and breeches, which are sometimes so greasy that they might be fried. His hair is light brown, very greasy and very short, never combed but with his fingers. At dinner he eats a piece of bread and butter, which he spreads with his thumbs."—Decidedly clean, peaceable kings are preferable to dirty heroes.

† Hence the expression of "Kong Carl den Tolftes Näsduk" for a very dirty habit, too prevalent among the Swedish population.

pépinière of budding Charles XIIs would prove no boon to Sweden.

Another relic of this hero is a common rough-hewn wooden bench, bearing the inscription, inalid in iron, "Charles XII. slept one night upon this bench, in 1716;" over the C, a royal crown. The king, on his way to Norway, arrived late at Östervallskogs, in Wermland; the best beds of the village were prepared for the royal travellers; but these Charles made over to his pages. Sending for a truss of straw, he kicked it asunder, and throwing it on the bench, slept till dawn of day.* It was a beautiful trait in that great warrior's character, the tenderness he showed to the page-boys, his attendants. Every night, on the drums beating the rappel, they were sent to rest; and when the king entered late, he would shake off his jack-boots, walking in on tiptoe, so as not to waken them, and, if the night was cold, would spread his blue cloak over the sleeping lads, without disturbing their slumbers. Charles was up, and often rode out, long before the réveil sounded, always dressing himself; for, excepting for necessary night-work, he never allowed his attendants to be disturbed. The room in which the king slept at Östervallskogs, as well as the bench which served him for a couch, were held sacred by the bonde, till the spirit of centralisation got scent of this "ewe lamb," and must needs have it at Stockholm. For a while the peasants resisted, refusing all offers of money; after a negotiation which lasted several years, yielding to the urgency of the parish-priest, they sent the bench as a present to the Klädskammar.

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* One of the greatest curiosities belonging to this king's reign is a cannon, an inscription on which states that, taken originally by Charles XII. at Clitzow in 1702, it had since been extracted from the wreck of the 'Royal George,' and purchased by Admiral Virgin at Portsmouth on his voyage round the world, in which expedition it accompanied him previous to its return to Stockholm. No one having started a conjecture on the subject, I can only account for the presence of this cannon in a line-of-battle ship belonging to a friendly power, by tracing its loss to the engagement with Psilander, whose vessel, the 'Öland,' was unjustly captured, after a gallant action, by Sir W. Whetstone, off Orford Ness, 27th July, 1704, as told hereafter.

Charles XII. lies cold in his shroud,* and the news has reached his sister Ulrika, who, if the voice of scandal be true, presented, in a transport of joy, the silver basin she was washing her hands in to Baron Bennet, bearer of the tidings. Her attendants declare the queen, on the point of fainting, made the present in her agitation; she hated her own family, and full well recalled to mind her brother's speech after Stralsund: "Now I have taken the crown from Ulrika's head." Ulrika Eleanora was crowned in a robe of silver "tygg" powdered with gold crowns, sticking out most beautifully. She wore a cage similar to those of the present day, only the material was a white ribbed silk, with a small flounce above each circle of whalebone.

Adolf Frederik, Louisa Ulrika, as well as Gustaf III., were very smart, especially the last, whose waistcoats were "beautiful." † Here hangs the Swedish costume invented by Majesty for hiding the slight deformity which obscured his graceful frame.

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* The genealogy of Charles XII. was printed, descending from Noah downwards.

† Gustaf III. was so fond of decorations, he wore the Grand Cross of the Seraphim stitched on his bedgown. Had he received the Garter, he would certainly have slept in it. The Emperor Joseph, who bounced into his room on his arrival at Vienna with the words, "You see I am not such a stickler for ceremony as you are," found him thus arrayed, and out of fun had him caricatured in his morning costume in a farce at the royal theatre.

Princess Sophia Albertina writes (1787) from Quedlinburg: "J'ai oublié de vous dire que l'habillement Suédois trouve une approbation générale ici. Le roi le trouve charmant, la reine, et la princesse; et je ne doute pas de voir bientôt toutes les dames Berlinoises l'adopter, sans exception."

Gustaf, himself charmed at the little revolution he has effected, orders patterns to be sent to the governors of all the provinces, with a description, "plus long de taille que la dignité royale ne le permettrait dans la lettre intimé sous mon nom." It is to be presumed he means "en plus long détail." Madame de la Marck, a true and sincere friend, writes, "What is the good of changing the dress worn by all Europe? —un habit pour un petit manteau, une cravate à la place d'un jabot, un pourpoint au lieu d'une veste." She thought he should strive to distinguish the Swedes from other nations by their sagesse, not by "futilités." "Folks laugh at Paris. He had better put down expenses, and suppress smuggling." As a sop, she embroiders him a coat, but won't have it made up, as he has ordered so many new ones.

Lastly, the masquerade dress worn by that "charming king" when he fell a victim to the assassin hand of Ankarström;* a domino of black silk, with black beaver and white plume; a suit of gray silk, and a shirt stained with blood. May this be the last of such articles exhibited in the Klädskammar of Stockholm; and as ill luck in our own land went out with their allies, the Stuarts, so may it expire with the Wasa dynasty in Sweden!

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* In the portfolios of the royal library are many engravings, 'Hue-and-Cry' fashion, of John Ankarström, thirty years of age. The culprit stands chained with a collar round his neck to a stake, mounted on a high platform. Above his head is exhibited the pistol with which he shot the king, and a dagger found on his person. He is clad in a shaggy fur pelisse. The impartial observer, after a lapse of years, cannot help fancying that most of these engravings were designed in accordance with the political feeling of the journals. Indignant at his crime, one is prepared to see in Ankarström a scowling villain, of forbidding aspect, when, lo! the portrait shows a pleasing face, with

From this time there is little to interest. One case is regarded with tearful eye by all—that containing the arms and uniform of young Prince Gustaf,* whose qualities endeared him to the whole nation—high and low, rich and poor, all tell the same tale of his talents and goodness.

Our notice was first attracted, at the midsummer festival, by some young girls surrounding with a wreath of flowers the likeness of a charming-faced young man. On inquiring who it was whose memory was thus cherished, a bystander told us the story of this young prince; his great talent for music and painting; his gentle manners, which had won all hearts; his untimely death in Norway, and the general sorrow of the nation. And of this we had afterwards abundant proof;

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hair brushed off the forehead, fine expressive features—a man none could ever believe to be what the inscription announces—a Konunga Mordaren. But luckily all artists do not agree. Among the number lay one ugly enough to frighten any one of a dark night; so, settling that to be the real and faithful portraiture of the assassin, I looked at no other, and went away quite vicious. In one, published by Bonneville for the 'Cercle Social' in the first year of the Republic, he is termed the "Brutus Suédois;" in another, depicted at the whipping-post, leaping up in most unmanly fashion, crying out in pure doggrel—

"I repent, I repent under the lash;
Pain makes me feel my crime.
Oh, Lord, oh, how it does hurt!
Preserve me from vengeance divine."

* Second son of King Oscar—born 1827; died 1852, Duke of Upland.

for during our summer wanderings, in every peasant's house, or krog, wherever there hung a vile-coloured lithograph against the wall, there, wreathed with a faded garland of choicest wild flowers, was sure to be found the portrait of Prince Gustaf, with whom ends my saga of the royal Klädskammar of Sweden.

Turning down Hercules-street, we reach the church of St. James the Less, built in 1300, and later set to rights by Jacob de la Gardie. The people have a legend concerning the erection of this building; a discrepancy of 250 years proving of no account.

Jacob de la Gardie took boat, desiring to see his newly built palace from the Mälar. Puffed up with pride, he exclaimed, "God has no house in Stockholm equal to mine!" While gazing the turrets became dim, and, as he rubbed his eyes, grew dimmer still, until he could see no more. Jacob de la Gardie reached the shore stone-blind. In sorrow he determined to found a church whose spire should out-top the gilded vanes of the De la Gardie hus. When all was complete, with contrite heart he again took boat to view, in his mind's eye, the fruits of his atonement; and as he turned his sightless eyeballs towards the church, and thought with a sigh what a wicked man he was,—a glimmer of light seemed to pierce the dark atmosphere. Was it? No.—Yes,—it was the spire of St. James's church! Then, crossing himself, he turned, and beheld, first one —two—three, and as the last scale fell, the fourth gilded weather-cock of his own proud residence.—From that hour De la Gardie regained his sight.

Now comes the Carl XIII.'s Torg, an oblong Place planted with trees. In the centre stands an ugly statue of the king, perched on a tall pedestal, where he seems to have hopped up, out of four lions' way; the animals, despairing of ever catching him, crouch, rudely turning their tails to the monarch. King Bernadotte destroyed the old royal garden with its clipped hedges and orange-house, which, from old pictures, must have been a Tuileries in miniature—Bellman sings, "Corporal Molberg stood at his post before the iron gate; within, countesses and shepherdesses met and jostled each other, while despairing and tormented men sat among the flowerpots." Within the orange-house, decorated to resemble the Vatican, was given the famed masquerade to celebrate Gustaf III.'s return home from Italy, attended by 6000 people; the gardens blazed with 11,000 lamps; folks arrived at nine, and the fête lasted till five next morning—all at the public expense.

We are now on Blasieholm, named after Blasius Dundee, a rich Scotch burgomaster, who in 1593 led the deputation of burgesses to receive the king and queen on their entry into Stockholm.

This Blasius set up a Badstuga (bathhouse), which taking fire in 1625 burnt with such violence as to endanger the whole city. Following the Norrström's banks, by side the vessels laden with fire-wood, which here has its market, we reach the new Museum, still incomplete, a true Venetian palace; 'tis a pity the original design bears the Berlin post-stamp, instead of coming direct from the Adriatic. The stone arabesques are exquisite; a few odd-shaped skylights deform the roof; still, as a whole, its equal will be found in few capitals.

Now, crossing a floating bridge, we reach the Skeppsholm, where midst trees stand a church and an old building of the Renaissance period, used as an artillery barrack, a summer plaisaunce of King John's; then passing the drawbridge, reach Castelholm with its small fortress, and, unless the Saltsjön be frozen over, —can get no further. There ends our last walk in Stockholm!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

No Swedish manufactures in time of Gustaf Wasa — Silk-trade established by Christina — Looms of Carlsvik — Fur-trade — The lynx, bear, and otter — Swedish ermine equal to Siberian — Varieties of squirrels — Faïence and porcelain of Mariberg and Rörstrand — Swedish marble — Carlberg, the Woolwich of Sweden — Haga and its silkworms — Favourite retreat of Gustaf III. — Ulriksdal, and bal costumé.

SWEDEN can scarcely be called an industrial country. Gustaf Wasa first encouraged home manufactures, but with small success save among the peasantry. In the inventory of Gripsholm during the reign of King Gustaf, every object noted down is of foreign manufacture. Holland furnished the "grand linen sheets," Russia and Revel those of inferior quality, Flanders its "gold skins" and damask, while under the head of England appear forty-nine bolsters marked G and M, and sixty pillows —followed up by English coverlets, red counterpanes, scarlet cloth and flowered something, of which, writes the housekeeper, in 1548, "three yards were cut off to make the maids' bodices."

Christina established silk-factories in Stockholm; a traveller of the day mentions gold, silver stuffs, and brocades; but to judge from the endless complaints of Queen Louisa Ulrika, who "never can get anything," the trade languished in the eighteenth century. A court fête being announced, "Taffetas has grown so dear these last three days, one yard costs now the price of a whole dress!" For the marriage of Prince Gustaf, "not a bit more gold lace to be got for trimming the princess's dress! What is she to do?" Matters have improved since Dr. Clarke's days, who writes, "Nothing is manufactured in the country save iron, tar, and gloves,"—adding the statement that Stockholm possesses thirty-six wig-makers, one cutler, seventy goldsmiths, and one tool-grinder.

The articles produced in the several manufactories of silk, stuffs, and velvet, are far superior to those imported from Germany, but such is the prejudice of the shopkeepers, they neither offer anything of home manufacture, nor will they refer strangers to the depôts of native industry. A market is alone found among the peasantry, who on high days and holidays wear silk shawls and head-kerchiefs, and those in easier circumstances black silk dresses. Black and white satins of the richest quality, with silks both ribbed and plain, as well as for furniture, form the bulk of the stock in trade.

Carlsvik, situated by the Mälar side, with its 500 looms sending out stuffs, orleans, and alpacas, is the chief factory of Stockholm. The goods are of the best quality and cheaper than those imported from the Hanse Towns. A dozen English workmen are employed on the establishment.

The furriers' shops contain sundry national skins deserving of notice; not that the Swedes would be seen wearing articles of native furs. They prefer the refuse of the German market to the choicest products of their own country. "Furs!" answered those of whom I inquired; "nothing is to be found of any worth." Others declare the reason why all skins of Swedish growth are exported is, "that the native dogs pursue those who wear them."

The exportation of furs is considerable. The first steamer which starts to Lubec sails laden with merchandise for the Leipsic fair: skins of the lynx in course of time find their way into sunny Greece, and, when tinted, are held in great esteem by the wild Albanians; the bear meets with rival purchasers in the market, one portion reappearing on tall guardsmen's heads in the sentry-boxes of Whitehall, the remainder bought up for Russia.

But these are only the coarser sorts. During the winter season peasants, fresh arrived from the provinces, trail through the streets of Stockholm, bearing across their shoulders skins of the otter, marten, and fox. The otter, when the long hairs are extracted, resembles the paler seal-skins exposed in the furriers' windows in London, with this advantage, that the Cape seal is dyed from its yellowish-drab, while the otter appears in its own natural state. These otters are much used for caps and cloak-linings, though not in Sweden, where the American beaver is preferred. The Swedish species has of late years become rare. It is very silky, but of a paler colour.

The ermine is not found in large numbers. Last summer the king's coronation mantle was lined with skins of foreign growth. When compared, those sent from Jemtland were found, though smaller in size, to equal in quality their Siberian cousins. The skin of the Swedish ermine sells for 36 sk. (9*d.* English). The Swedish mård (marten), with its under fur of a whitish hue, is entirely bought up by the American trade. In Stockholm, as in England, the Canadian marten is most esteemed, while in the United States it is looked on as "mal porté;" the Swedish fur is of a darker hue, and not dyed, like the skins furnished by the Hudson's Bay and Russian Companies. English furriers will deny this; but any one who has purchased a set of Canadian sable knows how, after the second or third winter, it grows pale and assumes a yellow tinge. The Russians, far more honest, never conceal the fact; and great ladies who pay for their white powdered sables prices that would make English virtuous hair stand on end, despatch their furs every fourth or fifth summer to merchants at Nidji, where they undergo a fresh tinting process.

Squirrels are divided into three classes. The Northerner, with its coal-black tail, sells at 9 rix (10*s.* English) the timber (forty skins); the second quality, in demi-saison garb of gray with a scarlet reflex, at 4*s.*; the red, with white stomach, at 10*d.* For bedside carpets or railway wrappers the effect of the red and gray mixed is attractive.

The gray medallioned breast of the fox-cub is much used for lining winter hoods. Of this tribe an animal of great beauty is shot throughout most parts of Svea, called the cross-fox, from its bearing a distinct black cross on the shoulders; the ears and paws are black, and the fur of exquisite softness.*

SWEDISH POTTERY.

The Royal manufactory of Mariberg, which once sent forth such artistic faïence and china, has long since disappeared. Up to the eighteenth century no attempt was made in Sweden to fabricate pottery even of the most ordinary quality. Wood was employed for drinking-cups and trenchers, iron and copper for vessels of domestic use. In the year 1727 a manufactory of faïence was first established at Rörstrand. The proprietor received the exclusive privilege of making china in Sweden "of a composition answering to that commonly termed delft-ware;" and eight years later, that of making "faïence, pâte tendre."

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* The best assortment of skins will be found at Forsell's, 8, Stadsmedjegata.

In 1750 a rival manufactory arose at Mariberg on the island of Kungsholm, in the faubourg of Stockholm. The property was purchased in the name of Count Carl Scheffer, who is generally supposed to have been a "prête-nom" for Louisa Ulrika, that queen of bad temper and good taste. The great Frederik, her brother, had just founded, or rather carried off the workmen from Meissen to Berlin. Queen Sophia Dorothea had sent her daughter some early specimens; so, as Louisa imitated the Prussian court, as in after-time her son did the French, she determined that china must be made in Sweden. Mariberg was a fabrique de luxe; part of the clay came from a bed near the Castle-hill at Upsala; the rest was sent over from England and Germany.

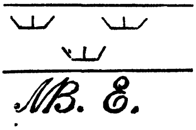
In the numerous letters indited by the queen to her mother, regarding the progress of art in Sweden, no mention is made of Mariberg. Once alone does Louisa send a present of porcelain to the Queen of Prussia. This can be accounted for only by the non-success of the fabric as regards the production of the finer porcelain. Louisa was not a woman to own a failure, and, with the exception of two specimens described at

Ulriksdal and Sko-kloster, we have come across no porcelain of Swedish manufacture.

Excellent painters were employed; the designs of the faïence do the greatest credit to the artists. The jugs — bowls — teapots — are mostly ornamented with flowers in relief on a white ground; the handles and feet formed of twigs, rustic fashion; sometimes the ground was of a nankin colour—as a christening-bowl now in possession of Baron Knut Bonde. After an existence of nine years the fabric was disposed of to a Dr. Ehrenreich, 1759, with extensive privileges, and every workman he employed was compelled to take an oath before the officer of inspection never to divulge the process.

In the same year Mariberg was consumed by fire. Though foreign as well as native artists were employed, the works did not pay; and the stock was sold off by public auction at the beginning of the year 1780.*

The Mariberg mark † is



The forms of the Rörstrand fabric are of great beauty. Unlike the faïence of its rival, the flowers are painted, but not raised on the enamel itself, which is smooth and of a clear white.

Among the objects of luxury may be found birds, fruits, and some few figures. The latter were seldom successful.

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* Several specimens of this Swedish fabric were a few springs since marked in a London catalogue as delft-ware.

† M.B. for Mariberg; E. for Ehrenreich.

The mark of the manufactory is—

Rörstrand (in brown).
Stockholm (in blue).

The date is often added, as well as the price of the article.

This fabric still exists; but nothing worth speaking of is now made beyond good ironstone plates and dishes, the earth is brought over from Poole and the coast of Cornwall. The Swedes declare the necessary clay for the formation of porcelain is not to be found in the country.

The finest collection of Mariberg and Rörstrand faïence is in the possession of Count Bielke, to whose kindness I owe most of the above information concerning the porcelain of Sweden.

A large establishment for the working of Swedish marble has been opened in the neighbourhood of Södertegle; it is highly spoken of; none, however, of the products came beneath our notice.

CARLBERG.

Not far from Stockholm lies Carlberg, the Swedish Woolwich, where young cadets learn gunnery and fortification. A pleasant old palace, with lake and park, built by Carl Gyllenhjelm in 1630, till the Reduction the property of gunstling Magnus. The latter had the gardens laid out by Andrew Molett, "who, having served in succession five Kings of France, came to Sweden at Christina's beck and call."* Not loving the climate, he returned to his own land, sending over a son to fill his place.

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* His descendants, ennobled as Stjernauckar, quitting the horticultural line, became naval heroes. Gustaf III. got over his head gardener from England.

A young cadet, clad in blue, did the honours, showing us the room, now filled with models, wherein Charles XII. was born. Most authors assert the king to have first seen light at Stockholm. Charles XI. notes down, "17th June, 1682, as was a Saturday, three quarters before seven, was my wife taken ill, and bore a son. God be praised who has helped her, and may He help her to get quite well again!" adding, "12th July, as was a Sunday, did I let christen my son." And he dates these entries "Stockholm;"—still, as the cadets like it, let them have their own way. The old palace of Stockholm was burnt down long ago, while here is a fine room, divided off with alcove and pilasters, admirably adapted for such an event. At Carlberg died Queen Ulrika, the hero's mother; Charles XI., though he loved her in his disagreeable way, was a despiser of the fair sex, saying it "was their business to chat and gossip, but not to interfere with more serious matters."

We climbed up a ladder into the roof to visit a chapel painted with texts after a most edifying manner, in which Christina, when on a visit to De la Gardie, was wont to retire to pray, or—look out of window. She left behind her the silver reading candlestick, which, with the prayer-book, forms her stock of relics in Sweden. In the dormitories of the cadets, ranged with fifty camp-beds, hang the spoils of Leckö Slott, portraits of Gustavus and his great generals; among them an interesting picture of the king's arrival in Germany, 24th June, 1630, thus described by an eye-witness: "No sooner had he landed than, falling on his knees, he prayed God would bless the expedition, made alone to release the Church and free the Protestants from oppression and yoke." All around who heard the prayer of the king were moved to tears. "Do not weep," he said, "but beg God, in answer to our prayers, to grant us fresh victories. 'He who often prays has already half won the battle.'" On the emperor inquiring the cause of his coming, Gustavus replied, "When I have recovered the bite of an eagle who has set his claws in my arm, it will be time to send an answer."

Here you have all our Scotch heroes, with Wrangel and Banér,* whom scandal says, while following his wife to the grave, fell in love with the Princess of Baden, seated at the palace windows: he got introduced next day, and married her shortly after.

Each cadet lies with his head facing some grim old hero, imbibing no end of martial valour and knightly virtue, which will no doubt in due time display itself. Having whiled away some time among the portraits, we hurried off, recommending those who have a spare day to visit the budding heroes of Carlberg.

HAGA.

An unpleasant walk of two miles—far better drive, unless you love suburbs and hard stones—leads to Haga, a favourite pavilion of Gustaf III., and great delight of everybody—be it in early spring, when the blå sippa jewels the ground, or in summer season, when folks wander by the lake's banks beneath the trees. The palace, facing the quaint garden bridge, formed by two full-sized negroes hauling up a fishing-net, is but a toy, retaining little of the founder's day, save some fine Russian tapestry, presents from great Catherine. One chamber is hung with Swedish silk spun from the cocoons of Queen Josephine. In the orangerie hard by we found some million worms devouring white mulberry leaves; others, taken worse, rolling themselves up in corners, spinning their winding-sheets around them. A charming Swede, directress of the worms, told us how they are divided into three families. A Milanese moth looks with proud contempt on the worm of Sina, known by its white and yellow paws, while his, in his crawling days, were pure white. The Pomeranian, with black stripes running parallel down his back, is an inferior insect. Still the three kinds spun together make better silk than that produced from one description of worm.

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* There are many engravings of Field-marshal Banér, published by Mariette, in Paris. French prints of heroes are very doubtful in any age. I fancied to have discovered a named portrait in an old collection of engravings; but the inscription, "Banér painted himself—his pencil was his sword, his colours were blood, his canvas the world"—though grand-sounding, was of little assistance in the history of Swedish art.

In a second pavilion adjoining the palace are the reception rooms. All save the entry remain as the king left them—the walls decorated with pale neutral arabesques, on a gold ground, introducing the wasa and royal cipher, by Mazelier, an artist brought back from Italy by

"Il Conte di Haga,*
Que molto vede, e poco paga,"

as the pasquinade had it, simply because Gustaf would not be robbed by a set of Italian rascals. These arabesques are exquisite; here are many memorials of that southern journey,—vases from Pompeii,—marbles wrought into chimney-pieces, and sepia drawings of Rome, signed "Pinelli."* This pavilion was built by Desprez,† a Frenchman brought from Rome, who furnished designs for the new palace, whose rude foundations are still there, with trees of seventy years' growth, self-sown, rising from out the cellars. The king's death put an end to the proposed works, far too vast for the impoverished finances of the country. Gustaf passed much of the latter period of his life in this his favourite retreat; he is said to have sat for hours contemplating the portrait of Charles I. after Vandyke, now in the Gallery of Stockholm. Those who loved him best felt the impending danger, and would gladly have persuaded the king to change his policy. It is told how Bellman, when at Haga, falling asleep after supper, the king tapped him on the shoulder, crying, "Bellman, you can't improvise now." Immediately the poet burst forth:—

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* Travellers who visited Stockholm at this period speak of the park of Haga as a sort of Longchamps. During the summer months a camp was held from Midsummer-day, the king sleeping under canvas.

"Though night-clouds are wafting dark
And heavily o'er Haga.

* * * *

Oh, king, thy rest is dear—
Go, king, and take thy rest;
Long and sweetly sleep in Haga;
And, when day regilds the sky,
Reign o'er the land with clemency."

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* Though he travelled the world over himself, yet, speaking of the King of Denmark's voyage, Gustaf writes in his journal, 1768, "No king should absent himself from his dominions, for dans l'absence d'un roi tant d'inconséquent dans les affaires les plus essentielles ne peut qu'exister."

† Desprez, in a letter dated 1790, complains bitterly of the ill treatment he meets with in Sweden.

Some days before the departure of Gustaf for Gefle, two men, escaping the vigilance of the guards, crept through the twilight to the windows of the very salle we are now visiting—the one a man of severe aspect, the other a handsome youth of twenty-two. Hidden by the shrubs, Ankarström and Count Horn—for such they were—approached the casement, watching with intense anxiety the interior of the brilliantly-lighted apartment. Before a writing-table sat the king, absorbed in a painful reverie, pale and motionless. The conspirators, in agitation, turned one to another, imagining him to be struck with apoplexy:—they renounced their project and retired. The king was a fatalist: the quadrille of nobles danced to 'Ça ira' at the bal d'Opéra—the discovery of Count Ribbing concealed with a drawn sword beneath his cloak in the corridors of Stockholm Palace—would have alarmed any one else; still he took no precaution, and when on his toilette-table, in the chamber now called King Oscar's room, he found the warning letter, he stepped into his carriage to meet his fate, as though unavoidable.

ULRIKSDAL.

Opposite the park gates lies a cemetery, behind which rises old Sölna Kyrka, one of the few round churches possessed by Sweden. We climbed the narrow broken staircase to see if it still retained its inner gallery: all is destroyed, though the loopholes are still visible, blocked up by stone and rubble; then driving on, reached Ulriksdal, a favourite palace of his present Majesty. It is fitted up in the old style, with rich carved furniture, armour, gilt hangings, Venetian mirrors

—a room of china and faïence, of which the king is an ardent collector. Amidst these wonders one table of early date, of polished oak, and ornaments in dark wood, rudely carved with the name of "Gustaff," surpasses everything in interest. This relic of the first Wasa's youthful mischief was preserved as an heirloom, known as "Kong Gosta's bord," for centuries in the Gyllenstjerna family. Ulriksdal, of course, belonged to De la Gardie. Christina taking a fancy to it, Ebba Brahe writes to her son, begging he will resign the palace to the queen, their benefactress. In early days this palace bore the name of Jacobsdal. Charles XI. in his Dagbok, 30th August, notes, "Drog jag till Jacobsdal;" then, "September 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, was I at Ulriksdal;" which may be thus explained: on the 27th, "as was a Wednesday," Prince Ulrik [illegible]s born, and on his christening day, in commemoration of the event, the name of the palace was changed. "The Charmer," after his marriage, dwelt at Ulriksdal as crown prince. When on a visit to her son, the queen-mother pens a furious letter, complaining how, the escalier de service being closed at nine o'clock, her women had been refused ingress, "and there was I left without a maid to undress me. Let it be changed at once—don't be alarmed—I shan't stay too long."

The dull consort, Sophia Madalena, here held her court, which, Charles writes to his brother, when in Italy, "will soon resemble that of Queen Bertha. The queen rides and drives to Carlberg and back again; neither holds receptions nor sees company." * On Gustaf's re-

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* The letters of Sophia Madalena to Gustaf commence at the time of her betrothal "by authority of my late father." The writing is clear,

turn (1778) she flares up about a projected removal of her son, writing, "Vous souhaitez que nous vivions en amis; c'est à ce titre que je vous parle," followed by a regular row; then, calming down, tells how "my son has given me a collation and a carousal, which diverted me greatly and didn't cost much" (she was awfully stingy); continuing, "I should like to have the wind instruments to play during supper in the orangerie at Ulriksdal, and wait with impatience your answer;"—the sole piece of familiarity she ever took with her husband in pen and ink during her whole lifetime. The orangerie still stands. After parading the garden and lime-alleys we turned back to Stockholm.

We had the honour, during the ensuing spring, of being included in the invitations to a small bal costumé of 150 persons, given by the king at Ulriksdal. The court etiquette of Stockholm is very strict; but when the barrier is passed, in the summer palaces, according to old custom, all ceremony is laid aside—court sleeves, court dress, uniforms, cercles, are dispensed with. The king receives as Count of Ulriksdal, Seigneur des Lieux. Mounting the double staircase, decorated with trophies and armour, we passed into the great Riddarsal—a lofty hall, running the whole height

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the style stiff and prudish till after marriage, when every line breathes affection—and nothing else; for duller, stupider letters were never posted. She expresses sorrow at his departure, joy at his return, triumph at his victories, "but not one word of news"—just the sort of missives a man throws into the fire without reading. When king, she commences "Sire;" once alone unbending, adds, "My pleasure and happiness is to have a long talk to my son of papa." So greatly they aped the court of France, when princess she is termed by her ladies Madame Royale. In one epistle she writes to her husband, "Vous ne venez auprès de moi que quand il y a question de danser."

of the palace, with hangings of rich embossed "gulskin," against which stands richly-carved furniture, the whole lighted with garlands of lamps and old massive lustres. From this ball-room diverge two long suites, filled with objects of art innumerable. The fête opened by a Hungarian quadrille, danced by his Majesty, the Queen, Prince Oscar, four charmingly selected court ladies, the wives of the Dutch and Danish ministers and of the Prussian secretary—a fancy ballet prettily conceived, the costume displaying to advantage the splendid person of the king—the cavaliers chosen from among the best-looking officers of the young nobility. When once en train, this mediæval hall, filled with gardes à cheval of Gustaf III.'s time, wearing the white handkerchief around the left arm,* Moors, burgomasters of Wisby, jeux de cartes, and marquises, carried imagination a century back. Old Swedish dances followed in succession: never was ball more gay or host more gracious. During the intervals H. M. did the honours of his collections, showing with the pride of an amateur carvings by Veit Stoss and Albert Dürer—articles once the property of Augustus of Saxony; the new room of china not yet completed, containing, amidst other rarities, a set of fine Mariberg custard-cups, bearing a new mark under the three crowns. When supper was served in the great dining-hall, a low chamber divided by columns, the oak cornice ranged round with "graybeards" and faïence, the scene was prettier than ever. As for the display of old Sèvres candelabra, raised flower-pieces, Dresden and Berlin plates and dishes, it was a wicked tempting —not of Providence, but of humankind—to break them.

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* The badge worn by Gustaf III. and the officers of his guard on the day of the revolution (19th August, 1772).

Like the vieille demoiselle in the French book, "connue de 13,000 bals," I have seen in my lifetime many a pretty fête, but none so truly "chic" as this bal costumé of Ulriksdal.

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